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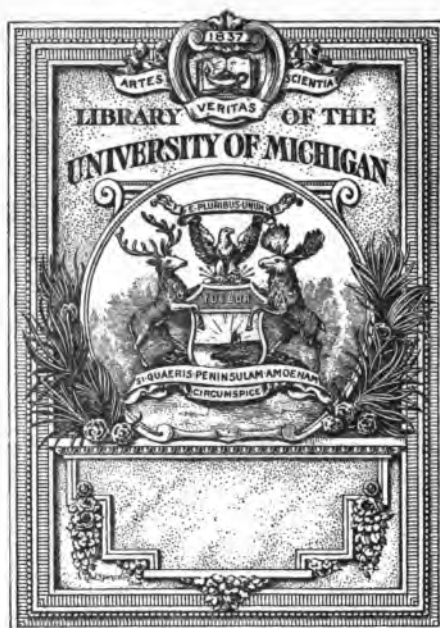
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# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE

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W. J. LINTON. S.



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# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1882.

## THE WIZARD'S SON.

### CHAPTER I.

THE Methvens occupied a little house in the outskirts of a little town where there was not very much going on of any description, and still less which they could take any share in, being, as they were, poor and unable to make any effective response to the civilities shown to them. The family consisted of three persons—the mother, who was a widow with one son; the son himself, who was a young man of three or four and twenty; and a distant cousin of Mrs. Methven's, who lived with her, having no other home. It was not a very happy household. The mother had a limited income and an anxious temper; the son a somewhat volatile and indolent disposition, and no ambition at all as to his future, nor anxiety as to what was going to happen to him in life. This, as may be supposed, was enough to introduce many uneasy elements into their joint existence; and the third of the party, Miss Merivale, was not of the class of the peacemakers to whom Scripture allots a special blessing. She had no amiable glamour in her eyes, but saw her friends' imperfections with a clearness of sight which is little conducive to that happy progress of affairs which is called "getting on." The Methvens were sufficiently proud to keep their difficulties out of the public eye, but on very many occasions, unfortunately,

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it had become very plain to themselves that they did not "get on." It was not any want of love. Mrs. Methven was herself aware, and her friends were in the constant habit of saying, that she had sacrificed everything for Walter. Injudicious friends are fond of making such statements, by way, it is to be supposed, of increasing the devotion and gratitude of the child to the parent: but the result is, unfortunately, very often the exact contrary of what is desired—for no one likes to have his duty in this respect pointed out to him, and whatever good people may think, it is not in itself an agreeable thought that "sacrifices" have been made for one, and an obligation placed upon one's shoulders from the beginning of time, independent of any wish or claim upon the part of the person served. The makers of sacrifices have seldom the reward which surrounding spectators, and in many cases themselves, think their due. Mrs. Methven herself would probably have been at a loss to name what were the special sacrifices she had made for Walter. She had remained a widow, but that she would have been eager to add was no sacrifice. She had pinched herself more or less to find the means for his education, which had been of what is supposed in England to be the best kind: and she had, while he was a boy, subordinated her own tastes and pleasures to his, and eagerly

B

sought out everything that was likely to be agreeable to him. When they took their yearly holiday—as it is considered necessary now to do—places that Walter liked, or where he could find amusement, or had friends, were eagerly sought for. “Women,” Mrs. Methven said, “can make themselves comfortable anywhere; but a boy, you know, is quite different.” “Quite,” Miss Merivale would say: “Oh, if you only knew them as well as we do; they are creatures entirely without resources. You must put their toys into their very hands.” “There is no question of toys with Walter—he has plenty of resources. It is not that,” Mrs. Methven would explain, growing red. “I hope I am not one of the silly mothers that thrust their children upon everybody: but, of course, a boy must be considered. Everybody who has had to do with men—or boys—knows that they must be considered.” A woman whose life has been mixed up with these troublesome beings feels the superiority of her experience to those who know nothing about them. And in this way, without spoiling him or treating him with ridiculous devotion, as the king of her fate, Walter had been “considered” all his life.

For the rest, Mrs. Methven had, it must be allowed, lived a much more agreeable life in the little society of Sloebury when her son was young than she did now that he had come to years, mis-named, of discretion. Then she had given her little tea-parties, or even a small occasional dinner, at which her handsome boy would make his appearance when it was holiday time, interesting everybody; or, when absent, would still furnish a very pleasant subject of talk to the neighbours, who thought his mother did a great deal too much for him, but still were pleased to discuss a boy who was having the best of educations, and at a public school. In those days she felt

asked to all the best houses, felt a modest pride in the cert- that she was able to offer some-

thing in return. But matters were very different when Walter was four and twenty instead of fourteen. By that time it was apparent that he was not going to take the world by storm, or set the Thames on fire; and, though she had been too sensible to brag, Mrs. Methven had thought both these things possible, and perhaps had allowed it to be perceived that she considered something great, something out of the way, to be Walter's certain career. But twenty-four is, as she said herself, so different! He had been unsuccessful in some of his examinations, and for others he had not been “properly prepared.” His mother did not take refuge in the thought that the examiners were partial or the trials unfair; but there was naturally always a word as to the reason why he did not succeed—he had not been “properly prepared.” He knew of one only a few days before the eventful moment, and at this time of day, she asked indignantly, when everything is got by competition, how is a young man who has not “crammed” to get the better of one who has? The fact remained that at twenty-four, Walter, evidently a clever fellow, with a great many endowments, had got nothing to do; and, what was worse—a thing which his mother, indeed, pretended to be unconscious of, but which everybody else in the town remarked upon—he was not in the least concerned about this fact, but took his doing nothing quite calmly as the course of nature, and neither suffered from it, nor made any effort to place himself in a different position. He “went in for” an examination when it was put before him as a thing to do, and took his failure more than philosophically when he failed, as, as yet, he had always done: and, in the meantime, contentedly lived on, without disturbing himself, and tranquilly let the time go by—the golden time which should have shaped his life.

This is not a state of affairs which can bring happiness to any household. There is a kind of parent—or rather it

should be said of a mother, for no parent of the other sex is supposed capable of so much folly—to whom everything is good that her child, the cherished object of her affections, does; and this is a most happy regulation of nature, and smoothes away the greatest difficulties of life for many simple-hearted folk, without doing half so much harm as is attributed to it; for disapproval has little moral effect, and lessens the happiness of all parties, without materially lessening the sins of the erring. But, unfortunately, Mrs. Methven was not of this happy kind. She saw her son's faults almost too clearly, and they gave her the most poignant pain. She was a proud woman, and that he should suffer in the opinion of the world was misery and grief to her. She was stung to the heart by disappointment in the failure of her many hopes and projects for him. She was stricken with shame to think of all the fine things that had been predicted of Walter in his boyish days, and that not one of them had come true. People had ceased now to speak of the great things that Walter would do. They asked "*What was he going to do?*" in an entirely altered tone, and this went to her heart. Her pride suffered the most terrible blow. She could not bear the thought; and though she maintained a calm face to the world, and represented herself as entirely satisfied, Walter knew otherwise, and had gradually replaced his old careless affection for his mother by an embittered opposition and resistance to her, which made both their lives wretched enough. How it was that he did not make an effort to escape from her continual remonstrances, her appeals and entreaties, her censure and criticism, it is very difficult to tell. To have gone away, and torn her heart with anxiety, but emancipated himself from a yoke which it was against the dignity of his manhood to bear, would have been much more natural. But he had no money, and he had not the energy to seize upon

any way of providing for himself. Had such an opportunity fallen at his feet he would probably have accepted it with fervour; but Fortune did not put herself out of the way to provide for him, nor he to be provided for. Notwithstanding the many scenes which took place in the seclusion of that poor little house, when the mother, what with love, shame, mortification, and impatience, would all but rave in impotent passion, appealing to him, to the pride, the ambition, the principle which so far as could be seen the young man did not possess, Walter held upon his way with an obstinate pertinacity, and did nothing. How he managed to do this without losing all self-respect and every better feeling it is impossible to say; but he did so somehow, and was still "a nice enough fellow," notwithstanding that everybody condemned him; and had not even lost the good opinion of the little society, though it was unanimous in blame. The only way in which he responded to his mother's remonstrances and complaints was by seeking his pleasure and such occupation as contented him—which was a little cricket now and then, a little lawn-tennis, a little flirtation—as far away from her as possible; and by being as little at home as possible. His temper was a little spoilt by the scenes which awaited him when he went home; and these seemed to justify to himself his gradual separation from his mother's house: but never induced him to sacrifice, or even modify, his own course. He appeared to think that he had a justification for his conduct in the opposition it met with; and that his pride was involved in the necessity for never giving in. If he had been let alone, he represented to himself, everything would have been different; but to yield to this perpetual bullying was against every instinct. And even the society which disapproved so much gave a certain encouragement to Walter in this point of view: for it was Mrs. Methven whom everybody blamed. It



was her ridiculous pride, or her foolish indulgence, or her sinful backing-up of his natural indolence; even some people thought it was her want of comprehension of her son which had done it, and that Walter would have been entirely a different person in different hands. If she had not thought it a fine thing to have him appear as a useless fine gentleman above all necessity of working for his living, it was incredible that he could have allowed the years to steal by without making any exertion. This was what the town decided, not without a good deal of sympathy for Walter. What could be expected? Under the guidance of a foolish mother, a young man always went wrong; and in this case he did not go wrong, poor fellow! he only wasted his existence, nothing worse. Sloebury had much consideration for the young man.

Perhaps it added something to the exasperation with which Mrs. Methven saw all her efforts fail that she had some perception of this, and knew that it was supposed to be her fault. No doubt in her soul it added to the impatience and indignation and pain with which she contemplated the course of affairs, which she was without strength to combat, yet could not let alone. Now and then, indeed, she did control herself so far as to let them alone, and then there was nothing but tranquillity and peace in the house. But she was a conscientious woman, and, poor soul! she had a temper — the very complacency and calm with which her son went upon his way, the approval he showed of her better conduct when she left him to his own devices, struck her in some moments with such sudden indignation and pain, that she could no longer contain herself. He, who might have been anything he pleased, to be nothing! He, of whom everybody had predicted such great things! At such moments the sight of Walter smiling, strolling along with his hands in his pockets, excited her almost to frenzy. Poor lady! So many women

would have been proud of him—a handsome young fellow in flannels, with his cricket bat or his racquet when occasion served. But love and injured pride were bitter in her heart, and she could not bear the sight. All this while, however, nobody knew anything about the scenes that arose in the little house, which preserved a show of happiness and tender union long after the reality was gone. Indeed, even Miss Merivale, who had unbounded opportunities of knowing, took a long time to make up her mind that Walter and his mother did not “get on.”

Such was the unfortunate state of affairs at the time when this history begins. The Methvens were distantly connected, it was known, with a great family in Scotland, which took no notice whatever of them, and, indeed, had very little reason so to do, Captain Methven being long since dead, and his widow and child entirely unknown to the noble house, from which it was so great an honour to derive a little, much-diluted, far-off drop of blood, more blue and more rich than the common. It is possible that had the connection been by Mrs. Methven's side she would have known more about it, and taken more trouble to keep up her knowledge of the family. But it was not so, and she had even in her younger days been conscious of little slights and neglects which had made her rather hostile than otherwise to the great people from whom her husband came. “I know nothing about the Erradeens,” she would say; “they are much too grand to take any notice of us: and I am too proud to seek any notice from them.”

“I am afraid, my dear, there is a good deal in that,” said old Mrs. Wynn, the wife of the old rector, shaking her white head. This lady was a sort of benign embodiment of justice in Sloebury. She punished nobody, but she saw the right and wrong with a glance that was almost infallible, and shook her head though she never exacted any penalty.

Here Miss Merivale would seize the occasion to strike in—

"Prejudice is prejudice," she said, "whatever form it takes. A lord has just as much chance of being nice as an—apothecary." This was said because the young doctor, newly admitted into his father's business, who thought no little of himself, was within reach, and just then caught Miss Merivale's eye.

"That is a very safe speech, seeing there are neither lords nor apothecaries here," he said with the blandest smile. He was not a man to be beaten at such a game.

"But a lord may have influence, you know. For Walter's sake I would not lose sight of him," said Mrs. Wynn.

"You cannot lose sight of what you have never seen: besides, influence is of no consequence nowadays. Nobody can do anything for you—save yourself," said Mrs. Methven with a little sigh. Her eyes turned involuntarily to where Walter was. He was always in the middle of everything that was going on. Among the Sloebury young people he had a little air of distinction, or so at least his mother thought. She was painfully impartial, and generally, in her anxiety, perceived his bad points rather than his good ones; but as she glanced at the group, love for once allowed itself to speak, though always with an accent peculiar to the character of the thinker. She allowed to herself that he had an air of distinction, a something more than the others—alas, that nothing ever came of it! The others, all, or almost all, were already launched in the world. They were doing or trying to do something—whereas Walter! But she took care that nobody should hear that irrepressible sigh.

"I am very sorry for it," said Mrs. Wynn, "for there are many people who would never push for themselves, and yet do very well indeed when they are put in the way."

"I am all for the pushing people," said Miss Merivale. "I like the new

state of affairs. When every one stands for himself, and you get just as much as you work for, there will be no grudges and sulkings with society. Though I'm a Tory, I like every man to make his own way."

"A lady's politics are never to be calculated upon," said the Rector who was standing up against the fire on his own hearth, rubbing his old white hands. "It is altogether against the principles of Toryism, my dear lady, that a man should make his own way. It is sheer democracy. As for that method of examinations, it is one of the most levelling principles of the time—it is one of Mr. Gladstone's instruments for the destruction of society. When the son of a cobbler is just as likely to come to high command as your son or mine, what is to become of the country?" the old clergyman said, lifting those thin white hands.

Mr. Gladstone's name was as a fire-brand thrown into the midst of this peaceable little country community. The speakers all took fire. They thought that there was no doubt about what was going to come of the country. It was going to destruction as fast as fate could carry it. When society had dropped to pieces, and the rabble had come uppermost, and England had become a mere name, upon which all foreign nations should trample, and wild Irishmen dance war dances, and Americans exhortate, then Mr. Gladstone would be seen in his true colours. While this was going on, old Mrs. Wynn sat in her easy-chair and shook her head. She declared always that she was no politician. And young Walter Methven, attracted by the sudden quickening of the conversation which naturally attended the introduction of this subject, came forward, ready in the vein of opposition which was always his favourite attitude.

"Mr. Gladstone must be a very great man," he said. "I hear it is a sign of being in society when you foam at the mouth at the sound of his name."

"You young fellows think it fine

to be on the popular side; but wait till you are my age," cried one of the eager speakers. "It will not matter much to me. There will be peace in my days." "But wait," cried another, "and see how you will like it when everything topples down together, the crown and the state, and the aristocracy, and public credit, and national honour, and property and the constitution, and——"

So many anxious and alarmed politicians here spoke together that the general voice became inarticulate, and Walter Methven, representing the opposition, was at liberty to laugh.

"Come one, come all!" he cried, backed up by the arm of the sofa, upon which Mrs. Wynn sat shaking her head. "It would be a fine thing for me and all the other proletarians. Something would surely fall our way."

His mother watched him, standing up against the sofa, confronting them all, with her usual exasperated and angry affection. She thought, as she looked at him, that there was nothing he was not fit for. He was clever enough for Parliament; he might have been prime minister—but he was nothing! nothing, and likely to be nothing, doing nothing, desiring nothing. Her eye fell on young Wynn, the rector's nephew, who had just got a fellowship at his college, and on the doctor's son who was just entering into a share of his father's practice, and on Mr. Jeremy the young banker, whose attentions fluttered any maiden to whom he might address them. They were Walter's contemporaries, and not one of them was worthy, she thought, to be seen by the side of her boy; but they had all got before him in the race of life. They were something and he was nothing. It was not much wonder if her heart was sore and angry. When she turned round to listen civilly to something that was said to her, her face was contracted and pale. It was more than she could bear. She made a move to go away before any of the party was ready, and disturbed Miss Merivale in the

midst of a *tête-à-tête* which was a thing not easily forgiven.

Walter walked home with them in great good humour, but his mother knew very well that he was not coming in. He was going to finish the evening elsewhere. If he had come in would she have been able to restrain herself? Would she not have fallen upon him, either in anger or in grief, holding up to him the examples of young Wynn and young Jeremy and the little doctor? She knew she would not have been able to refrain, and it was almost a relief to her, though it was another pang, when he turned away at the door.

"I want to speak to Underwood about to-morrow," he said.

"What is there about to-morrow? Of all the people in Sloebury Captain Underwood is the one I like least," she said. "Why must you always have something to say to him when every one else is going to bed?"

"I am not going to bed, nor is he," said Walter lightly.

Mrs. Methven's nerves were highly strung. Miss Merivale had passed in before them, and there was nobody to witness this little struggle which she knew would end in nothing, but which was inevitable. She grasped him by the arm in her eagerness and pain.

"Oh, my boy!" she said, "come in, come in, and think of something more than the amusement of to-morrow. Life is not all play, though you seem to think so. For once listen to me, Walter—oh, listen to me! You cannot go on like this. Think of all the others; all at work, every one of them, and you doing nothing."

"Do you want me to begin to do something now," said Walter, "when you have just told me everybody was going to bed?"

"Oh! if I were you," she cried in her excitement, "I would rest neither night nor day. I would not let it be said that I was the last, and every one of them before me."

Walter shook himself free of her

detaining hold. "Am I to be a dustman, or a scavenger, or—what?" he said, contemptuously. "I know no other trades that are followed at this hour."

Mrs. Methven had reached the point at which a woman has much ado not to cry in the sense of impotence and exasperation which such an argument brings. "It is better to do anything than to do nothing," she cried, turning away from him and hastening in at the open door.

He paused a moment, as if doubtful what to do; there was something in her hasty withdrawal which for an instant disposed him to follow, and she paused breathless, with a kind of hope, in the half-light of the little hall; but the next moment his footsteps sounded clear and quick on the pavement, going away. Mrs. Methven waited until they were almost out of hearing before she closed the door. Angry, baffled, helpless, what could she do? She wiped a hot tear from the corner of her eye before she went into the drawing-room, where her companion, always on the alert, had already turned up the light of the lamp, throwing an undesired illumination upon her face, flushed and troubled from this brief controversy.

"I thought you were never coming in," said Miss Merivale, "and that open door sends a draught all through the house."

"Walter detained me for a moment to explain some arrangements he has to make for to-morrow," Mrs. Methven said with dignity. "He likes to keep me *au courant* of his proceedings."

Miss Merivale was absolutely silenced by this sublime assumption, notwithstanding the flush of resentment, the glimmer of moisture in the mother's eye.

## CHAPTER II.

WALTER walked along the quiet, almost deserted street with a hasty step and a still hastier rush of disagreeable thoughts. There was, he

felt, an advantage in being angry, in the sensation of indignant resistance to a petty tyranny. For a long time past he had taken refuge in this from every touch of conscience and sense of time lost and opportunities neglected. He was no genius, but he was not so dull as not to know that his life was an entirely unsatisfactory one, and himself in the wrong altogether; everything rotten in the state of his existence, and a great deal that must be set right one time or another in all his habits and ways. The misfortune was that it was so much easier to put off this process till to-morrow than to begin it to-day. He had never been roused out of the boyish condition of mind in which a certain resistance to authority was natural, and opposition to maternal rule and law a sort of proof of superiority and independence. Had this been put into words, and placed before him as the motive of much that he did, no one would have coloured more angrily or resented more hotly the suggestion; and yet in the bottom of his heart he would have known it to be true. All through his unoccupied days he carried with him the sense of folly, the consciousness that he could not justify to himself the course he was pursuing. The daily necessity of justifying it to another was almost the sole thing that silenced his conscience. His mother, who kept "nagging" day after day, who was never satisfied, whose appeals he sometimes thought theatrical, and her passion got up, was his sole defence against that self-dissatisfaction which is the severest of all criticisms. If she would but let him alone, leave him to his own initiative, and not perpetually endeavour to force a change which to be effectual, as all authorities agreed, must come of itself! He was quite conscious of the inadequacy of this argument, and in his heart felt that it was a poor thing to take advantage of it; but yet, on the surface of his mind, put it forward and made a bulwark of it against his own con-

science. He did so now as he hurried along, in all the heat that follows a personal encounter. If she would but let him alone! But he could not move a step anywhere, could not make an engagement, could not step into a friend's rooms, as he was going to do now, without her interference. The relations of a parent to an only child are not the same as those that exist between a father and mother and the different members of a large family. It has been usual to consider them in one particular light as implying the closest union and mutual devotion. But there is another point of view in which to consider the question. They are so near to each other, and the relationship so close, that there is a possibility of opposition and contrariety more trying, more absorbing, than any other except that between husband and wife. A young son does not always see the necessity of devotion to a mother who is not very old, who has still many sources of pleasure apart from himself, and who is not capable, perhaps, on her side, of the indiscriminating worship which is grandmotherly, and implies a certain weakness and dimness of perception in the fond eyes that see everything in a rosy, ideal light. This fond delusion is often in its way a moral agent, obliging the object of it to fulfil what is expected of him, and reward the full and perfect trust which is given so unhesitatingly. But in this case it was not possible. The young man thought, or persuaded himself, that his mother's vexatious watch over him, and what he called her constant suspicion and doubt of him, had given him a reason for the disgust and impatience with which he turned from her control. He pictured to himself the difference which a father's larger, more generous sway would have made in him; to that he would have answered, he thought, like a ship to its helm, like an army to its general. But this petty rule, this perpetual fault-finding, raised up every faculty in opposition. Even when he

meant the best, her words of warning, her reminders of duty, were enough to set him all wrong again. He thought, as a bad husband often thinks when he is conscious of the world's disapproval, that it was her complaints that were the cause. And when he was reminded by others, well-meaning but injudicious, of all he owed to his mother, his mind rose yet more strongly in opposition, his spirit refused the claim. This is a very different picture from that of the widow's son whose earliest inspiration is his sense of duty to his mother, and adoring gratitude for her care and love—but it is perhaps as true a one. A young man may be placed in an unfair position by the excessive claim made upon his heart and conscience in this way, and so Walter felt it. He might have given all that, and more, if nothing had been asked of him; but when he was expected to feel so much, he felt himself half justified in feeling nothing. Thus the situation had become one of strained and continual opposition. It was a kind of duel, in which the younger combatant at least—the assailed person, whose free-will and independence were hampered by such perpetual requirements—never yielded a step. The other might do so, by turns throwing up her arms altogether, but not he.

It was with this feeling strong in his mind, and affecting his temper as nothing else does to such a degree, that he hastened along the street towards the rooms occupied by Captain Underwood, a personage whom the ladies of Sloebury were unanimous in disliking. Nobody knew exactly where it was that he got his military title. He did not belong to any regiment in her Majesty's service. He had not even the humble claim of a militia officer; yet nobody dared say that there was anything fictitious about him, or stigmatise the Captain as an impostor. Other captains and colonels and men-at-arms of undoubted character supported his claims; he belonged to one or two well-known

clubs. An angry woman would sometimes fling an insult at him when her husband or son came home penniless after an evening in his company, wondering what they could see in an underbred fellow who was no more a captain (she would say in her wrath) than she was; but of these assertions there was no proof, and the vehemence of them naturally made the Captain's partisans more and more eager in his favour. He had not been above six months in Sloebury, but everybody knew him. There was scarcely an evening in which half-a-dozen men did not congregate in his rooms, drawn together by that strange attraction which makes people meet who do not care in the least for each other's company, nor have anything to say to each other, yet are possibly less vacant in society than when alone, or find the murmur of many voices, the smoke of many cigars, exhilarating and agreeable. It was not every evening that the cards were produced. The Captain was wary; he frightened nobody; he did not wish to give occasion to the tremors of the ladies, whom he would have conciliated even, if he had been able; but there are men against whom the instinct of all women rises, as there are women from whom all men turn. It was only now and then that he permitted play. He spoke indeed strongly against it on many occasions. "What do you want with cards?" he would say. "A good cigar and a friend to talk to ought to be enough for any man." But twice or thrice in a week his scruples would give way. He was a tall, well-formed man, of an uncertain age, with burning hazel eyes, and a scar on his forehead got in that mysterious service to which now and then he made allusion, and which his friends concluded must have been in some foreign legion, or with Garibaldi, or some other irregular warfare. There were some who thought him a man, old for his age, of thirty-five, and some who, concluding him young for his

age and well preserved, credited him with twenty years more; but thirty-five or fifty-five, whichever it was, he was erect and strong, and well set up, and possessed an amount of experience and apparent knowledge of the world, at which the striplings of Sloebury admired and wondered, and which even the older men respected, as men in the country respect the mention of great names and incidents that have become historical. He had a way of recommending himself even to the serious, and would now and then break forth, as if reluctantly, into an account of some instance of faith or patience on the battlefield or the hospital which made even the rector declare that to consider Underwood as an irreligious man was both unjust and unkind. So strong was the prejudice of the women, however, that Mrs. Wynn, always charitable, and whose silent protest was generally only made when the absent were blamed, shook her head at this testimony borne in favour of the Captain. She had no son to be led away, and her husband it need not be said, considering his position, was invulnerable; but with all her charity she could not believe in the religion of Captain Underwood. His rooms were very nice rooms in the best street in Sloebury, and if his society was what is called "mixed," yet the best people were occasionally to be met there, as well as those who were not the best.

There was a little stir in the company when Walter entered. To tell the truth, notwithstanding the wild mirth and dissipation which the ladies believed to go on in Captain Underwood's rooms, the society assembled there was at the moment dull and in want of a sensation. There had not been anything said for the course of two minutes at least. There was no play going on, and the solemn puff of smoke from one pair of lips after another would have been the height of monotony had it not been the wildest fun and gratification. The men in the room took pipes and cigars



out of their mouths to welcome the new-comer. "Hallo, Walter!" they all said in different tones; for in Sloebury the use of Christian names was universal, everybody having known everybody else since the moment of their birth.

"Here comes Methven," said the owner of the rooms (it was one of his charms, in the eyes of the younger men, that he was not addicted to this familiarity), "in the odour of sanctity. It will do us all good to have an account of the rector's party. How did you leave the old ladies, my excellent boy?"

"Stole away like the fox, by Jove," said the hunting man, who was the pride of Sloebury.

"More like the mouse with the old cats after it," said another wit.

Now Walter had come in among them strong in his sense of right and in his sense of wrong, feeling himself at the same moment a sorry fool and an injured hero, a sufferer for the rights of man; and it would have been of great use to him in both these respects to have felt himself step into a superior atmosphere, into the heat of a political discussion, or even into noisy amusement, or the passion of play—anything which would rouse the spirits and energies, and show the action of a larger life. But to feel his own arrival a sort of godsend in the dulness, and to hear nothing but the heavy puff of all the smoke, and the very poor wit with which he was received, was sadly disconcerting, and made him more and more angry with himself and the circumstances which would give him no sort of support or comfort.

"The old ladies," he said, "were rather more lively than you fellows. You look as if you had all been poisoned in your wine, like the men in the opera, and expected the wall to open and the monks and the coffins to come in."

"I knew that Methven would bring us some excellent lesson," said Captain Underwood. "Remember that we

have all to die. Think, my friends, upon your latter end."

"Jump up here and give us a sermon, Wat."

"Don't tease him, he's dangerous."

"The old ladies have been too much for him."

This went on till Walter had settled down into his place, and lighted his pipe like the rest. He looked upon them with disenchanted eyes; not that he had ever entertained any very exalted opinion of his company; but to-night he was out of sympathy with all his surroundings, and he felt it almost a personal offence that there should be so little to attract and excite in this manly circle which thought so much more of itself than of any other, and was so scornful of the old ladies, who after all were not old ladies: but the graver members of the community in general, with an ornamental adjunct of young womankind. On ordinary occasions no doubt Walter would have chimed in with the rest, but to-night he was dissatisfied and miserable, not sure of any sensation in particular, but one of scorn and distaste for his surroundings. He would have felt this in almost any conceivable case, but in the midst of this poor jesting and would-be wit, the effect was doubled. Was it worth while for this to waste his time, to offend the opinion of all his friends? Such thoughts must always come in similar circumstances. Even in the most brilliant revelry there will be a pause, a survey of the position, a sense, however unwilling, that the game is not worth the candle. But here! They were all as dull as ditch water, he said to himself. Separately there was scarcely one whom he would have selected as an agreeable companion, and was it possible by joining many dulnesses together to produce a brilliant result? There was no doubt that Walter's judgment was jaundiced that evening; for he was not by any means so contemptuous of his friends on ordinary occasions; but he had been eager to find an excuse for himself, to be able to say that

here was real life and genial society in place of the affected solemnity of the proper people. When he found himself unable to do this, he was struck as by a personal grievance, and sat moody and abstracted, bringing a chill upon everybody, till one by one the boon companions strolled away.

"A pretty set of fellows to talk of dulness," he cried, with a little burst, "as if they were not dull beyond all description themselves."

"Come, Methven, you are out of temper," said Captain Underwood. "They are good fellows enough when you are in the vein for them. Something has put you out of joint."

"Nothing at all," cried Walter, "except the sight of you all sitting as solemn as owls pretending to enjoy yourselves. At the rectory one yawned indeed, it was the genius of the place—but to hear all those dull dogs laughing at that, as if they were not a few degrees worse! Is there nothing but dulness in life? Is everything the same—one way or another—and nothing to show for it all, when it is over, but tediousness and discontent?"

Underwood looked at him keenly with his fiery eyes.

"So you've come to that already, have you?" he said. "I thought you were too young and foolish."

"I am not so young as not to know that I am behaving like an idiot," Walter said. Perhaps he had a little hope of being contradicted and brought back to his own esteem.

But instead of this, Captain Underwood only looked at him again and laughed.

"I know," he said: "the conscience has its tremors, especially after an evening at the rectory. You see how well respectability looks, how comfortable it is."

"I do nothing of the sort," Walter cried indignantly. "I see how dull you are, you people who scoff at respectability, and I begin to wonder whether it is not better to be dull and thrive than to be dull and perish.

They seem much the same thing so far as enjoyment goes."

"You want excitement," said the other carelessly. "I allow there is not much of that here."

"I want something," cried Walter. "Cards even are better than nothing. I want to feel that I have blood in my veins."

"My dear boy, all that is easily explained. You want money. Money is the thing that mounts the blood in the veins. With money you can have as much excitement, as much movement as you like. Let people say what they please, there is nothing else that does it," said the man of experience. He took a choice cigar leisurely from his case as he spoke. "A bit of a country town like this, what can you expect from it? There is no go in them. They risk a shilling, and go away frightened if they lose. If they don't go to church on Sunday they feel all the remorse of a villain in a play. It's all petty here—everything's petty, both the vices and the virtues. I don't wonder you find it slow. What I find it, I needn't say."

"Why do you stop here, then?" said Walter, not unnaturally, with a momentary stare of surprise. Then he resumed, being full of his own subject. "I know I'm an ass," he said. "I loaf about here doing nothing when I ought to be at work. I don't know why I do it; but neither do I know how to get out of it. You, that's quite another thing. You have no call to stay. I wonder you do: why do you? If I were as free as you, I should be off—before another day."

"Come along then," said Underwood, good-humouredly. "I'll go if you'll go."

At this Walter shook his head.

"I have no money you know. I ought to be in an office or doing something. I can't go off to shoot here or fish there, like you."

"By and by—by and by. You have time enough to wait."

Walter gave him a look of surprise.

"There is nothing to wait for," he

said. "Is that why you have said so many things to me about seeing life? I have nothing. We've got no money in the family. I may wait till doomsday, but it will do nothing for me."

"Don't be too sure of that," said Underwood. "Oh, you needn't devour me with your eyes. I know nothing of your family affairs. I suppose of course that by and by, in the course of nature——"

"You mean," said Walter, turning pale, "when my mother dies. No, I'm not such a wretched cad as that: if I didn't know I should get next to nothing then, I——" (His conscience nearly tripped this young man up, running into his way so hurriedly that he caught his foot unawares.) Then he stopped and grew red, staring at his companion. "Most of what she has dies with her, if that's what you're thinking of. There is nothing in that to build upon. And I'm glad of it," the young man cried.

"I beg your pardon, Methven," said the other. "But it needn't be that; there are other ways of getting rich."

"I don't know any of them, unless by work: and how am I to work? It is so easy to speak. What can I work at? and where am I to get it?—there is the question. I hear enough on that subject—as if I were a tailor or a shoemaker that could find something to do at any corner. There is no reason in it," the young man said, so hotly, and with such a flush of resentful obstinacy, that the fervour of his speech betrayed him. He was like a man who had outrun himself, and paused, out of breath.

"You'll see; something will turn up," said Underwood, with a laugh.

"What can turn up?—nothing. Suppose I go to New Zealand and come back at fifty with my fortune made—Fifty's just the age, isn't it, to begin to enjoy yourself," cried Walter, scornfully; "when you have not a tooth left, nor a faculty perfect?" He was so young that the half-century appeared to him like the age of Methusaleh, and men who lived to

that period as having outlived all that is worth living for. His mentor laughed a little uneasily, as if he had been touched by this chance shot.

"It is not such a terrible age after all," he said. "A man can still enjoy himself when he is fifty; but I grant you that at twenty-four it's a long time to wait for your pleasure. However, let us hope something will turn up before then. Supposing, for the sake of argument, you were to come in to your fortune more speedily, I wonder what you would do with it—eh? you are such a terrible fellow for excitement. The turf?"

"All that is folly," said Walter, getting up abruptly. "Nothing more, thanks. I am coming in to no fortune. And you don't understand me a bit," he said, turning at the door of the room, to look back upon the scene where he had himself spent so many hours, made piquant by a sense of that wrongdoing which supplies excitement when other motives fail. The chairs standing about as their occupants had thrust them away from the table, the empty glasses upon it, the disorder of the room, struck him with a certain sense of disgust. It was a room intended by nature to be orderly and sober, with heavy country-town furniture, and nothing about it that could throw any grace on disarray. The master of the place stood against the table swaying a somewhat heavy figure over it, and gazing at the young man with his fiery eyes. Walter's rudeness did not please him, any more than his abrupt withdrawal.

"Don't be too sure of that," he said, with an effort to retain his good-humoured aspect. "If I don't understand you, I should like to know who does? and when that fortune comes, you will remember what I say."

"Pshaw!" Walter cried, impatiently turning away. A nod of his head was all the good-night he gave. He hurried down as he had hurried up, still as little contented, as full of dissatisfaction as when he came. This man who thought he understood him,

who intended to influence him, revolted the young man's uneasy-sense of independence, as much as did the bond of more lawful authority. Did Underwood, *too*, think him a child not able to guide himself? It was very late by this time, and the streets very silent. He walked quickly home through the wintry darkness of November, with a mind as thoroughly out of tune as it is possible to imagine. He had gone to Underwood's in the hot impulse of opposition, with the hope of getting rid temporarily, at least, of the struggle within him; but he had not got rid of it. The dull jokes of the assembled company had only made the raging of the inward storm more sensible, and the jaunty and presumptuous misconception with which his host received his involuntary confidences afterwards, had aggravated instead of soothing his mind. Indeed, Underwood's pretence at knowing all about it, his guesses and attempts to sound his companion's mind, and the blundering interpretation of it into which he stumbled, filled Walter with double indignation and disgust. This man too he had thought much of, and expected superior intelligence from—and all that he had to say was an idiotic anticipation of some miraculous coming into a fortune which Walter was aware was as likely to happen to the beggar on the streets as to himself. He had been angry with nature and his mother when he left her door; he was angry with everybody when he returned to it, though his chief anger of all, and the root of all the others, was that anger with himself, which burnt within his veins, and which is the hardest of all others to quench out.

### CHAPTER III.

WALTER was very late next morning as he had been very late at night. The ladies had breakfasted long before, and there was a look of reproach in the very table-cloth left there so much after the usual time, and scrupulously

cleared of everything that the others had used, and arranged at one end, with the dish kept hot for him, and the small teapot just big enough for one, which was a sermon in itself. His mother was seated by the fire with her weekly books, which she was adding up. She said scarcely anything to him, except the morning greeting, filling out his tea with a gravity which was all the more crushing that there was nothing in it to object to, nothing to resent. Adding up accounts of itself is not cheerful work; but naturally the young man resented this seriousness all the more because he had no right to do so. It was intolerable, he felt, to sit and eat in presence of that silent figure partly turned away from him, jotting down the different amounts on a bit of paper, and absorbed in that occupation as if unconscious of his presence. Even scolding was better than this; Walter was perfectly conscious of all it was in her power to say. He knew by heart her remonstrances and appeals. But he disliked the silence more than all. He longed to take her by the shoulders, and cry, "What is it? What have you got to say to me? What do you mean by sitting there like a stone figure, and *meaning* it all the same!" He did not do this, knowing it would be foolish, and give his constant antagonist a certain advantage; but he longed to get rid of some of his own exasperation by such an act. It was with a kind of force over himself that he ate his breakfast, going through all the forms, prolonging it to the utmost of his power, helping himself with deliberate solemnity in defiance of the spectator, who seemed so absorbed in her own occupation, but was, he felt sure, watching his every movement. It was not, however, until he had come to an end of his prolonged meal and of his newspaper, that his mother spoke.

"Do you think," she said, "that it would be possible for you to write that letter to Mr. Milnathort, of which I have spoken so often, to-day?"

"Oh, quite possible," said Walter, carelessly.

"Will you do it, then? It seems to me very important to your interests. Will you really do it, and do it to-day?"

"I'll see about it," Walter said.

"I don't ask you to see about it. It is nothing very difficult. I ask you to do it at once—to-day."

He gazed at her for a moment with an angry obstinacy.

"I see no particular occasion for all this haste. It has stood over a good many days. Why should you insist so upon it now?"

"Every day that it has been put off has been a mistake. It should have been done at once," Mrs. Methven said.

"I'll see about it," he said carelessly; and he went out of the room with a sense of having exasperated her as usual, which was almost pleasant.

At the bottom of his heart he meant to do what his mother had asked of him: but he would not betray his good intentions. He preferred to look hostile even when he was in the mind to be obedient. He went away to the little sitting-room which was appropriated to him, where his pipes adorned the mantelpiece, and sat down to consider the situation. To write a letter was not a great thing to do, and he fully meant to do it; but after he had mused a little angrily upon the want of perception which made his mother adopt that cold and hectoring tone, when if she had asked him gently he would have done it in a minute, he put forth his hand and drew a book towards him. It was not either a new or an entertaining book, but it secured his idle attention until he suddenly remembered that it was time to go out. The letter was not written, but what did that matter? The post did not go out till the afternoon, and there was plenty of time between that time and this to write half-a-dozen letters. It would do very well, he thought, when he came in for lunch. So he threw down the book and got his hat and went out.

Mrs. Methven, who was on the watch, hearing his every movement, came into his room after he was gone, and looked round with eager eyes to see if the letter was written, if there was any trace of it. Perhaps he had taken it out with him to post it, she thought: and though it was injurious to her that she should not know something more about a piece of business in which he was not the sole person concerned, yet it gave her a sort of relief to think that so much at least he had done. She went back to her books with an easier mind. She was far from being a rich woman, but her son had known none of her little difficulties, her efforts to make ends meet. She had thought it wrong to trouble his childhood with such confidences, and he had grown up thinking nothing on the subject, without any particular knowledge of, or interest in, her affairs, taking everything for granted. It was her own fault, she said to herself, and so it was to some extent. She would sometimes think that if she had it to do over again she would change all that. How often do we think this, and with what bitter regret, in respect to the children whom people speak of as wax in our hands, till we suddenly wake up and find them iron! She had kept her difficulties out of Walter's way, and instead of being grateful to her for so doing, he was simply indifferent, neither inquiring nor caring to know. Her own doing! It was easier to herself, yet bitter beyond telling, to acknowledge it to be so. Just at this time, when Christmas was approaching, the ends took a great deal of tugging and coaxing to bring them together. A few of Walter's bills had come in unexpectedly, putting her poor balance altogether wrong. Miss Merivale contributed a little, but only a little, to the housekeeping; for Mrs. Methven was both proud and liberal, and understood giving better than receiving. She went back to the dining-room, where all her books lay upon the table, near the fire. Her reckon-

ing had not advanced much since she had begun it, with Walter sitting at breakfast. Her faculties had been all absorbed in him and what he was doing. Now she addressed herself to her accounts with a strenuous effort. It is hard work to balance a small sum of money against a large number of bills, to settle how to divide it so as that everybody shall have something, and the mouths of hungry creditors be stopped. Perhaps we might say that this was one of the fine arts—so many pounds here, so many there, keeping credit afloat, and the wolf of debt from the door. Mrs. Methven was skilled in it. She went to this work, feeling all its difficulty and burden: yet, with a little relief, not because she saw any way out of her difficulties, but because Walter had written that letter. It was always something done, she thought, in her simplicity, and something might come of it, some way in which he could get the means of exercising his faculties, perhaps of distinguishing himself even yet.

Walter for his part strolled away through the little town in his usual easy way. It was a fine, bright, wintery morning, not cold, yet cold enough to make brisk walking pleasant, and stir the blood in young veins. There was no football going on, nor any special amusement. He could not afford to hunt, and the only active winter exercise which he could attain was limited to this game—of which there was a good deal at Sloebury—and skating, when it pleased Providence to send ice, which was too seldom. He looked in upon one or two of his cronies, and played a game of billiards, and hung about the High Street to see what was going on. There was nothing particular going on, but the air was fresh, and the sun shining, and a little pleasant movement about, much more agreeable at least than sitting in a stuffy little room writing a troublesome letter which he felt sure would not do the least good. Finally, he met Captain Underwood, who regarded him with a

look which Walter would have called anxious had he been able to imagine any possible reason why Underwood should entertain any anxiety on his account.

"Well! any news?" the captain cried.

"News! What news should there be in this dead-alive place?" Walter said.

The other looked at him keenly as if to see whether he was quite sincere, and then said, "Come and have some lunch."

He was free of all the best resorts in Sloebury, this mysterious man. He belonged to the club, he was greatly at his ease in the hotel—everything was open to him. Walter, who had but little money of his own, and could not quite cut the figure he wished, was not displeased to be thus exhibited as the captain's foremost ally.

"I thought you might have come into that fortune, you are looking so spruce," the captain said, and laughed. But though he laughed he kept an eye on the young man as if the pleasantry meant more than appeared. Walter felt a momentary irritation with this, which seemed to him a very bad joke; but he went with the captain all the same, not without a recollection of the table at home, at which, after waiting three quarters of an hour or so, and watching at the window for his coming, the ladies would at last sit down. But he was not a child to be forced to attendance at every meal, he said to himself. The captain's attentions to him were great, and it was a very nice little meal that they had together.

"I expect you to do great things for me when you come into your fortune. You had better engage me at once as your guide, philosopher, and friend," he said, with a laugh. "Of course you will quit Sloebury, and make yourself free of all this bondage."

"Oh, of course," said Walter, humouring the joke, though it was so bad a one in every way.

He could not quarrel with his host



at his own table, and perhaps after all it was more dignified to take it with good humour.

"You must not go in for mere expense," the captain said; "you must make it pay. I can put you up to a thing or two. You must not go into the world like a pigeon to be plucked. It would affect my personal honour if a pupil of mine—for I consider you as a pupil of mine, Methven, I think I have imparted to you a thing or two. You are not quite the simpleton you used to be, do you think you are?"

Walter received this with great gravity, though he tried to look as if he were not offended.

"Was I a simpleton?" he said. "I suppose in one's own case one never sees."

"Were you a simpleton!" said the other, with a laugh, and then he stopped himself, always keenly watching the young man's face, and perceiving that he was going too far. "But I flatter myself you could hold your own at whist with any man now," the captain said.

This pleased the young man; his gravity unbended a little; there was a visible relaxation of the corners of his mouth. To be praised is always agreeable. Moral applause, indeed, may be taken with composure, but who could hear himself applauded for his whist-playing without an exhilaration of the heart? He said, with satisfaction, "I always was pretty good at games," at which his instructor laughed again, almost too much for perfect good breeding.

"I like to have young fellows like you to deal with," he said, "fellows with a little spirit, that are born for better things. Your country-town young man is as fretful and frightened when he loses a few shillings as if it were thousands. But that's one of the reasons why I feel you're born to luck, my boy. I know a man of liberal breeding whenever I see him, he is not frightened about a nothing. That's one of the things

I like in you, Methven. You deserve a fortune, and you deserve to have me for your guide, philosopher, and friend."

All this was said by way of joke; but it was strange to see the steady watch which he kept on the young man's face. One would have said a person of importance whom Underwood meant to try his strength with, but guardedly, without going too far, and even on whom he was somehow dependent, anxious to make a good impression. Walter, who knew his own favour to be absolutely without importance, and that Underwood above all, his host and frequent entertainer could be under no possible delusion on the subject, was puzzled, yet flattered, feeling that only some excellence on his own part, undiscovered by any of his other acquaintances, could account for this. So experienced a person could have "no motive" in thus paying court to a penniless and prospectless youth. Walter was perplexed, but he was gratified too. He had not seen many of the captain's kind; nobody who knew so many people or who was so much at his ease with the world. Admiration of this vast acquaintance, and of the familiarity with which the captain treated things and people of which others spoke with bated breath, had varied in his mind with a fluctuating sense that Underwood was not exactly so elevated a person as he professed to be, and even that there were occasional vulgarities in this man of the world. Walter felt these, but in his ignorance represented to himself that perhaps they were right enough, and only seemed vulgar to him who knew no better. And to-day there is no doubt he was somewhat intoxicated by this flattery. It must be disinterested, for what could he do for anybody? He confided to the captain more than he had ever done before of his own position. He described how he was being urged to write to old Milnathort. "He is an old lawyer in Scotland—what they call a writer

—and it is supposed he might be induced to take me into his office, for the sake of old associations. I don't know what the associations are, but the position does not smile upon me," Walters said.

"Your family then is a Scotch family?" said the captain with a nod of approval. "I thought as much."

"I don't know that I've got a family," said Walter.

"On the contrary, Methven is a very good name. There are half a dozen baronets at least, and a peer—you must have heard of him, Lord Erradeen."

"Oh yes, I've heard of him," Walter said with a conscious look.

If he had been more in the world he would have said "he is a cousin of mine," but he was aware that the strain of kindred was very far off, and he was at once too shy and too proud to claim it. His companion waited apparently for the disclosure, then finding it did not come opened the way.

"If he's a relation of yours, it's to him you ought to write; very likely he would do something for you. They are a curious family. I've had occasion to know something about them."

"I think you know everybody, Underwood."

"Well, I have knocked about the world a great deal; in that way one comes across a great many people. I saw a good deal of the present lord at one time. He was a very queer man—they are all queer. If you are one of them you'll have to bear your share in it. There is a mysterious house they have—You would think I was an idiot if I told you half the stories I have heard—"

"About the Erradeens?"

"About everybody," said the captain evasively. "There is scarcely a family, that, if you go right into it, has not something curious about them. We all have; but those that last and continue keep it on record. I could tell you the wildest tales about So-and-so and So-and-so, very ordinary people to

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look at, but with stories that would make your hair stand on end."

"We have nothing to do with things of that sort. My people have always been straightforward and above board."

"For as much as you know, perhaps; but go back three or four generations and how can you tell? We have all of us ancestors that perhaps were not much to brag of."

Walter caught Underwood's eye as he said this, and perhaps there was a twinkle in it, for he laughed.

"It is something," he said, "to have ancestors at all."

"If they were the greatest blackguards in the world," the captain said with a responsive laugh, "that's what I think. You don't want any more of my revelations? Well, never mind, probably I shall have you coming to me some of these days quite humbly to beg for more information. You are not cut out for an attorney's office. It is very virtuous, of course, to give yourself up to work and turn your back upon life."

"Virtue be hanged," said Walter, with some excitement, "it is not virtue, but necessity, which I take to be the very opposite. I know I'm wasting my time, but I mean to turn over a new leaf. And as the first evidence of that as soon as I go home I shall write to old Milnathort."

"Not to-day," said Underwood, looking at his watch; "the post has gone; twenty-four hours more to think about it will do you no harm."

Walter started to his feet, and it was with a real pang that he saw how the opportunity had escaped him, and his intention in spite of himself been balked; a flush of shame came over his face. He felt that, if never before, here was a genuine occasion for blame. To be sure, the same thing had happened often enough before, but he had never perhaps so fully intended to do what was required of him. He sat down again with a muttered curse at himself and his own folly. There was nothing to be said for him. He had

meant to turn over a new leaf, and yet this day was just like the last. The thought made his heart sick for the moment. But what was the use of making a fuss and betraying himself to a stranger? He sat down again, with a self-disgust which made him glad to escape from his own company. Underwood's talk might be shallow enough, perhaps his pretence at knowledge was not very well founded, but he was safer company than conscience, and that burning and miserable sense of moral impotence which is almost worse than the more tragic stings of conscience. To find out that your resolution is worth nothing, after you have put yourself to the trouble of making it, and that habit is more strong than any motive, is not a pleasant thing to think of. Better let the captain talk about Lord Erradeen, or any other lord in the peerage. Underwood, being encouraged with a few questions, talked very largely on this subject. He gave the young man many pieces of information, which indeed he could have got in Debrett if he had been anxious on the subject; and as the afternoon wore on they strolled out again for another promenade up and down the more populous parts of Sloebury, and there fell in with other idlers like themselves; and when the twilight yielded to the more cheerful light of the lamps, betook themselves to whist, which was sometimes played in the captain's rooms at that immoral hour. Sloebury, even the most advanced portion of it, had been horrified at the thought of whist before dinner when the captain first suggested it, but that innocent alarm had long since melted away. There was nothing dangerous about it, no stakes which any one could be hurt by losing. When Walter, warned by the breaking up of the party that it was the hour for dinner, took his way home also, he was the winner of a sixpence or two, and no more: there had been nothing wrong in the play. But when

he turned the corner of Underwood's street and found himself with the wind in his face on his way home, the revulsion of feeling from something like gaiety to a rush of disagreeable anticipations, a crowd of uncomfortable thoughts, was pitiful. In spite of all our boastings of home and home influence, how many experience this change the moment they turn their face in the direction of that centre where it is conventional to suppose all comfort and shelter is! There is a chill, an abandonment of pleasant sensations, a preparation for those that are not pleasant. Walter foresaw what he would find there with an impatience and resentment which were almost intolerable. Behind the curtain, between the laths of the Venetian blind, his mother would be secretly on the outlook watching for his return; perhaps even she had stolen quietly to the door, and, sheltered in the darkness of the porch, was looking out; or, if not that, the maid who opened the door would look reproachfully at him, and ask if he was going to dress, or if she might serve the dinner at once: it must have been waiting already nearly half an hour. He went on very quickly, but his thoughts lingered and struggled with the strong disinclination that possessed him. How much he would have given not to go home at all! how little pleasure he expected when he got there! His mother most likely would be silent, pale with anger, saying little, while Cousin Sophia would get up a little conversation. She would talk lightly about anything that might have been happening, and Walter would perhaps exert himself to give Sophia back her own, and show his mother that he cared nothing about her displeasure. And then when dinner was over, he would hurry out again, glad to be released. Home! this was what it had come to be: and nothing could mend it so far as either mother or son could see. Oh, terrible incompatibility, unapproachableness of one soul to another! To think that they should be so near,

yet so far away. Even in the case of husband and wife the severance is scarcely so terrible; for they have come towards each other out of different spheres, and if they do not amalgamate, there are many secondary causes that may be blamed, differences of nature and training and thought. But a mother with her child, whom she has brought up, whose first opinions she has implanted, who ought naturally to be influenced by her ways of thinking, and even by prejudices and superstitions in favour of her way! It was not, however, this view of the question which moved the young man. It was the fact of his own bondage, the compulsion he was under to return to dinner, to give some partial obedience to the rules of the house, and to confess that he had not written that letter to Mr. Milnathort.

When he came in sight of the house, however, he became aware insensibly, he could scarcely tell how, of some change in its aspect: what was it? It was lighted up in the most unusual way. The window of the spare room was shining not only with candlelight, but with firelight, his own room was lighted up; the door was standing open, throwing out a warm flood of light into the street, and in the centre of this light stood Mrs. Methven with her white shawl over her head, not at all concealing herself, gazing anxiously in the direction from which he was coming.

"I think I will send for him," he heard her say; "he has, very likely, stepped into Captain Underwood's, and he is apt to meet friends there who will not let him go."

Her voice was soft—there was no blame in it, though she was anxious. She was speaking to some one behind her, a figure in a greatcoat. Walter was in the shadow and invisible. He paused in his surprise to listen.

"I must get away by the last train," he heard the voice of the muffled figure say somewhat pettishly.

"Oh, there is plenty of time for that," cried his mother; and then she

gave a little cry of pleasure, and said, "And, at a good moment, here he is!"

He came in somewhat dazzled, and much astonished, into the strong light in the open doorway. Mrs. Methven's countenance was all radiant and glowing with pleasure. She held out her hand to him eagerly.

"We have been looking for you," she cried; "I have had a great surprise. Walter, this is Mr. Milnathort."

Puzzled, startled, and yet somewhat disappointed, Walter paused in the hall, and looked at a tall old man with a face full of crotchets and intelligence, who stood with two greatcoats unbuttoned, and a comforter half unwound from his throat, under the lamp. His features were high and thin, his eyes invisible under their deep sockets.

"Now, you will surely take off your coat, and consent to go up stairs, and make yourself comfortable," said Mrs. Methven, with a thrill of excitement in her voice. "This is Walter. He has heard of you all his life. Without any reference to the nature of your communication, he must be glad, indeed, to make your acquaintance—"

She gave Walter a look of appeal as she spoke. He was so much surprised that it was with difficulty he found self-possession to murmur a few words of civility. A feeling that Mr. Milnathort must have come to look after that letter which had never been written came in with the most wonderfully confusing, half ludicrous effect into his mind, like one of the inadequate motives and ineffable conclusions of a dream. Mr. Milnathort made a stiff little bow in reply.

"I will remain till the last train. In the meantime the young gentleman had better be informed, Mrs. Methven."

She put out her hands again. "A moment—give us a moment first."

The old lawyer stood still and looked from the mother to the son. Perhaps to his keen eyes it was revealed that it would be well she

should have the advantage of any pleasant revelation.

"I will," he said, "madam, avail myself of your kind offer to go up stairs and unroll myself out of these trappings of a long journey; and in the meantime you will, perhaps, like to tell him the news yourself: he will like it all the better if he hears it from his mother."

Mrs. Methven bowed her head, having, apparently, no words at her command: and stood looking after him till he disappeared on the stairs, following the maid, who had been waiting with a candle lighted in her hand. When he was gone, she seized Walter hurriedly by the arm, and drew him towards the little room, the nearest, which was his ordinary sitting-room. Her hand grasped him with unnecessary force in her excitement. The room was dark—he could not see her face, the only light in it being the reflection of the lamp outside.

"Oh, Walter!" she cried; "oh, my boy! I don't know how to tell you the news. This useless life is all over for you, and another—oh, how different—another—God grant it happy and great, oh, God grant it! blessed and noble!"

Her voice choked with excitement and fast-coming tears. She drew him towards her into her arms.

"It will take you from me—but what of that, if it makes you happy and good? I have been no guide to you, but God will be your guide: His leadings were all dark to me, but now I see—"

"Mother," he cried, with a strange impulse he could not understand, putting his arm round her, "I did not write that letter: I have done nothing I promised or meant to do. I am sick to the heart to think what a fool and a cad I am—for the love of God tell me what it is!"

*(To be continued.)*

## AN INDIAN FESTIVAL.

To the north of Mexico, and south of the state of Colorado, lies the territory of New Mexico—a region which was repeatedly explored during the sixteenth century by Spanish adventurers, from whose account of it the Viceroy of Mexico was encouraged to send an expedition into the country in 1599. The Spaniards found there a peaceable tribe of Indians, living in villages and cultivating the soil. Pueblo—their name for a town—gained for them the name of Pueblo Indians; but they are presumably descended from the Aztecs, who once inhabited the whole region, and whose ruined villages and temples are still to be found here and there. Several forts and colonies were successfully founded by the Spaniards; and the Jesuit priests who accompanied the expedition also established missions near many of the Indian settlements, and converted numbers of the people to the Roman Catholic religion. Most of the present Mexican towns here originated with these mission churches, which soon gathered habitations round them. The capital of the territory, Santa Fé, is said to have been built on the site of some old Indian buildings found by the Spaniards, and on this account it claims to be the oldest city in the United States. The new comers encouraged the Pueblos to continue in their villages, and even to build new ones; but they otherwise treated them as slaves, compelling them to work in the gold, silver, and turquoise mines that were discovered in the country. After eighty years of oppression, indeed, the patient Pueblos rebelled; they drove away the interlopers and had their own way for some eighteen years, but in 1695 the Spaniards

returned and took possession of New Mexico once more. They now treated the Indians rather better, but all the wealth and resources of the country being in their own hands, it was easy for them to keep the Pueblos and the Mexican half-breeds, who formed the mass of the population, in virtual servitude. These wretched peons, as they are called, were perpetually in debt to the Spanish proprietors and obliged to make up for their insolvency by incessant and hopeless toil on the lands of their creditors. When Mexico was declared a Republic, New Mexico formed part of it, and was governed under its laws, until the American war with Mexico began, and the United States' troops took possession of the territory in 1847. The Pueblo Indians then received grants of the land surrounding their villages from the United States' Government, and the general condition of the country was improved, although it is to be feared that many of the Spanish landowners keep the poorer Mexican peasants in the condition of peons still. There are yet in the country some old Spanish families who lay claims to pure Castilian descent, and are very proud, while even Mexicans of the better class hold their heads high and profess great unconcern, and even contempt, towards the Americans and their institutions. The oldest family of all, however, is more simple and more affable. The Pueblo Indians do not give themselves many airs, although they are the descendants of an ancient race, among whose ruined homes they have built their own already venerable villages. They are in some ways less barbarous than the Mexicans, and certainly more pious, although they still cling with one hand to many of

their old superstitions. Here the Jesuit priests have shown great discrimination—they have grafted Roman Catholic festivals on to some of the old Indian holy days. For instance, at the Pueblo of Taos, which is the best preserved, and probably the oldest town still inhabited in New Mexico, the Indians hold a grand festival on St. Jerome's Day, a day which is, however, further hallowed by some memory of Montezuma! This festival is widely renowned, and many other Indians as well as Mexicans from the neighbourhood flock to take part in it. Even some few of the Apaches and Navajos, tribes of a more wandering and warlike character, inhabiting other parts of New Mexico and Arizona, visit Taos for the festival, if they do not happen to be "on the war-path," and are at peace with the whites and the Pueblos.

This year the fame of the Taos festival spread even to Colorado, and so it happened that, from a little bran-new western town, where we have all the latest American improvements, and speak a good deal of "progress," we determined to go down into this strange region, near us and yet so far, so full of old monuments, old memories, old ideas.

By way of contrast, a railway, an extension of the Colorado, Denver and Rio Grande Line, runs within thirty miles of Taos, and much nearer to some of the other Pueblos. This simplified the first stage of our journey, and a private sleeping-car, with the addition of a good stock of provisions, made us independent of the miserable accommodation the country affords. The scenery of Northern New Mexico resembles that of Southern Colorado; there are the same deep grassy basins, once filled by great lakes, the same mesas or table-lands, covered with the low piñon-fir or the sage-brush, and bounded by ranges of glorious mountains, the same deep cañons or gorges and narrow mountain passes. Ascending and descending, over passes and plains, we reached, after twenty hours

of travel, the small station of Embudo, in a ravine on the banks of the Rio Grande river. Here, as there was absolutely no accommodation, our car was shunted into a siding, and we slept in it.

A friend, who knew the country, had with difficulty persuaded a Mexican in Taos to send conveyances to meet us at Embudo; so, early next morning, the party was stowed away in a variety of rickety waggons and buggies, and started on a thirty-mile drive. At first, having but just turned our backs on the prosaic railway station, and becoming aware that our harness was rotten and our horses baulky, we "disremembered," as they say in New England, the picturesqueness of the expedition. The road before us was indescribably stony and precipitous, and though it wound by the banks of the green Rio Grande torrent, it was hemmed in by arid brown hills, scantily covered with sage-brush and cactus, and strewn with volcanic rocks. Here the sun baked pitilessly down, and we faneied ourselves in a desert, until a turn of the road brought some Mexican settlements in sight. These strange, mud-coloured houses are usually built in the form of a square, or half a square, the door and windows all opening into an inner court, the outer walls presenting a dead blank. They are rarely more than one story high and have flat roofs, on which the long grass waves undisturbed. The dull hue of the adobe, or unbaked brick, of which they are built makes a harmony with the brown hills and the dry prairie grass, but a contrast comes in with the strings of vivid red peppers that hang on the walls of the houses and the fresh green orchards that surround them. From one of these houses a woman, wearing the usual gay pink cotton dress and with a white "serape" or mantilla, draped on her head, ran out to see us pass. Taking a cigarette from her lips she cried out "that we should pay toll" for passing before her house! No one felt called upon to.

make use of their slight knowledge of Spanish upon this occasion, though all the party had been studying it hard during the past few days. After our weary mules and horses had dragged us up and down through two deep and dry ravines, we reached at last the top of a broad mesa, swept by a refreshing breeze and commanding a generous view over the surrounding country. Below us wound the deep cañon of the Rio Grande, cutting a dark, mysterious line right through the sunlit prairie. Here and there the flats were broken by strangely-shaped peaks and bluffs, or by other mesas covered with glossy fir-woods. Far away the whole was bounded by ranges of mountains, luminous and blue. At the foot of a nearer range to the north-east a gray outline was pointed out as the Mexican town of Taos, the longed-for end of our journey. It seemed close at hand, yet with all the weary horses could do, it was dusk when we entered the silent, empty streets. A town that suggested Egypt or Algiers, in the midst of a landscape which vividly recalled Colorado—how strange it seemed! At first all the houses turned blank mud walls on us, and when a cottage with a gabled roof came in sight we felt startled. The cottage stood by a lofty old stone church, and turned out to be a new parsonage, built by the parish priest, who, like many of the clergy in New Mexico, is a Frenchman. In the public the adobe houses presented a more lively appearance, having their doors and windows opening on to the square and shaded by low verandahs. Here stood the inn, a building with huge, disconsolate-looking rooms, backed by a network of walled courtyards, which seemed of no particular use. The house was very full, and only two rooms, enormous indeed, and full of big bedsteads, were provided for the accommodation of our party of thirteen. The landlord was an American, but his wife was Mexican, and so were his servants, with the exception of an anomalous French

man-cook, who in spite of his nationality never gave us anything fit to eat. The best thing about that inn, as about other Mexican dwellings, was the flat roof, whereon, one could climb, and, standing on the soft grass, watch the sun set and the moon rise across the prairie.

In the evening we were invited to a ball in a house near by, where the better part of the Mexican population was assembled. The ballroom was a long low apartment, smelling like a cellar. The behaviour of the guests was dreary in the extreme. Most of them sat round the room on benches, and looked coldly at us when we joined them. Few of them were good-looking; and especially among the women there was a predominance of sallow complexions, heavy features, dull, black eyes, apathetic expressions. Not a spark of the vivacity attributed to Southern races was visible. There was scarcely any picturesque costume, most of the women wearing ungainly imitations of antiquated French fashions, and crude, inharmonious colours. The dancing was in the same style as the dress, and they did not perform anything national or characteristic. Partners spoke little to each other, and at the end of the dance, the gentleman discharged his social duties by bringing the lady a little figure of coloured sugar. We left the *baile*, disappointed; but we were subsequently assured on good authority that our presence alone had been the cause of the dullness, the stiffness, the want of "local colour." Not only do they resent being looked at, and by Americans especially, but it is a matter of absolute etiquette never to have any "larks" when a stranger is present. If we could go back and peep in at the window, it was affirmed, we should behold a very different scene. As it was, our impression of the middle-class Mexicans remained uninteresting. There were prettier faces, livelier and more kindly manners among the Mexican peasants and the Indians, whose pretty ways and vivacious expressions



often recalled those of the Italian peasants. The day of the festival rose bright and cloudless. In the square, a scramble began early in the morning for seats in the waggons that were starting for the Indian Pueblo, four miles off; and as we jolted over the prairie, we overtook crowds of holiday-makers on every side. The lonely plain was all at once alive with people; it seemed as if they must have sprung up from the prairie-grass. And what a motley assemblage! Mexican families in covered waggons, the women gorgeously dressed out and carrying Japanese parasols; Mexican youths dashing recklessly along on fiery broucho ponies; Mexican peasants on foot; and here and there an Indian *père de famille* riding proudly and silently in front of his squaw, who follows on an inferior horse, with one papoose tied on her back, and two more in her arms. Now, there are more Indians mingling with the crowd—we are entering the Pueblo de Taos. First we pass the ruined church, founded by the Jesuits early in the seventeenth century, and bombarded by the Americans in 1847; next, on the right, is the little new whitewashed church, and on its roof sits an Indian in a red blanket, beating with a stone the sheet of copper that hangs above the door; he is calling people to worship. Soon the crowd collects in an open space before the principal building of the Pueblo, on the north bank of a small, clear stream. Just beyond the village, this stream is shaded by a magnificent grove—supposed to be the sacred grove—of cottonwood trees. Autumn has now changed their green leaves to flames of red and gold, that blaze against the blue mountain-slope rising close behind them. This is the unchanging background; in the foreground, under the shadows of the old buildings, the picture shifts and changes all through the brilliant, burning autumn day. The Pueblo of Taos has two adobe buildings, the larger to the north, and the smaller to the south of the stream.

They are very much alike, but the larger and older of the two is perhaps the most characteristic. It probably began as a small hut, built by the founders of the settlement—who knows how long ago? It was enlarged, as the tribe increased, until it has grown into a huge pile, four or five stories high, each new story being built a little smaller and further back than the last, so as to leave in front of the building a succession of terraces or steps, narrowing as they ascend. Each separate terrace, again, has been raised or depressed here and there, so that the entire *façade* presents the strangest and most irregular appearance imaginable. Inside, the whole building is honeycombed with small rooms, generally built in separate couples, which have no communication with other rooms. There are no regular entrance doors, although some tiny doors, and a few windows, open from the upper walls on to the terraces. But the most usual mode of ingress is by trap-doors which open on the terraces, and whence the steepest of ladders descend into the rooms below. A very lattice-work of ladders hanging on the outer walls lead from the ground to the first terraces and so on to the topmost ones. As the ladders are all very steep and rickety, and the terraces only protected by low copings of mud, the process of gaining access to the building seems perilous and fatiguing to the uninitiated. As for the inhabitants—old men, two-year-old babies, women, and girls laden with heavy burdens, are crawling, climbing, and skipping up and down the ladders all day long, and brilliant patches of colour they make, clinging to the brown walls. I shall always remember seeing, as we drove into the square, a solitary Indian standing motionless on the topmost wall of the Pueblo, his tall figure draped in a red blanket and backed by the intense blue sky. Groups were already beginning to assemble on the terraces below, and by ten o'clock the whole *façade* was a mass of moving forms and brilliant colours; Indians in every

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menting them with pretty designs in various colours. But the Navajos are the truly artistic tribe; they make the pottery, the waterproof blankets, which for design, colour, and quality are prized throughout the West; and they hammer out the silver bangles and other trinkets of which the Indian women are so fond. Wandering among the crowd and fastening upon any of the *braves* or squaws, who seemed to have promising ornaments, we succeeded at last in scraping together a collection of "curios." One man, perceiving us to be good customers, dragged his squaw from her house, and made her give up all her trinkets; another squaw was luckier, and was allowed to keep her necklace when she begged her lord and master not to sell it. Most of the *braves*, however, could not resist the thought of the whisky those shining dollars represented; and especially among the Apaches (who are in no degree restricted from getting drunk, as are the Pueblos, by fears of punishment), I am afraid the poor squaws' trinkets mostly melted into drink. The Indians are abundantly aware of the value of money, and were mostly indifferent to the articles we had brought to "trade" with them. To be sure, a fine trade might have been done in umbrellas, but nobody had foreseen this. Beaded jackets and Navajo blankets were not to be obtained, the male owners arming themselves with indifference and refusing to part with them. We tried to console ourselves with large pieces of turquoise-stone—probably dug by the Indians long ago from the mine at Santa Fè, where they worked as slaves—and worn as charms ever since. One old squaw took an unconscious revenge for the depredations practised on her sisters. Seizing hold of the bangles I had just bought and slipped on to my wrist, she looked at them admiringly, and peering into my face, made the usual curt inquiry, "*Cuanto quiere?*"—How much do you want?

During the first part of the morn-

ing, a service took place in the little church, numbers of Indians and Mexicans piously assisting. Within, the congregation knelt upon the sandy floor and bowed before the host; above, on the roof, the Indian beat louder on his sheet of copper; outside the door, enthusiastic natives fired off their guns freely, reminding one of the way little boys at an Italian "*festa*" fire off their mock cannon. But all the while a band of Mexican youths, numbering thirty or forty, were tearing up and down the square, spurring their brave ponies' bloody sides, and endangering the safety of pedestrians. Amid the clouds of dust raised by these stampedes, one could see a miserable chicken held aloft by the foremost rider. Clearly, the game was to try and catch hold, while in full gallop, of this wretched bird, which was torn limb from limb in a few minutes among the contending riders. In many ways, indeed, these Mexicans appeared more uncivilised and barbarous than the Indians. Another of their ideas was to fasten a live sheep by its legs to the top of a greased pole, which the Indians had erected in the square. There hung the poor creature, an object of torture to humane spectators, waiting to be climbed for among the other prizes, which consisted of fruit and vegetables. The pole was not climbed till sundown, when the sheep came down alive—and actually survived the festival!

These same Mexican riders proved unruly when it was presently time to clear the square for the foot-races, the great event of the day. The course was kept clear by some of the older Indians, who paced to and fro, holding the folds of their blankets in one hand, and with the other waving back the crowd with branches of the golden-coloured cotton-wood. Soon the eager spectators on the terraces of the northern Pueblo could see a strange procession crossing the river from the south side. These were the runners, who are chosen equally among the

inhabitants of the northern and southern Pueblos, and with whom it is etiquette to visit both villages before and after the race; for there is a lively competition between the two places on this occasion, and the prize to the conquerors is, that the conquered must pay the priest during the ensuing year!

The runners advanced in two lines, facing each other, and performing a sort of quick hopping step. This was called a dance, but looked like a simple jump. All the while they waved boughs of cottonwood over their heads, and uttered a weird, quavering cry, or whoop. Their tall and well-shaped figures were rather slender and wiry than strongly-built; but the alertness and eagerness expressed in every muscle and feature as they stood awaiting the signal to start, and the fleet motion of their bare limbs as they flew like winged creatures down the course, are things never to be forgotten. Their naked bodies were painted in stripes of white and blue, or brown, reminding one of the English athlete's jersey; around their loins they wore tunics of bright-coloured cotton, trimmed, according to the taste of the wearer, with little bells or fringes of brilliant cottonwood leaves. The sides of their arms and legs were adorned with bands of downy, white and grey feathers, stuck to the skin with pitch. More feathers, bells, and leaves were fastened in their flowing black hair; some had diadems of long feathers stuck round their foreheads, others had huge horns of them behind their ears. Their faces were painted with bands of red, white, and yellow—in short, they wore full dress. These young bucks were placed in semi-circles, facing east and west, one at either end of the 300-yard course, each circle having an equal number of members from the rival sides. Now two runners, each representing a side, start from the eastward circle, and before one can see it, they have reached the winning-line of the westward one. But as the foot of the foremost runner

touches the line, one of his comrades in the westward circle flies away down the course, whereas the rival competitor here must wait to start till *his* man gets in. And so on, backwards and forwards, till every one has run in turn. Thus the man who gets ahead in the first race usually determines the issue of the whole, as the start he gets is carried forward by his side, and the rival runners seldom have time to make up the lost ground. Nevertheless, the race is watched with breathless interest, and it is exciting to see the agonised impatience, the quivering muscles, of the poor handicapped runners, who may not start till the lagging comrade is in. Occasionally the Indians would give vent to their excitement in a whoop, or a Mexican would bolt across the road on his impatient horse, while the old officials with their branches waved back the picturesque, excited, surging crowd. Once a drunken Apache and a Pueblo, eager probably for the honour of his side, got to fighting right under the shrine of red boughs, to which the saint had been carried in procession at the beginning of the race. They were soon down on the ground, with finger's in each other's scalp locks, and the Apache presently whipped out his weapons, but upon this the alcalde had the combatants separated, and the Apache was subsequently observed, looking chastened and subdued! When the race ended, which it did in favour of the southern Pueblo, the runners formed into lines, and set up their hopping and whooping once more, while from the terraces all the squaws flung loaves of black bread to the victors, much as other people would throw flowers on a like occasion.

The great excitement of the day being over, many spectators withdrew, and the Indian crowd collected about the booths, which were now set up on the empty racecourse by Mexican sellers of fruit, maize, and wheat. Close by one of these booths was a deep pit, protected by a high fence and furnished with a ladder which led

abruptly into the depths below. Several other such pits surrounded the Pueblo, and we learned that these were the estufas or sacred places of the Pueblo Indians. Here the chief still holds councils with his *braves*—here the fire to Montezuma used to be kept brightly burning; it is even affirmed that a few coals of that fire are still kept alive—a token of the lingering life of the old superstitions. The people are very shy of letting outsiders know anything about these secrets, and seldom let any one descend into the estufas, where some very ancient and curious frescoes are still to be seen. The Catholic priests, however, feel assured that they still cling in their hearts to many of the old beliefs, and tell how the Indian youths may be seen morning and evening on the river banks, facing the rising or the setting sun, and singing a solemn chant, while they watch for the coming of the Montezuma.

The sight of these mysterious caverns contrasted strangely with the appearance of the merry crowd in the square. Groups of brown-faced, bright-eyed girls, in snowy moccasins and leggings and bright draperies, gathered round the baskets of fruit, or munched their peaches contentedly, leaning against the queer old adobe ovens; and in the dust at their feet, papooses rolled about, their small, wise faces painted

with dabs of vermillion. Presently the groups were stirred into greater animation by the arrival of a band of youths—probably the runners of the morning, for their bodies were still painted and befeathered—but they had blacked their faces and presented a truly fiendish appearance. They skipped about like imps, frightening the babies, stealing the Mexican's wares, dancing, singing, playing the most fantastic pranks, and even making a mock attack upon the astonished tourists. The square was still in a turmoil when we left it at the close of this burning, bewildering day, taking with us kindly farewells from some of our acquaintances among these simple people. Poor souls! if it be indeed true that their race is dying out, they will at any rate carry safely with them to the grave their mysteries and their traditions. Yet, looking back at the untiring, eager crowd, beside the brown terraced building, with its glorious background of mountain, wood, and sky, it seemed hard to think that in a short time—short compared with the centuries it has seen—that strange old pile may be nothing but a ruin, to mark the burying-place of the last sons of the soil.

ALMA STRETTELL.

## THE PEDIGREE OF WHEAT.

WHEAT ranks by origin as a degenerate and degraded lily. Such in brief is the proposition which this paper sets out to prove, and which the whole course of evolutionary botany tends every day more and more fully to confirm. By thus from the very outset placing clearly before our eyes the goal of our argument, we shall be able the better to understand as we go whither each item of the cumulative evidence is really tending. We must endeavour to start with the simplest forms of the great group of plants to which the cereals and the other grasses belong, and we must try to see by what steps this primitive type gave birth, first to the brilliantly-coloured lilies, next to the degraded rushes and sedges, and then to the still more degenerate grasses, from one or other of whose richer grains man has finally developed his wheat, his rice, his millet, and his barley. We shall thus trace throughout the whole pedigree of wheat from the time when its ancestors first diverged from the common stock of the lilies and the water-plantains, to the time when savage man found it growing wild among the untilled plains of prehistoric Asia, and took it under his special protection in the little garden plots around his wattled hut, whence it has gradually altered under his constant selection into the golden grain that now covers half the lowland tilth of Europe and America. There is no page in botanical history more full of genuine romance than this; and there is no page in which the evidence is clearer or more convincing for those who will take the easy trouble to read it aright.

The fixed point from which we start is the primitive and undifferentiated ancestral flowering plant. Into the previous history of the line from which

the cereals are ultimately descended, I do not propose here to enter. It must suffice for our present purpose to say dogmatically that the flowering plants as a whole derive their origin from a still earlier flowerless stock, akin in many points to the ferns and the club-mosses, but differing from them in the relatively important part borne in its economy by the mechanism for cross-fertilization. The earliest flowering plant of the great monocotyledonous division (the only one with which we shall here have anything to do) started apparently by possessing a very simple and inconspicuous blossom, with a central row of three ovaries, surrounded by two or more rows of three stamens each, without any coloured petals or other ornamental adjuncts of any sort. I need hardly explain even to the unbotanical reader at the present day that the ovaries contain the embryo seeds, and that they only swell into fertile fruits after they have been duly impregnated by pollen from the stamens, preferably those of another plant, or at least of another blossom on the same stem. Seeds fertilised by pollen from their own flower, as Mr. Darwin has shown, produce relatively weak and sickly seedlings; seeds fertilised by pollen from a sister plant of the same species produce relatively strong and hearty seedlings. The two cases are exactly analogous to the effects of breeding in and in or of an infusion of fresh blood among races of men and animals. Hence it naturally happens that those plants whose organisation in any way favours the ready transference of pollen from one flower to another gain an advantage in the struggle for existence, and so tend on the average to thrive and to survive; while those plants whose organization renders such transference difficult or impossible stand at

a constant disadvantage in the race for life, and are liable to fall behind in the contest, or at least to survive only in the most unfavourable and least occupied parts of the vegetal economy. Familiar as this principle has now become to all scientific biologists, it is yet so absolutely necessary for the comprehension of the present question, whose key-note it forms, that I shall make no apology for thus once more stating it at the outset as the general law which must guide us through all the intricacies of the development of wheat.

Our primitive ancestral lily, not yet a lily or anything else nameable in our existing terms, had thus, to start with, one triple set of ovaries, and about three triple sets of pollen-bearing stamens; and to the very end this triple arrangement may be traced under more or less difficult disguises in every one of its numerous modern descendants. No single survivor, however, now represents for us this earliest ideal stage; we can only infer its existence from the diverse forms assumed by its various divergent modifications at the present day, all of which show many signs of being ultimately derived from some such primordial and simple ancestor. The first step in advance consisted in the acquisition of petals, which are now possessed in a more or less rudimentary shape by all the tribe of trinary flowers, or at least if quite absent are shown to have been once present by intermediate links or by abortive rudiments. There are even now flowers of this class which do not at present possess any observable petals at all; but these can be shown (as we shall see hereafter) not to be unaltered descendants of the prime type, but on the contrary to be very degraded and profoundly modified forms, derived from later petal-bearing ancestors, and still connected with their petal-bearing allies by all stages of intervening degeneracy. The original petalless lily has long since died out before the fierce competition of its own more advanced descendants; and the exist-

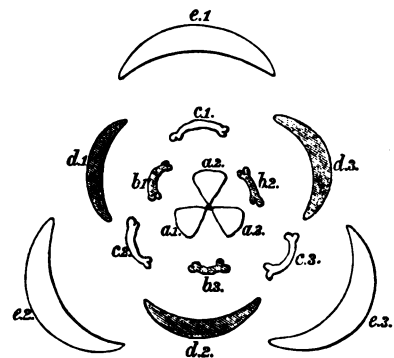
ing petalless reeds or cuckoo-pints, as well as the apparently petalless wheats and grasses, are special adaptive forms of the newer petal-bearing rushes and lilies.

The origin of the coloured petals is almost certainly due to the selective action of primæval insects. The soft pollen, and perhaps too the slight natural exudations around the early flowers, afforded food to the ancestral creatures not then fully developed into anything that we could distinctively call a bee or a butterfly. But as the insects flew about from one head to another in search of such food, they carried small quantities of pollen with them from flower to flower. This pollen, brushed from their bodies on to the sensitive surface of the ovaries, fertilised the embryo seeds, and so gave the fortunate plants which happened to attract the insects all the benefits of a salutary cross. Accordingly, the more the flowers succeeded in attracting the eyes of their winged guests, the better were they likely to succeed in the struggle for existence. In some cases, the outer row of stamens appears to have become flattened and petal-like, as still often happens with plants in the rich soil of our gardens; and in these flatter stamens the oxidised juices assumed perhaps a livelier yellow than even the central stamens themselves. If the flowers had fertilised their own ovaries this change would of course have proved disadvantageous, by depriving them entirely of the services of one row of stamens; for the new flattened and petal-like structures lost at once the habit of producing pollen. But their value as attractive organs for alluring the eyes of insects more than counterbalanced this slight apparent disadvantage; and the new petal-bearing blossoms soon outstripped and utterly lived down all their simpler petalless allies. By devoting one outer row of stamens to the function of alluring the fertilising flies, they have secured the great benefit of perpetual cross-fertilization, and so have got the

better of all their less developed competitors. At the same time, the exudations at the base of the petals have assumed the definite form of sweet nectar or honey, a liquid which is mainly composed of sugar, that universal allurer of animal tastes. By this means the plants save their pollen from depredations, and at the same time offer the insects a more effectual because a more palatable sort of bribe.

Passing rapidly over these already familiar initial stages, we may go on to those more special and distinctive facts which peculiarly concern the ancestry of the lilies and cereals. It is probable that the nearest modern analogue of the earliest petal-bearing trinary flowers is to be found in the existing *Alisma* tribe, including our own English arrowheads and flowering rushes. As a rule, indeed, it may be said that freshwater plants and animals tend to preserve for us very ancient types indeed; and all the *Alismas* are marsh or pond flowers of an extremely simple character. They have usually three greenish sepals outside each blossom, inclosing one whorl of three white or pink petals, two or three whorls of three stamens each, and a number of separate ovaries, which are not united, as in the more developed true lilies, into a single capsule, but remain quite distinct, each with its own individual stigma or sensitive surface. Even within this relatively early and simple group, however, several gradations of development may yet be traced. I incline to believe that our English smaller *Alisma*, a not uncommon plant in wet ditches and marshes throughout the whole of southern Britain, represents the very earliest petal-bearing type in this line of development; indeed, save that its petals are now pinky-white, while those of the original ancestor were almost certainly yellow, we might almost say that the marsh-weed in question was really the earliest petal-bearing plant of which we are in search. It closely resembles in appearance, and in the arrangement of its

parts, the buttercups, which are the earliest existing members of the other or quinary division of flowering plants; and in both we seem to get a survival of a still earlier common ancestor, only that in the one the parts are arranged in rows of three, while in the other they are arranged in rows of five; and concomitantly with this distinction go the two or three other distinctions which mark off the two main classes from one another—namely, that the one has leaves with parallel veins, only one seed-leaf to the embryo, and an endogenous stem, while the other has leaves with netted veins, two seed-leaves to the embryo, and an exogenous stem. Nevertheless, in spite of such fundamental differences, we may say that the *Alismas* and the buttercups really stand very close to one another in the order of development. When the two main branches of flowering plants first diverged from one another, the earliest petal-bearing form they produced on one divergent branch was the *Alisma*, or something very like it; the earliest petal-bearing form they produced on the other divergent branch was the buttercup, or something very like it. Hence, whenever we have to deal with the pedigree of either great line, the fixed historical point from which we must needs set out must always be the typical *Alismas* or the typical buttercups. The accompanying diagram will show at once



a, ovaries; b, stamens, inner whorl; c, stamens, outer whorl; d, petals; e, calyx-pieces.



the relation of parts in the simplest trinary flowers, and will serve for comparison at a later stage of our argument with the arrangement of their degraded descendants, the wheats and grasses.

Our own smaller *alisma* has a number of ovaries loosely scattered about in its centre, as in the buttercups, with two rows of three stamens outside them, and then a single row of three petals, followed by the calyx or inclosing cup of three green pieces. Its close ally the water-plantain, however, shows signs of some advance towards the typical lily form in the arrangement of its ovaries in a single ring, often loosely divisible into three sets. And in the pretty pink flowering rush (not of course a rush at all in the scientific sense) the advance is still more marked in that the number of ovaries is reduced to six, that is to say, two whorls of three each, accompanied by nine stamens, similarly divisible into three rows. In all these very early forms (as in their analogues the buttercups) the main point to notice is this, that there is as yet no regular definiteness in the numerical relations of the parts. They tend to run, it is true, in rows of three; but often these rows are so numerous and so confused that nature loses count, so to speak, and it is only in their higher and more developed members that we begin to arrive at any distinct symmetry, such as that of the flowering rush. Even here, the symmetry is far from being so perfect as in the later lilies. There are, however, a few very special members of the *alisma* family in which the approach to the true lilies is even greater. These are well represented in England by our own common arrow-grasses—inconspicuous little green flowers, with three calyx-pieces, three petals, six stamens, and either six or three ovaries. Here, too, the ovaries are at first united into a single pistil (as it is technically called), though they afterwards separate as they ripen

into three or six distinct little capsules. One of our British kinds, the marsh arrowgrass, has almost reached the lily stage of development; for it has three calyx-pieces, three petals, six stamens, and three ovaries, exactly like the true lilies; but it falls short of their full type in the fact that its pistil divides when ripe into separate capsules, whereas the pistil of the lilies always remains united to the very end; and this minute difference suffices, in the eyes of systematic botanists, to make it an *alisma* rather than a lily. In reality, it ought to be regarded as a benevolent neutral—a surviving intermediate link between the two larger classes.

The specialisation which makes the true lilies thus depends upon two points. In the first place, all the parts are regularly symmetrical, except that there are two rows of stamens to each one of the other organs: the common formula being three calyx-pieces, three petals, six stamens, and three ovaries. In the second place, the three ovaries are completely combined together into a single three-celled pistil. The advantage which the lilies thus gain is obvious enough. Their bright petals, usually larger and more attractive than those of the *alismsas*, allure a sufficient number of insects to enable them to dispense with the numerous stamens and ovaries of their primitive ancestors. Moreover, this diminution in number is accompanied by an increase in effectiveness and specialisation: for the lilies have only three sensitive surfaces to their pistil, combined on a single stalk: and the honey is usually so placed at its base that the insect cannot fail to brush off pollen at every visit against all three surfaces at once. Again, while the number of ovaries has been lessened, the number of seeds in each has been generally increased, which also marks a step in advance, since it allows many seeds to be impregnated by a single act of pollination. The result of all these improvements, carried further by some

lilies than by others, is that the family has absolutely outstripped all others of the trinary class in the race for the possession of the earth, and has now occupied all the most favourable positions in every part of the world. While the alismas and their allies have been so crowded out that they now linger only in a few ponds, marshes, and swamps, to which the more recent lily tribe have not yet had time fully to adapt themselves, the true lilies and their yet more advanced descendants have taken seizin of every climate and every zone upon our planet, and are to be found in every possible position, from the arborescent yuccas and huge agaves of the tropics to the wild hyacinths of our English woodlands and the graceful asphodels of the Mediterranean hill sides.

The lilies themselves, again, do not all stand on one plane of homogeneous evolution. There are different grades of development still surviving among the class itself. The little yellow *gagea* which grows sparingly in sandy English fields may be taken as a very fair representative of the simplest and earliest true lily type. It bears a small bunch of little golden flowers, only to be distinguished from the higher alismas by their united ovaries: for though both calyx and petals are here brightly coloured, that is also the case in the flowering rushes, and in many others of the *alisa* group. On the other hand, though it may be said generally of the lilies that their calyx and petals are coloured alike—sometimes so much so as to be practically indistinguishable—yet there are many kinds which still retain the greenish calyx-pieces, and that even in the more developed genera. But most of the lilies are far handsomer than *gagea* and its allies: even in England itself we have such very conspicuous and attractive flowers as the purple fritillaries, which every Oxford man has gathered by handfuls in the spongy meadows about Iffley lock,

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with their dark spotted petals converging into a bell, and the nectaries at the base producing each a large drop of luscious honey. Some, like our wild hyacinths, have assumed a tubular shape under stress of insect selection, the better to promote proper fertilisation; and at the same time have acquired a blue pigment, to allure the eyes of azure-loving bees. Others have become dappled with spots to act as honey-guides, or have produced brilliant variegated blossoms to attract the attention of great tropical insects. Our British lilies alone comprise such various examples as the lily-of-the-valley, a tubular white scented species, adapted for fertilisation by moths; the very similar Solomon's seal; the butcher's broom; the wild tulip; the star-of-Bethlehem; the various squills; the asparagus; the grape hyacinth; and the meadow saffron. Some of them (for example, asparagus and butcher's broom) have also developed berries in place of dry capsules; and these berries, being eaten by birds which digest the pulp, but not the actual seeds, aid in the dispersion of the seedlings, and so enable the plant to reduce the total number of seeds to three only, or one in each ovary. Among familiar exotics of the same family may be mentioned the hyacinth, tuberose, tulip, asphodel, yucca, and most of the so-called lilies. In short, no tribe supplies us with a greater number of handsome garden flowers, for the most part highly adapted to a very advanced type of insect fertilisation.

Properly to understand the development of our existing wheat from this brilliant and ornamental family, as well as to realize the true nature of its relation to allied orders, we must first glance briefly at the upward evolution of the other branches descended from the true lilies, and then recur to the downward evolution which finally resulted in the production of the degenerate grasses. In the main line of progressive development, the lilies

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gave origin to the amaryllids, familiarly represented in England by the snowdrops and daffodils, a family which is technically described as differing from the lilies in having an inferior instead of a superior ovary—that is to say, with the pistil apparently placed below instead of above the point where the petals and calyx-pieces are inserted. From the evolutionary point of view, however, this difference merely amounts to saying that the amaryllids are tubular lilies, in which the tube has coalesced with the walls of the ovary, so that the petals seem to begin at its summit instead of at its base. The change gives still greater certainty of impregnation, and therefore benefits the race accordingly. At the same time, the amaryllids, being probably a much newer development than the true lilies, have not yet had leisure to gain quite so firm a footing in the world; though on the other hand many of them are far more minutely adapted for special insect fertilisation than their earlier allies. They include the so-called Guernsey lilies of our gardens, as well as the huge American aloes which all visitors to the Riviera know so well on the dry hills around Nice and Cannes. The iris family are a similar but rather more advanced tribe, with only three stamens instead of six, their superior organisation allowing them readily to dispense with half their complement, and so to attain the perfect trinary symmetry of three sepals, three petals, three stamens, and three ovaries. Among them, the iris and the crocus are circular in shape, but some very advanced types, such as the gladiolus, have acquired a bilateral form, in correlation with special insect visits. From these, the step is not great to the orchids, undoubtedly the highest of all the trinary flowers, with the triple arrangement almost entirely obscured, and with the most extraordinary varieties of adaptation to fertilisation by bees or even by

humming-birds in the most marvellous fashions. Alike by their inferior ovary, their bilateral shape, their single stamen, their remarkable forms, their brilliant colours, and their occasional mimicry of insect life, the orchids show themselves to be by far the highest of the trinary flowers, if not, indeed, of the entire vegetable world.

From this brief sketch of the main line of upward evolution from lilies to orchids, we must now return to the grand junction afforded us by the lilies themselves, and travel down the other line of degeneracy and degradation which leads us on to the grasses and the cereals, including at last our own familiar cultivated wheat. Any trinary flower with three calyx-pieces, three petals, six stamens, and a three-celled pistil not concealed within an inclosing tube, is said to be a lily, as long as it possesses brightly-coloured and delicate petals. There are, however, a large number of somewhat specialised lilies with very small and inconspicuous petals, which have been artificially separated by botanists as the rush family, not because they were really different in any important point of structure from the acknowledged lilies, but merely because they had not got such brilliant and handsome blossoms. These despised and neglected plants, however, supply us with the first downward step on the path of degeneracy which leads at last to the grasses, and they may be considered as intermediate stages in the scale of degradation, fortunately preserved for us by exceptional circumstances to the present day. Even among the true lilies, there are some, like the garlic and onion tribe, which show considerable marks of degeneration, owing to some decline from the type of insect fertilisation to the undesirable habit of fertilising themselves. Thus, while our common English rampsons or wild garlic has pretty and conspicuous white blossoms, some other members of the tribe, such as the crow allium, have very small greenish

flowers, often reduced to mere shapeless bulbs. Among the true rushes, however, the course of development has been somewhat different. These water-weeds have acquired the habit of trusting for fertilisation to the wind, which carries the pollen of one blossom to the sensitive surface of another, perhaps at less trouble and expense to the parent plant than would be necessary for the allurement of bees or flies by all the bribes of brilliant petals and honeyed secretions. To effect this object, their stamens hang out pensive to the breeze, on long slender filaments, so lightly poised that the merest breath of air amply suffices to dislodge the pollen: while the sensitive surface of the ovaries is prolonged into a branched and feathery process, seen under the microscope to be studded with adhesive glandular knobs, which readily catch and retain every golden grain of the fertilising powder which may chance to be wafted toward them on the wings of the wind. Under such circumstances, the rush kind could only lose by possessing brightly-coloured and attractive petals, which would induce insects uselessly to plunder their precious stores: and so all those rushes which showed any tendency in that direction would soon be weeded out by natural selection; while those which produced only dry and inconspicuous petals would become the parents of future generations, and would hand on their own peculiarities to their descendants after them. Thus the existing rushes are all plain little lilies with dry brownish flowers, specially adapted to wind-fertilisation alone.

Among the rushes themselves, again, there are various levels of retrogressive development—retrogressive, that is to say, if we regard the lily family as an absolute standard: for the various alterations undergone by the different flowers are themselves adaptive to their new condition, though that condition is itself decidedly lower than

the one from which they started. The common rush and its immediate congeners resemble the lilies from which they spring in having several seeds in each of the three cells which compose their pistil. But there is an interesting group of small grass-like plants, known as wood-rushes, which combine all the technical characteristics of the true rushes with a general character extremely like that of the grasses. They have long, thin, grass-like blades in the place of leaves; and what is still more important, as indicating an approach to the essentially one-seeded grass tribe, they have only three seeds in the flower, one to each cell of the capsule. These seeds are comparatively large, and are richly stored with food-stuffs for the supply of the young plantlet. One such richly supplied embryo is worth many little unsupported grains, since it stands a much better chance than they do of surviving in the struggle for existence. The wood-rushes may thus be regarded as some of the earliest plants among the great trinary class to adopt those tactics of storing gluten, starch, and other food-stuffs along with the embryo, which have given the cereals their acknowledged superiority as producers of human food. They are closely connected with the rushes, on the one hand, by sundry intermediate species which possess thin leaves instead of cylindrical pithy blades; and they lead on to the grasses, on the other, by reason of their very grass-like foliage, and their reduced number of large, well-furnished, starchy seeds.

In another particular, the rush family supplies us with a useful hint in tracing out the pedigree of the grasses and cereals. Their flowers are for the most part crowded together in large tufts or heads, each containing a considerable number of minute separate blossoms. Even among the true lilies we find some cases of such crowding in the hyacinths and the squills, or still better in the onion and

garlic tribe. But with the wind-fertilised rushes, the grouping together of the flowers has important advantages, because it enables the pollen more easily to fix upon one or other of the sensitive surfaces, as the stalks sway backward and forward before a gentle breeze. Among yet more developed or degraded wind-fertilised plants, this crowding of the blossoms becomes even more conspicuous. A common American rush-like water-plant, known as *erio-caulon*, helps us to bridge over the gap between the rushes and such compound flowers as the sedges and grasses. *Eriocaulon* and its allies have always one seed only in each cell of the pistil: and they have also generally a very delicate corolla and calyx, of from four to six pieces, representing the original three sepals and three petals of the lilies and rushes. But their minute blossoms are closely crowded together in glo-bular heads, the stamens and pistils being here divided in separate flowers, though both kinds of flowers are combined in each head. From an ancestral form not unlike this, but still more like the wood rushes, we must get both our sedges and our grasses. And though the sedges themselves do not stand in the direct line of descent to wheat and the other cereals, they are yet so valuable as an illustration from their points of analogy and of difference that we must turn aside for a moment to examine the gradual course of their evolution.

The simplest and most primitive sedges now surviving, though very degenerate in type, yet retain some distinct traces of their derivation from earlier rush-like and lily-like ancestors. In the earliest existing type, known as *scirpus*, the calyx and petals which were brightly coloured in the lilies, and which were reduced to six brown scales in the rushes, have undergone a further degradation to the form of six small dry bristles, which now merely remain as rudimentary relics of

a once useful and beautiful structure. In some species of *scirpus*, too, the number of these bristles is reduced from six to four or three. There is still one whorl of three stamens, however; but the second whorl has disappeared; while the pistil now contains only one seed instead of three; though it still retains some trace of the original three cells in the fact that there are three sensitive surfaces, united together at their base into one stalk or style. Each such diminution in the number of seeds is always accompanied by an increase in the effectiveness of those which remain; the difference is just analogous to that between the myriad ill-provided eggs of the cod, whose young fry are for the most part snapped up as soon as hatched, and the two or three eggs of birds, which watch their brood with such tender care, or the single young of cows, horses, and elephants, which guard their calves or foals almost up to the age of full maturity. What the bird or the animal effects by constant feeding with worms or milk, the plant effects by storing its seed with assorted food stuffs for the sprouting embryo.

In the more advanced or more degenerate sedges we get still further differentiation for the special function of wind-fertilisation. Take as an example of these most developed types on this line of development, the common English group of carices. In these, the flowers have absolutely lost all trace of a perianth (that is to say of the calyx and petals), for they do not possess even the six diminutive bristles which form the last relics of those organs in their allies, the *scirpus* group. Each flower is either male or female, that is to say, it consists of stamens or ovaries alone. The male flowers are represented by a single scale or bract, inclosing three stamens; and in some species even the stamens are reduced to a pair, so that all trace of the original trinary arrangement is absolutely lost. The female flowers are represented by a single ovary, inclosed

in a sort of loose bag, which may perhaps be the final rudiment of a tubular bell-shaped corolla like that of the hyacinth. This ovary contains a single seed, but its shape is often triangular, and it has usually three stigmas or sensitive surfaces, thus dimly pointing back to the three distinct cells of its lily-like ancestors, and the three separate ovaries of its still earlier alisma-like progenitors. In many species, however, even this last souvenir of the trinary type has been utterly obliterated, the ovary having only two stigmas, and assuming a flattened two-sided shape. In all the carices, the flowers are loosely arranged in compact spikes and spikelets, with their mobile stamens hanging out freely to the breeze, and their feathery stigmas prepared to catch the slightest grain of pollen which may happen to be wafted their way by any passing breath of air. The varieties in their arrangement, however, are almost as infinite among the different species as those of the grasses themselves; sometimes the male and female flowers are produced on separate plants; sometimes they grow in separate spikes on the same plant; sometimes the same spike has male flowers at the top and female at the bottom; sometimes the various flowers are mixed up with one another at top and bottom a regular hotch-potch of higgledy-piggledy confusion. But all the sedges alike are very grass-like in their aspect, with thin blades by way of leaves, and blossoms on tall heads as in the grasses. In fact, the two families are never actually distinguished by any except technical botanists; to the ordinary observer, they are all grasses together, without petty distinctions of genus and species. Like the grasses, too, the sedges are mostly plants of the open wind-swept plains or marshy levels, where the facilities for wind fertilisation are greatest and most constantly present.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The sedges are not, in all probability, a real natural family, but are a group of hetero-

And now, from this illustrative digression, let us hark back again to the junction point of the rushes, whence alike the sedges and the grasses appear to diverge. In order to understand the nature of the steps by which the cereals have been developed from rush-like ancestors, it will be necessary to look shortly at the actual composition of the flower in grasses, which is the only part of their organism differing appreciably from the ordinary lily type. The blossoms of grasses, in their simplest form, consist of several little green florets, arranged in small clusters, known as spikelets, along a single common axis. Of this arrangement, the head of wheat itself offers a familiar and excellent example. If we pull to pieces one of the spikelets composing such a head, we find it to consist of four or five distinct florets. Omitting special features and unnecessary details, we may say that each floret is made up of two chaffy scales, known as pales, and representing the calyx, together with a pair of small white petals known as lodicules, three stamens, and an ovary with two feathery styles. Moreover, the two pales or calyx-pieces are not similar and symmetrical, for the outer one is simple and convex, while the inner one is apparently double, being made up of two pieces rolled into one, and still possessing two green midribs, which show distinctly like ribs on its flat outer surface. Here, it will immediately be apparent, the traces of the original trinary arrangement are very slight indeed.

But when we come to inquire into the rationale and genesis of these curiously one-sided flowers, it is not difficult to see that they have been ultimately derived from trinary blossoms of the rush-like type. The first and most marked divergence from that geneous degraded lilies, containing almost all those kinds in which the reduced florets are covered by a single conspicuous glume-like bract. It will be seen from the sequel that these bracts are not truly analogous to the glumes or outer pales of grasses.

type, for which the analogy of the sedges has already prepared us, is the reduction of the ovary to a single one-seeded cell, whose ripe fruity form is known as a grain. At one time, we may feel pretty sure, there must have existed a group of nascent grasses, which only differed from the wood-rush genus in having a single-celled ovary instead of a three-celled pistil with one seed in each cell; and even the ovary of this primitive grass must have retained one mark of its trinary origin in its possession of three styles to its one grain, thus pointing back (as most sedges still do) to its earlier rush-like origin. That hypothetical form must have had three sepals, three petals, six stamens, and one three-styled ovary. But the peculiar shape of modern grass-flowers is clearly due to their very spiky arrangement along the edge of the axis. In the wood-rushes and the sedges, we see some approach to this condition; but in the grasses, the crowding is far more marked, and the one-sidedness has accordingly become far more conspicuous. Suppose we begin to crowd a number of wind-fertilised lily-like flowers along an axis in this manner, taking care that the stamens and the sensitive feathery styles are always turned outward to catch the breeze (for otherwise they will die out at once), what sort of result shall we finally get?

In the first place, the calyx, consisting of three pieces, will stand towards the crowded stem or axis in such a fashion that one piece will be free and exterior, while two pieces will be interior and next the stem, thus—

$$\begin{array}{c} O \\ a \ a \\ a \end{array}$$

Now, the effect of constant crushing in this direction will be that the two inner calyx-pieces will be slowly dwarfed, and will tend to coalesce with one another; and this is what has actually happened with the inner

pale of wheat and of other grasses, though the mid-ribs of the two originally separate pieces still show on the compound pale, like dark green lines down its centre. Thus, in the fully developed grasses, in place of a trinary calyx, we get two chaffy scales or pales, the outer one representing a single sepal, and the inner one, which has been dwarfed by pressure against the stem, representing two sepals rolled into one, with two mid-ribs still remaining as evidence of their original distinctness.

Next, in the case of the petals, which alternate with the sepals of the calyx, the relation to the stem is exactly reversed; for we have here two petals free and exterior, with one interior petal crowded closely against the axis, thus—

$$\begin{array}{c} O \\ a \\ a \ a \end{array}$$

Here, then, the two external petals will be saved, exactly as the one external sepal was saved in the case of the calyx; and these two petals are represented by the very small white lodicules under the outer pale in our existing wheats and grasses. On the other hand, the inner petal, jammed in between the grain and the inner pale (with the stem at its back), has been utterly crushed out of existence, partly because of its very small size, partly because of its functional uselessness, and partly because it had no other part with which to coalesce, and so to save itself as the inner sepals had managed to do. Moreover, it must be remembered that the sepals do still perform a useful service in protecting the young flower before it opens, and in keeping out noxious insects during the kerning or swelling of the grain; whereas the lodicules or rudimentary petals are now apparently quite functionless; and so we may congratulate ourselves that they are there at all, to preserve for us the true ground-

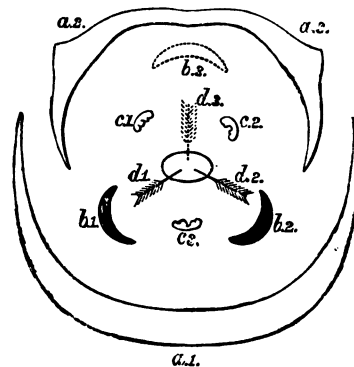
plan of the floral architecture in grasses. Indeed, they have not survived by any means in all grasses; among the smaller and more degraded kinds they are often wholly wanting, having been quite crushed out between the calyx and the grain. It is only the larger and more primitive types that still exhibit them in any great perfection. On the other hand, one group of very large exotic grasses, the bamboos, has three regular petals, thus clearly showing the descent of the family as a whole from rush-like ancestors, and also obviously suggesting that the obsolescence of the inner petal in the other grasses is due to their small size and their closely packed minute flowers.

Among the stamens, one-sidedness has not notably established itself, for in wind-fertilised plants they must necessarily hang out freely to the breeze, and therefore they do not get much crowded between the other parts. A few grasses still even retain their double row of stamens, having six to each floret; but most of them have only one whorl of three. In some of the lower and more degraded forms, however, even the stamens have lost their trinary order, and only two now survive. This is the case in our own very degenerate little sweet-vernal-grass, the plant which imparts its delicious fragrance to new-mown hay. But in the cereals and in most other large species the three stamens still remain in undiminished effectiveness to the present day.

Finally we come to the most important part of all, the ovary. This part, alternating with the stamens, has the same arrangement of styles relatively to the axis as in the case of the petals; and it has undergone precisely the same sort of abortive distortion. The two outer styles, hanging freely out of the calyx, have been preserved like the two outer lodicules; but the inner one, pressed between the grain and the inner pale (with the stem behind it) has been simply

crushed out of existence, like its neighbour the inner lodicule.

Thus the final result is that the whole inner portion of the flower (except as regards stamens) has been distorted or rendered abortive by close pressure against the stem (due to the crowding of the florets in the spiky form), while the whole outer portion remains normal and fully developed. We have an outer pale representing a single normal sepal, and an inner pale representing two dwarfed and united sepals; we have two normal outer lodicules or petals, and a blank where the inner petal ought to be; we have three stamens, symmetrically arranged, among the faithless faithful only found; and we have finally two normal outer styles, with a blank in place of the absent inner style. The accompanying diagram, compared with that already given, will make this perfectly clear.



Here,  $a^1$  represents the outer pale or normal sepal, while  $a^2$  and  $a^3$  represent the inner pale composed of the two united sepals. Again,  $b^1$  and  $b^2$  stand for the two lodicules or surviving petals, while  $b^3$  marks the place of the lost petal, now found in the bamboos alone. The stamens are lettered  $c^1$ ,  $c^2$ , and  $c^3$ . The two existing styles are shown by  $d^1$  and  $d^2$ , while  $d^3$  marks the abortive inner style, now not even present in a rudimentary condition. It will be observed at once



that all the outer side is normal, and all the inner side more or less abortive through pressure against the axis.

Thus it will be seen that the line of links which connects the grasses and cereals with the lilies is absolutely unbroken, and that it consists throughout of one continuous course of degradation. At the same time, by this one-sided and spiky arrangement, the grasses secured for themselves an exceptional advantage in the struggle for existence. No other race of small wind-fertilized plants could compete with them for the possession of the open wind-swept plains; and over all these they spread far and wide, rapidly differentiating themselves into a vast number of divergent genera and species, each adaptively specialised for some peculiar habitat, soil, or climate. At the present time, the grasses number their kinds by thousands; they extend over the whole world from the poles to the equator; and they form the general sward or carpet of greenery over by far the larger portion of the terrestrial globe. Even in Britain alone, with our poor little insular flora, a mere fragment of that belonging to the petty European continent, we number no less than forty-two genera of grasses, distributed into more than one hundred species. In fact, what may fairly be called degradation from one point of view may fairly be called adaptation from another. The organisation of the grasses is certainly lower than that of the lilies, but it fits them better for that station of life to which it has pleased nature to assign them.

The various kinds of grasses differ very little from one another in general plan; the flower in almost all is constructed strictly on the lines above mentioned; and the leaves in almost all are just the same soft pensile blades, making them into the proper green sward for open, unwooded, wind-swept plains. But like almost all other very dominant families, they have split up into an immense number

of kinds, distinguished from one another by minute differences in the arrangement of the florets and the spikelets; and these kinds have again subdivided into more and more minutely different genera and species. One great group, with panicles of a loose character, and very degraded spikelets, has given origin to many southern grasses, from some of which the cultivated millets are derived. Another great group, with usually more spiky inflorescence, has given origin to most of our northern grasses, from some of which the common cereals are derived. This second group has again split up into several others, of which the important one for our present purpose is that of the *Hordeineæ*, or barley-worts. From one of the numerous genera into which the primitive *Hordeineæ* have once more split up, our cultivated barleys take their rise; from another, which here demands further attention, we get our cultivated wheats.

The nearest form to true wheat now found wild in the British Isles is the creeping couch-grass, a perennial closely agreeing in all essential particulars of structure with our cultivated annual wheats. But in the south European region we find in abundance a large series of common wild annual grasses, forming the genus *Ægilops* of technical botany, and exactly resembling true wheat in every point except the size of the grain. One species of this genus, *Ægilops ovata*, a small, hard, wiry annual, is now pretty generally recognised among botanists as the parent of our cultivated corn. There was a good reason, indeed, why primitive man, when he first began to select and rudely till a few seeds for his own use, should have specially affected the grass tribe. No other family of plants has seeds richer in starches and glutens, as indeed might naturally be expected from the extreme diminution in the number of seeds to each flower. On the other hand, the flowers on each plant are

peculiarly numerous; so that we get the combined advantages of many seeds, and rich seeds, so seldom to be found elsewhere, except among the pulse family. The experiments conducted by the Agricultural Society in their College Garden at Cirencester have also shown that careful selection will produce large and rich seeds from *Ægilops ovata*, considerably resembling true wheat, after only a few years' cultivation.

Primitive man, of course, did not proceed nearly so fast as that. Of the very earliest attempts at cultivation of *Ægilops*, all traces are now lost, but we can gather that its tillage must have continued in some unknown western Asiatic region for some time before the neolithic period; for in that period we find a rude early form of wheat already considerably developed among the scanty relics of the Swiss Lake dwellings. The other cultivated plants by which it is there accompanied, and the nature of the garden weeds which had followed in its wake, point back to central or western Asia as the land in which its tillage had first begun. From that region

the Swiss Lake dwellers brought it with them to their new home among the Alpine valleys. It differed much already from the wild *Ægilops* in size and stature; but at the same time it was far from having attained the stately dimensions of our modern corn. The ears found in the Lake dwellings are shorter and narrower than our own; the spikelets stand out more horizontally, and the grains are hardly more than half the size of their modern descendants. The same thing is true in analogous ways with all the cultivated fruits or seeds of the stone age; they are invariably much smaller and poorer than their representatives in existing fields or gardens. From that time to this the process of selection and amelioration has been constant and unbroken, until in our own day the descendants of these little degraded lilies, readapted to new functions under a fresh *régime*, have come to cover almost all the cultivable plains in all civilised countries, and supply by far the largest part of man's food in Europe, Asia, America, and Australia.

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wrote us, "there is something queer behind it all, which I should like to fathom; so, as the man may die any moment, hold yourselves in readiness to come down for the ante-mortem statement on receipt of a telegram, in case I have time to send it, and in case you care to come."

Whether it was natural curiosity or whether there was a real interest in the poor wretch we had so far saved, I know not. Suffice it to say, we had thought and talked so much over the matter, that it had taken complete hold on us; and the excitement was intense, when, as on the evening of the fourth day we were dining together at the club, a telegram was handed to one of us, containing these words:—

"Come quick, all three of you.  
"X."

There was five minutes to catch the train for Niagara Falls. We caught it, and never did railway journey seem so long. Every moment was an hour.

A hack, with the doctor's assistant, was waiting for us at the Falls Station, and almost before we could get any information out of him regarding the patient, we were at the house, where the doctor himself met us, and drew us into the room.

We were all of us intensely excited, and even the doctor's imperturbable calm seemed ruffled.

"Boys," said he, "listen! The man is between life and death; but he is conscious of all around him now, and seems to be of what has passed. He wants to tell his story. Whether he lives through the recital is a question. I think he may, and at all events he has a secret that he must get rid of, or it will kill him. It is easy to see that. I've tried to explain to him his danger; but he's as deaf as a post, poor wretch! I think he understood though, for he said to me with a strong Italian accent—'I tell queek, or I die.'

"But now, promise to be careful;

don't express surprise at anything you see or hear; for the man's life hangs on a thread."

The room into which the doctor then ushered us was large and comfortable, but for the gloomy light of a shaded lamp and the natural shock at first sight of the figure propped up in bed on pillows in the furthest corner of the room.

The patient's face was livid. From under intensely black arched eyebrows, eyes, so far sunken as to disappear altogether but for their brightness, gleamed at us through the half-light. In spite of the breadth of shoulder and muscular chest, the lower part of the body seemed to have shrunk fearfully, even since we had seen him last; and his hands toyed and clutched nervously at the sheet.

A priest, whose black dress and austere face helped nothing to lighten up the sombre picture, came forward from the side of the bed as we entered, motioned us to chairs, and said—"Gentlemen, be seated. Doctor! the rites of the Church have been administered: but our patient says that he has a statement to make, which he wishes me not to incorporate into his confession, but that he would like to make it before the gentlemen who saved him, who I presume are the ones present. I administered the rites *in extremis*, as I feared he might not be able to tell all his tale; and have given him the absolution: but we must be our own judges, gentlemen, after we have heard it, as to whether the story should be kept secret or not."

We all bowed assent; the priest drew back, and the doctor took his station by the patient.

The man had evidently understood that the time was come to speak, for after a gleam of recognition as we came into the room, he had closed his eyes; and lay still, nerving himself for the effort.

The silence after the priest had ceased speaking was fearfully oppressive. The whole facts connected with the case were so curious. The finding

swirling, hurrying past us to the calm and placid bosom of Ontario, inspired us. We were roused to enthusiasm over it, and were almost angry with our American friend's breaking in upon our meditation, till the horror of his story so absorbed us, as to make us unconscious of even the water rushing by us, and the hum of the Falls quivering on the air.

About five years ago, said he, suddenly, I was sitting on this same rock, watching the waves break and tower above me, only to fall and worship at my feet and eddy round this little cove, when out of the top of a wave there flashed something so like a human form, that as it hung for a moment in the eddy there, I grabbed at it instinctively, and, with the help of those with me, dragged out on to the rocks the body—whether alive or dead we knew not—of a smart thick-set man of middle age. Part of a sock and the torn waistband of his trousers were all the remnants of clothes he had on; and as we turned him over to try and pump his lungs full of air, we could see cuts, scratches, and livid marks covering his body from brain-pan to tendon Achilles.

One of our party of four, a surgeon, stoutly averred that the man was not beyond all chance of resuscitation; and we had the satisfaction of hearing, after the doctor had worked over him for three or four hours at the nearest house, that the man was actually living, although the thread of life had been so chafed, that any moment the strain of trying to live might snap it.

So as we all lived at Buffalo, only twenty miles away, we agreed to leave the man in the doctor's hands, and return in a couple of days to find out from his own lips the why and wherefore of his most extraordinary appearance, only making our friend promise that we should be present when he told his story.

Many were the theories advanced as we went home, as to who and what was our half-drowned man, and why

and where he had plunged into the Niagara River.

The only reasonable one seemed to be that he must have been a workman on some of the elevators or bridge foundations, who had wandered down along the edge of the water, and slipped into the rapids just above where we rescued him; as it seemed that fifty yards of those pinnaced racing waves would thrash the brains, let alone the life, out of the strongest man alive. But inquiries next day showed that no workman had been missed from the gangs working below the Falls, and no man answering to his description seemed to have been seen at all that day round the Falls or the rapids below them. We had therefore to wait for word from the doctor, and speculate as to whether it was a suicide or murder, planned so skilfully as to be entirely—or at least so far—unexplainable.

The second day came; and with it word from the doctor that the patient was trembling in the balance between life and death. As might have been expected, there was a general complication, and the symptoms he showed of a man recovering from the last stage of drowning were really the least serious. The bruises on his whole body, taken in conjunction with a marked weakness of stomach, tended to show that there were internal injuries—in fact it was almost impossible to imagine a man so knocked about outwardly, and yet whole within.

The long spells of torpor, broken with sudden bursts of nervous horror, accompanied by spasmodic tremblings of the limbs, during which he would continually cry out, indicated a terrible shock to the nervous system as well; and when these nervous fits were over, and just as the exhaustion from them set in, there was an evident wish, without the physical power to do it, to make some statement—to describe what had happened, the doctor supposed. Often he would mutter the words, "Niagara," and again "The Falls." "Altogether," our friend

wrote us, "there is something queer behind it all, which I should like to fathom; so, as the man may die any moment, hold yourselves in readiness to come down for the ante-mortem statement on receipt of a telegram, in case I have time to send it, and in case you care to come."

Whether it was natural curiosity or whether there was a real interest in the poor wretch we had so far saved, I know not. Suffice it to say, we had thought and talked so much over the matter, that it had taken complete hold on us; and the excitement was intense, when, as on the evening of the fourth day we were dining together at the club, a telegram was handed to one of us, containing these words:—

"Come quick, all three of you.  
"X."

There was five minutes to catch the train for Niagara Falls. We caught it, and never did railway journey seem so long. Every moment was an hour.

A hack, with the doctor's assistant, was waiting for us at the Falls Station, and almost before we could get any information out of him regarding the patient, we were at the house, where the doctor himself met us, and drew us into the room.

We were all of us intensely excited, and even the doctor's imperturbable calm seemed ruffled.

"Boys," said he, "listen! The man is between life and death; but he is conscious of all around him now, and seems to be of what has passed. He wants to tell his story. Whether he lives through the recital is a question. I think he may, and at all events he has a secret that he must get rid of, or it will kill him. It is easy to see that. I've tried to explain to him his danger; but he's as deaf as a post, poor wretch! I think he understood though, for he said to me with a strong Italian accent—'I tell queek, or I die.'

"But now, promise to be careful;

don't express surprise at anything you see or hear; for the man's life hangs on a thread."

The room into which the doctor then ushered us was large and comfortable, but for the gloomy light of a shaded lamp and the natural shock at first sight of the figure propped up in bed on pillows in the furthest corner of the room.

The patient's face was livid. From under intensely black arched eyebrows, eyes, so far sunken as to disappear altogether but for their brightness, gleamed at us through the half-light. In spite of the breadth of shoulder and muscular chest, the lower part of the body seemed to have shrunk fearfully, even since we had seen him last; and his hands toyed and clutched nervously at the sheet.

A priest, whose black dress and austere face helped nothing to lighten up the sombre picture, came forward from the side of the bed as we entered, motioned us to chairs, and said—"Gentlemen, be seated. Doctor! the rites of the Church have been administered: but our patient says that he has a statement to make, which he wishes me not to incorporate into his confession, but that he would like to make it before the gentlemen who saved him, who I presume are the ones present. I administered the rites *in extremis*, as I feared he might not be able to tell all his tale; and have given him the absolution: but we must be our own judges, gentlemen, after we have heard it, as to whether the story should be kept secret or not."

We all bowed assent; the priest drew back, and the doctor took his station by the patient.

The man had evidently understood that the time was come to speak, for after a gleam of recognition as we came into the room, he had closed his eyes; and lay still, nerving himself for the effort.

The silence after the priest had ceased speaking was fearfully oppressive. The whole facts connected with the case were so curious. The finding

of an almost dead man in those rapids—his wish to communicate something—the solemnity of the priest, and the gloom of the chamber, all added to our curiosity, but mellowed it with a feeling of sorrow and sympathy for the dying man.

Hush! he speaks—and with a soft Italian accent that I do not pretend to give, but which seemed to put us, if possible, more *en rapport* with our patient than before.

"I was a poor fishermann Italiano. I liff in Buffalo. I go with my boy to fish bass de other day in de river. I was well then. You see me now, dying—dead—worse than dead! Were I dead I could get the horror out of me—out of my ears, out of my brain, out of my body, out of my being!" And he hissed out the last words with an energy of despair never to be forgotten. "But I must be calma. I go I say, to fish bass down de river in my leetle boat. Others was fishing down de river; I catch no fish. I go down past Internat'nal Bridge, past French's creek, past Gran I-land, to de head of Navy I-land, but no fish. I go near to de foot of Navy I-land. You know dat is de head of de rapid above Goat I-land. I was starving. Dere was no fish to catch in de lake, none in de river; but I had a family, and I must catch fish, or dey must starve. I say to my boy, 'You sit still and troll, and I row de boat across de head of de Rapid. The fish are dere. If we do not catch fish we starve and die; if we go over de rapid we die, 'cause we go over de Falls.' My boy he say notings, and we now row across de head of de rapid. On a sudden de boy he catch a black bass, and another; and we row across again, and again we catch plenty black bass—big, three, four pounda. I find I can hold my boat at de head of de rapid, so de trolling lines run in de white breakers, and we catch more fish. My boy he got one black bass on each a line—heavy, big ones; and I forget myself, and reacha forward to

take one of de lines. A big log, which got away from de Tonawanda Saw Mill, strike de boat—break one oar. I jump de other out of de showl-pin—and, my God! dere was I and my boy—my poor, poora boy, in de rapid, and no oars.

"De log and de boat race down together through de white waves of de rapid towards de head of Goat I-land. We see de trees of Goat I-land get larger and larger. We see de rocks at de head of de island, and I haf some hope de boat strand on there and we make out to shore.

"De poora boy was too frighten to say or do; he only crouch in de stern of de boat, and laff as if he is mad. I sit in de fowerd thwart, and I could say no more than 'Be brave! perhaps we may get ont a Goat I-land.' But all de time de log he follow us, rising on de top of de white caps as if he want to crush us. I call for help; but who can hear in that noise of water? Ah! if other noise had not drown it out, I tink I hear that noise still!

"Presently we get to de head of de i-land. De log still follow us, and I tell my boy, 'Get ready to jump when we strike.' De boat take a swirl round, and de i-land close under us, when de log he rise on a white cap, and he strike down on to de boat. De boat capsizes. I grab de log, and race with it past de i-land; but my boy—my poora boy—I never see him. And then, gentlemen, I care not. I know I go over de American Falls, unless dat man at de point of rocks catch me. Den I tink boats has gone over de Falls—dogs has gone over de Falls—and come out safe. Why cannot man? I will go over de Falls and live; so my wife and family do not starve, for if I die they must starve!

"But oh! kind gentlemen"—breaking from rather a low, monotonous tone of relation into an impassioned burst—"you will not see my leetle ones starve!"

So struck were we with the man's

story so far, and so puzzled as to what would come next, that what we answered I know not. At all events, it could have had no significance to the poor deaf wretch, as he still kept on imploring, till X., who always did the right thing at the right time, pulled out some money and placed it in his patient's lap—an example followed by each other of the listeners.

The haggard, worn face lighted up for a moment with a gleam of beatific thankfulness, and the light sank again so low in the socket that even the doctor thought it was all over. But No; a hypodermic injection and a small amount of stimulant fanned the spark into flame, and almost ere the priest had commenced "Gentlemen, this is a most remarkable statement!" our patient began again, in a more animated tone.

"Yes, gentlemen, I tink of my wife and children. I try to live for dem; but I see little chance if de man on de point of rock not see me. Every swirl bring me closer to him. I see de bridge across to Goat I-land, two hundred feet away. I see de next eddy brings me round under de rock where de man stand. I shout to him, 'Get a pole and hold out to me.' He run round to de bridge to catch me. Ah! fool! he fall down, and not reach de bridge in time. I grab at de bridge four feet too high. I miss it, and den I go down de rapids past de Cataract House, and I know dere is no help—I must go over de Falls. I see dem near. De roar get louder and louder; de Rapids get swifter and swifter; de log turn round once, twice, and den his lower end shoot out over into de air, and we go over de Fall—de log and I."

I confess we had been utterly unprepared for this statement. The thing seemed so preposterous, that a man should go down those rapids over a 160 feet fall, escape the undertow of the great pool, run the lower rapid for two miles, and still be alive to tell the tale, that no one had expected it. Each one had thought that

in some miraculous way he had avoided the Falls. The idea struck us as so impossible that one and all stared at each other aghast.

And while no one wished to hurt the poor wretch in the smallest way, there was such an unmistakable "I don't believe it" written on every countenance (the priest's excepted), that at a glance the man realised it, and the hot southern blood welled up.

"Heh! heh! You don'ta believe me, gentlemen," he gasped, almost furious with passion.

"Say yes! say yes! nod your heads; give assent in some way," said the doctor quickly, "or you'll lose the story, and I shall lose my patient."

We gave assent so far as we were able by signs and looks, till he rejoined:—

"Ah, gentlemen! you believe me? I do not know. You say you believe me, but I's afraid you say you believe till you hear de end, and den you shrug your shoulders and say, 'Poor Italiano, great liar!'"

The earnestness and impressiveness of the man was such that no one could disbelieve! and our protestations both by word and dumb show seemed to convince him sufficiently to continue as follows:—

"Yes, gentlemen, I go over de Falls. I go over, as many other have gone; but when dey get to de brink dey give up and die of fright before dey get to de bottom. I live till I get to de bottom. I not die then—but I die now—tree, four, days after.

"As I go over I lose de log, and I see nothing, feel nothing, hear nothing, all through me but de roar of de Falls. I get, I tinks, two gasps of breath, and den I feel de water pulling this way, pulling that, pulling every way, till I tinks I was pulled in pieces, but all de time de roar of de Falls in my ears; unless I get rid of that I lose my head, and go mad. On a sudden something seem to seize my legs and pull me down, and a great weight press my

head down, down, down, and I lose de sound of de Falls, and float away under water, so dreamy and happy to lose de noise—for how long I know not—when I wake down on de great pool far below de Fall, lying on my back in de water, and looking up at de sky; and as I came to myself de roar of de Falls grow upon me again till I say, death is better than living with dat noise in my ears, and I rise up in de water. I see de rocks close on my right, I see de great white wall of water on de American side; I see de black water of de pool right across to de white spray rising from de Horse Shoe. I see de carriages on de banks, and de flowers and de trees growing on de rocks. I see de Suspension Bridge up in de air, all in one hurried picture, and I tink of my wife and childrens as de noise of de Falls come over me again and shut out all else, and I throw up my hands to die. I feel de water dragging, dragging at my feet, carrying me on, on towards de rapids, and den I remember no more except de noise of de Falls in my ears and de straining of de waters in de rapids, till I find myself lying on dis bed, and I hear nothing but de noise in my ears, till at last I remember all about de reason for it; and I know that I was de only man to go over Niagara Falls and live!”

Nothing could have been more conciliatory, we imagined, than our looks: but the suspicion again came over him

that we did not believe the story; and suddenly raising himself on his two hands off his pillows he glared upon us with the fury of dying energy, and hissed out between his closed lips and set teeth—

“One of yo’selvas go over da Falls—you believe him! but you no believe poorra Italiano!”

The jaw dropped; the arms trembled at the elbow, and he fell back on his pillows.

“God forgive you, gentlemen,” said the priest, “by your unbelief you have killed the man you had saved.”

\* \* \* \*

There was a long pause; each one looked at the seething boiling rapids, rising and falling in gigantic waves, as they swept by, and weighed the chance a man would have for life in them; let alone over and under the Falls themselves, till one bolder than the rest said to the narrator—

“Well it is a most extraordinary story. Did you believe it?”

“No!” he answered, laconically.

“Did the priest?”

“Not entirely,” said he, “but there’s no use raising a question against its authenticity. You have enjoyed your last half hour, not least of your other experiences at the Falls. Agree to let it be one of your experiences, and as we have only just time to catch our train let us go!”

M. K.



## THE POEM OF PENTAUR.

THE name of the poet Pentaure has long lain very literally buried with that of his hero and patron, Rameses II.; but of the Egyptian conqueror a legendary fame survived all historic record, and time and the successive waves of foreign invasion that have swept over what was once his kingdom, have not been able wholly to destroy, or even deface, the monuments of his greatness. A colossal head emerging from the smooth stream of the desert sand where it pours down the cliffs of Nubia to the Nile, the outline of a grim warrior-form half-visible above the level plain of winter vegetation or summer flood, the double crown of Egypt rising from the unclean soil of an Arab village—these and similar relics have made for Rameses through all ages a silent protest against oblivion. But there was nothing to speak even thus vaguely of his laureate, Pentaure, the Theban scribe, who, in the seventh year of the king's reign, won the prize with his song of how Rameses went up against Kadesh, and how, single-handed, he conquered the Chief of the Khitat and all his champions—a song in the sense that it was doubtless intended to be chanted or recited, but also an official account of the conquest of the Hittites, whose empire, according to some authorities, foreran that of the Assyrians in Western Asia.

This, "the most ancient heroic poem in the world," is preserved in a papyrus said to have been bought some fifty years ago of an Egyptian sailor, and now in the British Museum. It is also inscribed on the walls of Abydos, Luxor, Karnak, and that greatest, weirdest creation of the Ramesean age, the rock temple of Ipsamboul. On those walls every incident of the campaign is minutely and vigorously illustrated by contemporary artists; the river full of fish and crocodiles, over which the army had to pass, the walled city of Kadesh and the ordered hosts of the Khita, the Egyptian camp, and, dominant over all, the mighty form of the conqueror himself, rushing to battle in his light, two-horsed chariot, swinging his sword over the heads of his cowering captives, or throned in state, supported by the gods, his progenitors and protectors.

The poem opens with a list of the nations conquered by Rameses Miamun. The praise of the "youthful king," "like a grim lion in a valley of gazelles," is then sung at length, and there follows a detailed account of the setting forth of the Egyptian monarch and his army from the city of Rameses and their arrival before the city of Kadesh. Here, owing to treachery, they were surprised while still on the march by the whole force of the enemy, consisting of the Hittites, Dardanians, Mesopotamians, and other tribes, known and unknown. The central incident of the poem is the great deed of arms done by King Rameses, when, the first legion of Ammon being wholly overthrown and his chosen champions put to flight, he was left alone surrounded by the enemy, and, according to his courtier-poet, unaided obtained the victory. The remainder consists of the reproaches addressed by the King to his fugitive captains, in the course of which he, to some extent, repeats the description previously given of him in battle; an account of the fight which took place on the next day, differing little from the preceding one, except that Rameses is no longer "alone with no other"; the final submission of the Chief of the Khita—who at this point ceases to be "the vile" to become "the great chief"—and the return of the King to Thebes.

The work as a whole has much the same merits and demerits as the painting and sculpture of the same age and country—considerable vigour in the delineation

tion of certain figures, and much historical and local faithfulness of representation, with a monotony so great that, at first sight, it appears repetition, and, partly in consequence of this, an entire want of general dramatic effect. Neither the scribe nor the artist, it is true, fail to make their royal hero a sufficiently prominent figure, but the main incident, even when it seems most unavoidably the central point of the whole, they skilfully contrive to lower in value till it has to be painfully disentangled from a mass of equally emphasised episodes.

The strong local colour of the Poem of Pentaur gives it a special interest to the traveller in Egypt, who sees on every side those "everlasting stones," of which the poet tells, the "houses built for a million of years," their massive pylons now no longer adorned with masts, but still when the sun is low darkening long tracts of sand with their shadow, the lonely obelisks of rosy granite that shoot up flame-like into the blue Egyptian sky, and that latest and uninscribed, and yet most interesting, one which lies, and has lain, for thousands of years in the quarry at Syene, vainly awaiting transport to Thebes or Memphis or Heliopolis.

Of Pentaur himself nothing is known except that he was a priest of Ammon, whose love of "Wein, Weib, und Gesang" made him obnoxious to the severe superiors of his order, that he was a royal scribe, and that he lived to be an old man.

The whole of his poem has been translated by Professor Lushington and Dr. Brugsch, and in endeavouring to reproduce the most dramatic portion in English verse I have followed as closely as possible their prose versions, though I must plead guilty to having omitted much and condensed more.

KING RAMESES marched to the Northward, to the borders of Kadesh he came,  
He marched like his father Mentu<sup>1</sup> for Orontes that waters the same  
With the troop that has "Victory Bringer" and the name of the King for its  
name.

But ere he was come to the city the Vile One of Khita arose,  
From the shores of the sea unto Khita he summoned King Rameses' foes,  
They gathered as grasshoppers gather, like locusts assembled they lay  
And covered the mountains and valleys, and no man was left by the way.  
There led them the lord of the Khita and bore with him treasures untold,  
He emptied the realm of its treasure, he stript it of silver and gold.

Like sand were the men and the horses, he had gathered them all to the war;  
The well-armed champions of Khita stood three upon every car,  
Countless they crouched in their ambush, they were hidden west of the town,  
They rushed on the troop of the sun-god,<sup>2</sup> and horse and foot went down.  
Yea, unawares they had smitten the host of the King and possessed  
Kadesh that lies by Orontes, on the bank of the stream to the West.

King Rameses heard and he armed him, like Mentu he rose in his pow'r,  
He seized his arms for the battle, he clutched them like Bar<sup>3</sup> in his hour,  
And swift from their stalls in the vanguard, from the stable of Rameses came  
His steeds that were mighty to bear him—"Vict'ry in Thebes" was their  
name—

Fast, fast in his fury he drave them, he brake through the ranks of the foe,  
The King he alone and none other—then he turned to behold them, and lo!

<sup>1</sup> *Mentu*—the Egyptian war-god.

<sup>2</sup> The first legion of Ammon.

<sup>3</sup> *Bar*, a war-god of foreign origin—perhaps Baal.

The chariots of Khita by thousands had compassed him round and there lay  
The hosts of the Vile One of Khita as a bar in King Rameses' way,  
Of the tribes of the sea and the mountain, the numberless nations from far,  
And the bravest champions of Khita stood three upon every car.

"Was there one of my chariots with me? Of my captains and lords was there one?"

Nay, but they fled from the battle, and Pharaoh remained there alone."

Then Rameses cried unto Ammon—"Deniest thou, father, thy son?"

Wherein have I sinned against Ammon, what deed without him have I done?"

The laws of thy mouth I transgressed not, nor went from thy counsels astray,

Mine eyes have waited upon thee, and my feet have walked in thy way.

And now under foot by the herdsmen shall the great one of Egypt be trod?"

Thou, Ammon, subduest the people and the nation that knoweth not God.

Are the monuments vain I have made thee? For nought was the sacrifice slain?"

The thousands of bulls for thine altars and captives in throngs for thy fane,

And lands hast thou counted as nothing? and treasures as utterly vain?"

All odorous woods I have brought thee, the incense was sweet in my hand.

I finished thy courts, and thy gateways of stone overshadow the land,

With masts I adorned thee the portals—'tis I who have brought unto thee

The obelisks hewn at Syene, and galleys that bear o'er the sea

The wealth of the world to thine altars the hand of King Rameses steers—

I have given thee stone everlasting, a house for a million of years.

Such gifts were they given aforetime? Of old hast thou witnessed the same?"

On him who rejecteth thy counsels, on him be confusion and shame,

But I who have honoured thee, Ammon, my father I call on thy name.

The multitudes gather against me, I stand amid nations unknown,

I stand here alone with no other, they are many and I am alone;

My chariots and horsemen have left me, they heeded me not when I cried.

But better than millions of horsemen, ay better than sons at my side,

And more than a thousand of brothers though marshalled about me they fought,

Is Ammon who maketh the labour of multitudes even as nought.

Behold it is thou that hast done it, I blame not thy counsels, I cry

To the ends of the earth, I invoke thee!"

The house of Hermonthis on high

Re-echoed the voice of my crying, he heard and he came like the wind,

I shouted for joy at his coming, as hast'ning he called from behind—

"It is I, it is Ammon thy father, I am eager to help thee my son,

The lord and the lover of heroes, even Ra the victorious one,

My heart has rejoiced in thy valour, I stretch forth my hand to the fray,

And better than millions of horsemen shall Ammon befriend thee to-day."

He spake and the word was accomplished. Like Mentu I shoot to the right,

I grasp to the left in my fury, I break them as Bar in his might.

Two thousand five hundred the chariots, I see them, they shall not withstand,

I am there in the midst with my horses, I trample them as it were sand.

They found not their hands for the battle, amazement befel them and fear,

They slackened the bow-string before me, they knew not to handle the spear;"

Yea, one on another I hurled them and headlong they fell in the flood,

As crocodiles fall in the river so fell they, I drank of their blood.

King Rameses said, "'Tis my pleasure that none shall return from the fight,

Not one shall arise of the fallen, nor any look back unto flight."

And there was the Vile One of Khita, he stood 'mid his legions to see.  
Beholding the valour of Pharaoh he trembled, he turned him to flee.  
The King was alone. Then he mustered his bravest and sent them to slay  
King Rameses, numberless horsemen assembled in battle array.

\* \* \* \* \*

I say to my hand, "Thou shalt taste them," and, lo, in a moment of space  
I spring like a flame to devour them—they perish each one in his place.  
I hear through the wind of my rushing how one of them cries to the other—  
"Not a man, not a man is against us, beware of the god, O my brother!"  
The mighty have seen him and straightway their arrows have dropped from  
the bow,

They lift not a hand when he cometh, his countenance layeth them low.  
Like Ra in the front of the morning his quiver is laden with flame,  
'Tis Sechet<sup>1</sup> consumes us before him, 'tis Bar that possesses his frame."

Like a griffin the King has pursued them, they come to the meeting of ways,  
They flee but they cannot escape him, he calls to his men as he slays—  
"Ho, courage my horsemen and footmen! Look back for a little and see  
How I conquer alone with no other but Ammon that fighteth for me."  
My charioteer, even Menna, was with me and he was afraid,  
In the press of the chariots he trembled, his spirit was greatly dismayed,  
"O Prince and protector of Egypt, O gracious and mighty," he saith,  
"Thou fightest alone against many, how now canst thou save us our breath?  
King Rameses, gracious and mighty, we cannot escape from our death."  
But Rameses cried to him, "Courage, ho, courage, my charioteer!  
Behold, as a hawk I will pierce them and rend them, why then shouldst thou  
fear?

And what to thy heart are these herdsmen, since Ra will not brighten his  
face,

On millions of such, the ungodly, he loveth to humble their race."  
King Rameses rushed on the vanguard, he brake through the ranks of the foe,  
Six times he has sundered and broken the ranks of the Khita and low  
He has laid them, the caitiffs of Khita, they trembled before him and quailed,  
They fled but they could not escape him, like Bar in his hour he prevailed.

\* \* \* \* \*

And now when my horsemen and footmen beheld me they worshipped afar,  
They praised me as Mentu the mighty, the sword unresisted of Ra;  
For the god, yea, the god, was beside me, 'twas he who had brought it to pass  
That nations were scattered before me and were to my horses as grass.  
They marched from the camp in the evening, they came i their wonder and  
stood

Where I brake through the tribes and the mighty of Khita lay whelmed in  
their blood,

The sons of the chief and the kinsfolk—and morning arose on the plain,  
It lighted the field, and in Kadesh was nowhere to tread for the slain.

MARGARET L. WOODS.

<sup>1</sup> Sechet or Set, the power of evil.

## HOME RULE UNDER THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

VERY few subjects ought to have more interest for Englishmen than the study of the constitution and organisation of the Roman Empire, for the analogy between it and our own empire is complete. Both grew out of very small beginnings, both have been world-wide in extent, and both have been ruled in much the same manner and by much the same methods. Yet while Continental scholars, French and German in particular, have bestowed much attention on this point, producing able and exhaustive memoirs upon it, it has been almost wholly neglected in England. Our universities, which should be the natural homes of such studies, have treated them with absolute contempt. Our professors of Latin and Greek have in too many instances been so afraid of spoiling their style that they have refused even to look at the writers of the later Empire. So far indeed have some of them carried their purism, as to remain in ignorance of much more than the mere names of such authors as Aristides, Suetonius, Dio Cassius, Libanius, Hierocles, Ammianus Marcellinus, Sulpicius Severus, Julius Capitolinus, Lampridius, Vopiscus, and other writers of the Augustan history. When such has been the feeling among the teachers, it is no wonder that the pupils have known nothing of the literature, history, and organisation of the Empire. Yet one feels it strange that the countrymen of Gibbon—whose history is nowadays much more praised than read—have not had their curiosity, at least, roused by this topic.

In the Roman Empire we have a system which lasted in vigorous existence for full fifteen centuries; which even yet in its laws and institutions lives and influences mankind. Surely no topic could well be more worthy the study of the citizens of an empire not yet three centuries old than the

methods by which such a government was conducted. We propose now to direct attention to one single branch of this subject, which will serve to correct some misapprehensions about Roman Imperial rule, and will at the same time furnish an illustration of the rich materials for the internal history of the Empire which the industry and researches of modern scholars are daily accumulating. The general impression among educated men concerning the Roman Empire is somewhat like the following: That it was the typical example of a great centralised despotism of blood and iron, where all life and vigour was drawn from the extremities and concentrated at Rome; that the provinces were ruled by harsh and stern magistrates, whose great object in life was simply to use their temporary government for their own personal aggrandisement; that these magistrates were unrestrained in their action by any local checks, and that against their oppression private individuals had no other remedy than the uncertain chance of a prosecution before the emperor in the far distant capital, where, doubtless, money and influence and class-feeling would be pretty sure to defeat any aggrieved provincial. Such an idea would not indeed be far astray concerning the provincial administration under the Republic; and its wide spread is, we suppose, due to the fact that the orations of Cicero against Verres for his malpractices in Sicily are the staple source whence most men—even the best classical scholars—have derived their knowledge of the subject. At school or college men read these treatises; they never pause to ask themselves when they were delivered; they seldom take the trouble to distinguish between one century and another, between one epoch and another, between the Republic and the Empire,

between the Early Empire, the Lower Empire, and the Byzantine Empire, and they therefore conclude that what was true of one period was true of every period; which is much the same as if a foreign student of English history were to conclude that because Henry VIII. executed his wives at pleasure, and levied taxes at will, such was the normal state of the British empire three centuries later.

In reading history, mental co-ordination of dates, a vivid and constant realisation of the order of time, is even more necessary than a knowledge of localities and places, while again both are required if such a study is to be really profitable. This may be exemplified by the history of Roman provincial administration. Under the Republic it was certainly corrupt, stern, and cruel, practically unlimited abroad, practically free from investigation at home. Under the Empire, as established and organised by Augustus, this was all changed. Augustus not only established the Roman Empire, but also purified and reformed the Roman administration. Thus among his other vital and far-seeing changes, he reformed the higher Civil Service, so as to secure for the most distant provinces a rule of justice, equity, and purity, such as they had never hitherto possessed. Augustus proved what history frequently shows, that a despotism is often more careful of the temporal welfare of subject races than states like Republics, governed by more popular forms, which are apt to be blindly and stupidly selfish. One principal instrument in effecting this reform was the introduction of local self-government, or, as we have called it, Home Rule, among the Romans. The Republic had found local representative assemblies existing wherever Greek civilisation and Greek colonies had penetrated. They were found in Asia Minor, Greece, Sicily, but were at once put down in every place save in one district of Asia Minor and in Sicily. In the latter island the Commune or General Assembly continued

in Cicero's time to exercise very important functions, similar to those possessed by the local assemblies under the Empire; while as to Lycia in Asia Minor, Strabo, writing under Augustus, tells us that "they alone of all the nations" had been permitted by the Republic to retain the laws, institutions, and representative assembly of their ancestors. The General Assembly he thus describes (*Geog.* xiv. iii.), "There are twenty-three cities in the Lycian General Assembly which have votes. They assemble from each city at a general congress, and select what city they please for their place of meeting. Each of the large cities commands three votes, those of intermediate importance two, and the rest one. They contribute in the same proportion to taxes and other public charges. At the congress a lyciarch is first elected, then the other officers of the body. Public tribunals are also appointed for the administration of justice. Formerly they deliberated about peace and war and alliances; but this is not now permitted, as these things are under the control of the Romans. It is only done by their own (Roman) consent, or when it may be for their own (Roman) advantage. The judges and magistrates are elected according to the number of votes belonging to each city." In this Lycian assembly we find, then, the representative principle, the power of levying taxes, electing magistrates, administering justice, and even partially controlling foreign affairs; powers very similar to those possessed by the Parliaments of the Canadian Dominion, the Cape, or our Australian Colonies. This Lycian assembly seems to have been the model upon which was framed the plan of reform inaugurated by Augustus. The origin or at least the occasion of this reform was very simple. The worship of the emperors, living and dead alike, is a very curious subject. As to its origin, it was no invention of the Romans. The ancient Egyptians, the Ptolemies, the Greeks, had practised the worship

of kings and heroes. Pagan rationalists, indeed, like Euhemerus and Palæphatus, explained the worship of the gods as originating in this way. Similar honour had been rendered even to pro-consuls, bad and good alike. Sicily instituted *fêtes* and raised statues to Verres. Cilicia built a temple in honour of Appius, Cicero's predecessor, who had almost ruined it. As to its effects upon the Empire, we believe that it must have exercised a very degrading and disintegrating influence, and must have largely helped the spread and triumph of Christianity. Men with any spiritual light must have been disgusted when they found a Nero, a Domitian, a Commodus, a Caracalla, elevated, while yet alive and perpetrating their villainies, to the rank and honours of deities. Yet the introduction of this practice was the occasion of a salutary reform. Julius Cæsar passed away, and his apotheosis or elevation to the rank of a god was decreed. During the prosperous reign of Augustus, this practice received a further development in east and west alike. After the battle of Actium, Augustus permitted temples to be raised in honour of Cæsar and the city of Rome, at Ephesus, Nicæa, Pergamum, and Nicomedia, and in connection therewith, ordained the celebration of sacred games, including gladiatorial shows, and such like exhibitions.

In Gaul, the worship of Augustus himself prevailed, as Strabo informs us when treating of the city of Lyons, which was even then developing the splendours of a metropolis, enjoying, as it did, some special privileges granted to no other provincial capital. Its prefect, or lord lieutenant in modern phraseology, had the exceptional right of coining gold and silver. It was the only city in the Empire where a detachment of the Roman city guard was stationed; just as the household troops are now confined to London and Windsor. In return for these and other exceptional favours, the Gallic confederate cities which regarded Lyons as their head, decreed a festival and erected an

altar and temple to the deity of Augustus, the pillars of which to this day decorate one of the chief churches of Lyons. The Emperor seized upon this festival, and organised in connection with it a general assembly of the Gallic provinces upon the Lycian model, which continued to meet and exercise ever increasing powers from the time of Augustus to the middle or close of the fifth century at least. The functions of this assembly seem at first to have been almost purely religious. They elected a chief priest to discharge the religious duties connected with the altar of Augustus, they instituted games, gladiatorial contests, literary recitals which took place annually in the month of August, and levied contributions upon the several cities to defray the expenses thereof.<sup>1</sup> But they soon advanced farther. They voted statues and tablets in honour of popular magistrates, they claimed the right to send embassies to the emperor, they received communications from him, and soon became the official channel through which the complaints of the whole nation found access to the emperor. A celebrated tablet discovered at Thorigny, in France, and restored by Mommsen, explains their functions in this last respect. It was erected A.D. 233 by the city of Vieux, and contains valuable documents, illustrating the Roman administration of that date. One of them is a copy of a letter from a certain Ædinus Julianus to another official, Badius Cominianus, giving him hints about the government of Gaul, derived from previous experience. He enters even into personal details, just as one chief secretary or lord lieutenant might

<sup>1</sup> The influence of these local assemblies upon literature and art seems to have been very considerable. As regards art, a glance through the third volume of M. Waddington's great work, *Voyage Archéologique dans l'Asie Mineure*, will show how they stimulated local talent. They also helped literary effort. The knowledge of Greek, preserved in Gaul till the Middle Ages, when long since dead in Rome, may have been largely due to the festival connected with the Gallic Assembly. Comp. Suetonius, *Caligula*, c. xx.

write to another about the most important personages of Dublin society. It describes one man who was evidently a staunch friend of Roman authority: "In the province of Lyons I have been acquainted with very many honourable men, specially the priest Solemnis from the city of Vidocassium (Vieux), whom I loved for his mode of life, gravity, and upright conduct. In addition, when some members of the Gallic council attempted to get up a public prosecution, as if by the authority of the province, against my predecessor, Cl. Paulinus, because he had punished them as they deserved, that same friend of mine, Solemnis, opposed the proposal, declaring that his constituents, when they elected him a delegate, said nothing about a prosecution, but rather spoke of him with approbation." The local Gallic parliament was clearly then invested with the powers of instituting public prosecutions against unjust governors, and was entitled to carry them on at the public expense. It is manifest that a representative council, exercising such important functions, must have formed a very important limitation indeed upon the immense power possessed by the imperial officials.

In Asia Minor this system of self-government found its largest development, as it was there also it seems to have taken its rise, securing to that country a measure of liberty and local independence greater than it has ever since possessed. Every separate province of Asia Minor, as indeed every separate province of the whole Empire, had its local parliament. Let us just take two instances which will illustrate the genius for government possessed by ancient Rome. Galatia was, as every person knows, a thoroughly Celtic province, possessing the virtues and the vices too—specially that of fickleness, as St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians shows—peculiar to that race.

The Romans established, about the date of the Christian era, a temple and council, with all their attendant organisation, at Ancyra, the modern

Angora, the capital of Galatia. In Boeckh's *Corpus Inscriptionum Græcarum*, No. 4039, we find an inscription from Ancyra describing the games celebrated every five years in connection with this council, between the years ten and thirty of our era. The Romans knew the Celtic character right well, and understood that it required for peace and contentment, not so much good legislation or justice or liberty, as *panem et circenses*, refreshments and recreation, as we might translate that vigorous phrase. In the Ancyra inscription, glorifying the chief officials in the celebrations, we find mention of the spectacles, the gymnastic contests, the gladiatorial shows, the wild beast fights, the frequent offering of hecatombs, but special notice is reserved for certain persons who gave banquets to two whole cities, and entertained three entire tribes, the Tectosages, the Tolistobogi, and the Troemi. Perhaps a hint taken from this ancient quarter might have made the English rule in Ireland more loved and appreciated by the masses than it is. The Assembly of the province of Asia is, however, the body which meets us most frequently in history. It is scarcely necessary to explain to any educated person that the province of Asia must be clearly distinguished from Asia Minor, as the Roman province embraced merely a very small portion of what we understand by the latter name. It was a narrow strip of territory running down the west coast of Asia Minor, containing, however, some of the richest and most famous cities of antiquity, as Ephesus, Smyrna, Sardis, and Pergamum.

The Assembly of Asia was doubtless instituted by Augustus, since a priest of Asia, or Asiarch, named Bonnatius, is mentioned in a description of Sardis at the close of the reign of Tiberius, while again we find another, Julius Cleon, under Nero; so that it was in active operation early in the first century. Of this Assembly we get frequent glimpses during the second century. Eusebius in his



*Ecclesiastical History*, as we shall have further occasion to notice; Galen, the physician; and Ælius Aristides, famous as sophist, spiritualist, and valetudinarian;<sup>1</sup> in later times still the Theodosian and Justinian codes notice the action or the organisation of this body.

From a comparison of our various sources of information with the numerous inscriptions relating to the Assembly of Asia, we gain a pretty clear notion of its organisation, powers, and mode of action; though on some points there is still great difference of opinion among the most distinguished authorities, such as Waddington, Marquardt, and Mommsen, about which we must refer the historical student to the discussions and treatises mentioned at the close of our article. As soon as the deputies were assembled, which took place in Gaul every August, their first duty seems to have been the election of a president, who was variously called the chief priest of Asia, Bithynia, Galatia, Gaul, as the case might be, or asiarch, bithyniarch, &c.

The offices of provincial high priest and of asiarch<sup>2</sup> were objects of men's highest ambition, but they were at the same time very expensive positions, as these officials were compelled

to exhibit magnificent games at their own expense—some of them indeed even keeping bands of gladiators to minister to the public taste for bloodshed. This fact of course limited the choice to men of great wealth. So burdensome indeed was the office that Septimius Severus, towards the close of the second century, promulgated a decree exempting the fathers of five children from any liability to serve as asiarchs.

The office of high priest of Asia, Galatia, and the other provinces, continued till the time of Julian at least, who strove to use it as one means of galvanising the old pagan hierarchy. Two epistles are still extant in his collected letters addressed by him to those officials, stirring them up to imitate the zeal and charity of the Christian priesthood, and ordaining a very elaborate ritual, evidently shaped after the Christian model. The office may easily have flourished even into the fifth century, as the worship of the Cæsars did not by any means terminate with the triumph of Christianity. In the fifth and sixth centuries the title "Divus" was still applied to the Emperors, and their household was still called the divine family.

The election of the chief priest or asiarch was made in the following way. The whole Assembly voted for a select list of notables, and then submitted that list to the proconsul, who chose the name most agreeable to himself. This was doubtless a very necessary check, as otherwise these local assemblies might have developed a very troublesome amount of independence and self-assertion. Such a limitation too on their election was only in accordance with right reason and the highest political principles, which entrust the power of life and death to the executive of the State alone; since during the celebration of the games and meeting of the Assembly the president possessed this power, possibly superseding for the time all other jurisdiction. This appears out of the Acts of Polycarp's Martyrdom—one of the

<sup>1</sup> The spiritualistic trances of Aristides, and the table-turnings and spirit-rappings of the Emperor Julian's time, prove the truth of Solomon's words, "There is nothing new under the sun." Aristides flourished in the latter half of the second century. He was a friend of Marcus Aurelius and a devoted pagan. Yet strangely enough his *Sacred Orations* have served, in the hands of that accomplished archæologist and statesman, M. Waddington, to illustrate and clear up the martyrdom and chronology of the celebrated Christian saint, Polycarp.

<sup>2</sup> Waddington and Marquardt differ about the nature of the asiarch's office. Waddington distinguishes the high priest of Asia from the asiarchs. There was but one high priest, there were numerous asiarchs. Marquardt identifies them, explaining the undoubted fact that numerous asiarchs appear in history at the same time, by the hypothesis that the office of asiarch was a kind of life peerage, and conferred a life title. Either theory is reconcilable with, and an interesting illustration of, Acts xix, 31, quoted below.

most genuine and precious pieces of Christian antiquity—where we are told (c. 12) that the whole mob of Smyrna “cried out and besought Philip the Asiarch to let loose a lion upon Polycarp. But Philip answered that it was not lawful for him to do so, seeing the shows of wild beasts were already finished.” Whereupon he suffered death at the hands of the imperial officers. These assemblies appointed other officials—a treasurer, for instance, who received and accounted for the contributions levied upon the cities of the province in their due proportion towards the maintenance of the imperial cult, and the other expenses of their organisation; a secretary or scribe, who recorded their proceedings; besides various other functionaries, whose existence the discoveries of archæology are every day revealing; such as registrars of voters, who, answering to our revising barristers, made out the list of persons in each city qualified to exercise the franchise. The right of representation was wholly confined to towns; there was nothing answering to our county franchise or representation.

The General Assembly of Asia as thus organised is frequently noticed in history. It appears in connection with St. Paul's life as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles. We may just mention that the cities which possessed temples dedicated to the emperors, where these provincial assemblies were held, were called *Νεωκόροι*, or temple-guardians, a title of honour which they jealously preserved long after its *raison d'être* had ceased to exist, and Christianity had become the religion of the State. This will explain the expressions used in Acts xix. 34, 35, as translated in the Revised Version: “But when they perceived that he was a Jew, all with one voice about the space of two hours cried out, Great is Diana of the Ephesians.” And when the town-clerk or scribe—a title which Waddington has discovered in connection with an asiarch Munatius—had quieted the multitude, “he saith, Ye men of Ephesus, what man

is there who knoweth not how that the city of the Ephesians is temple-keeper of the great Diana, and of the image which fell down from Jupiter?” Again, previous to this incident, we read in the 31st verse: “And certain also of the asiarchs—or chief officers of Asia—being his friends, sent unto him, and besought him not to adventure himself into the theatre.” So that St. Paul's visit to Ephesus, and the riot provoked by that visit, seem to have been in some way connected with the meeting of the Assembly of Asia and the games associated therewith. As an additional confirmation of the accuracy and early date of the Acts, we may mention that the first instance yet discovered of the application of this title *Νεωκόρος* to Ephesus is found upon a coin dating from this very period, the reign of Nero. If we ever get sufficient light upon this subject, these hints and coincidences may help us to determine somewhat more accurately the chronology of St. Paul's life and work. If, for instance, we should ever discover the series of tablets on which probably the proceedings of these assemblies were recorded—and such may yet lie hid amid the ruins of Smyrna, Sardis, or Ephesus, and be brought to light by the researches of our own Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies—we might be able to identify the town clerk and the asiarch of that day. And as to the possibility of such a discovery, the wondrous find of the whole series of records belonging to the Arval Brothers at Rome, extending from very early times down to the middle of the fourth century, is a sufficient instance.

¶ During the persecutions of the second century these local assemblies were very active all over the Empire, as naturally might have been expected, they being the official guardians of that worship of the emperors which was most offensive to the Christian conscience. Thus in the account of Polycarp's martyrdom, preserved by Eusebius in the fourth book of his history, we are told that Herod the

Irenarch, or chief of the local police, taking the Christian bishop into his chariot, tried to persuade him to comply with the customs and law of the Assembly. "For what harm, said Herod, is there in saying Lord Cæsar, and sacrificing; and thus saving your life?" Even the emperors had to interfere, in order to restrain the persecuting zeal of these assemblies. Thus Melito, in his *Apology*, mentions rescripts addressed by Antoninus Pius to the Assembly of all the Greeks; and Eusebius inserts another, whose authenticity however is doubtful, addressed by the same emperor to the Assembly of Asia, enforcing a certain amount of toleration towards Christians.

In the martyrdom of Polycarp at Smyrna the officials of the Assembly took, as we have noted, a very active share; while in the most famous of all Western martyrdoms—that of Blandina and the martyrs of Lyons under Marcus Aurelius, A.D. 177—the whole affair seems to have formed part of the ceremonial connected with the General Assembly of Gaul—a point upon which M. Renan, in his work on Marcus Aurelius, gives many interesting particulars.

These local legislatures were not confined to the provinces we have mentioned, which we have taken merely as types of the rest. Marquardt points out that they existed in Germany, the Danubian provinces, Thrace, Dalmatia, Syria, Phœnicia, North Africa, and even in Britain, where they formed in all probability the organisation to which the Romans committed the administration of our island when leaving it for good. In Italy too they found a place. Campania, Etruria, Umbria have yielded inscriptions testifying to the active existence of such bodies down to the time of Constantine the Great. Is it too wild a suggestion that they may have exercised an important influence on the rise and development of our modern parliaments? They certainly existed in Southern Gaul till the break up of the Empire and the rise of the mediæval states.

The Roman code has preserved for us an edict addressed to the seven provinces of Gaul by the Emperor Honorius about the year 418, enlarging the functions and powers of this ancient General Assembly. It is a significant proof of the ignorance prevalent till lately upon this subject, that Gibbon with all his vast knowledge writes thus about this edict at the close of his 31st chapter: "If such an institution which gave the people an interest in their own government had been universally established by Trajan or the Antonines, the seeds of public wisdom and virtue might have been cherished and propagated in the Empire of Rome;" a passage which clearly proves that he never heard of the prior existence of such assemblies, and regarded them as an invention of Honorius to save a falling empire.<sup>1</sup> The text of this edict strengthens our suggestion as to the connection between these assemblies and our modern parliaments, as in the assemblies thus reformed and enlarged by Honorius a place is found not only for the magistrates and representatives of the people, but also for the bishops of some sixty cities. It would be a wonderful instance of historic continuity if the English Parliament of 1882 could be traced back to the Lycian Assembly of Strabo's day, and through it to the still earlier popular assemblies of Greece and her colonies. The student anxious for further information on this interesting topic may be referred to an article by Marquardt in *Ephemeris Epigraphica* for 1872, p. 200-214; to Becker and Marquardt, *Handb. der Römisch. Alterthümer*, iii. 267; to Le Bas and Waddington's *Voyage Archéolog.* t. iii.; and to an article by Aug. Bernard, on Representative Institutions among the Romans, in *Rev. Archéologique*, t. ix. N. Série.

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<sup>1</sup> Guizot, in his *History of Civilisation*, Lecture ii., gives the words of this edict, but, like Gibbon, imagines it a novel device of the Emperor Honorius.

## HEINRICH HEINE: A PLEA.

"That blackguard Heine."—CARLYLE.

"'Who was Heine'? A wicked man."—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THERE are some persons, some places, some things which fall all too easily into ready-made definitions. Labels lie temptingly to hand, and specimens get duly docketed—"rich as a Jew," perhaps, or "happy as a king"—with a promptitude and a precision which is not a trifle provoking to people of a nicely discriminative turn of mind. The amiable optimism which insists on an inseparable union between a Jew and his money, and discerns an alliterative link between kings and contentment, or makes now and again a monopoly of the virtues by labelling them "Christian," has a good deal to do with the manufacture of debateable definitions, and the ready fitting of slop-made judgments. Scores of such shallow platitudes occur to one's memory, some mischievous, some monotonous, some simply meaningless, and many of the most complacent have been tacked on to the telling of a life story brimful of contradictions, and running counter to most of the conventionalities. The story of one who was a Jew, and poor; a convert, without the zeal; a model of resignation, and yet no Christian; a poet, born under sternest conditions of prose and with sad claims, by right of race, to the scorn of scorn and hate of hate which we have been told is exclusively a poet's appanage—surely a story hardly susceptible of being summed up in an epithet. It is a life which has been told often, in many languages, and in much detail; this small sketch will glance only at such portions of it as seem to suggest the clue to a juster reading and a kindlier conclusion.

It was in the last month of the last year of the eighteenth century, in the little town of Dusseldorf in South Germany, that their eldest son Hein-

rich, or Harry as he seems to have been called in the family circle, was born unto Samson Heine, dealer in cloth, and Betty his wife. That eighteenth century had been but a dreary one for the Jews of Europe. It set in darkness on Heine's cradle, and on his "mattress grave," some fifty years later, the dawn of nineteenth century civilisation, for them, had scarcely broken. "The heaviest burden that men can lay upon us," wrote Spinoza, "is not that they persecute us with their hatred and scorn, but it is by the planting of hatred and scorn in our souls. That is what does not let us breathe freely or see clearly." This subtlest effect of the poison of persecution seemed to have entered the Jewish system. Warned off from the high-roads of life, and shunned for shambling along its bye-paths, the banned and persecuted race, looking out on the world from their ghettos, had grown to see most things in false perspective. Self loomed large on their blank horizon, and gold shone more golden in the gloom. God the Father, whose service demanded such daily sacrifice, had lost something of that divinest attribute; men, our brothers, could the words have borne any but a "tribal" sound? Still, in those dim, dream-peopled ghettos where visions of the absent, the distant, and the past must have come to further perplex and confuse the present, one actuality seems to have been grasped among the shadows, one ideal attained amid all the grim realities of that most miserable time. Home life and family affection had a sacredness for the worst of these poor sordid Jews in a sense which, to the best of those sottish little German potentates who so conscientiously despised them, would have been unmeaning. Maidens were

honourably wed, and wives honoured and children cherished in those wretched Judensträssen, where "the houses look as if they could tell sorrowful stories," after a fashion quite unknown at any, save the most exceptional, of the numerous coarse, corrupt, and ludicrously consequential little courts which were, at that period, representative of German culture.

The marriage of Heine's parents had been one of those faithful unions, under superficially unequal conditions for which Jews seem to have a genius. It had been something of the old story, "she was beautiful, and he fell in love;" she pretty, piquant, cultivated, and the daughter of a physician of some local standing; he, just a respectable member of a respectable trading family, and ordinary all round, save for the distinction of one rich relative, a banker brother at Hamburg.

Betty's attractions, however, were all dangerous and undesirable possessions in the eyes of a prudent Jewish parent of the period, and Dr. von Geldern appears to have gladly given this charming daughter of his into the safe ownership of her somewhat commonplace wooer, whose chief faculty would seem to have been that of appreciation. It proved, nevertheless, a sufficiently happy marriage, and Betty herself, although possibly rather an acquiescent daughter than a responsive bride in the preliminaries, developed into a faithful wife and a most devoted mother, utilizing her artistic tastes and her bright energy in the education of her children, and finding full satisfaction for her warm heart in their affection. Her eldest born was always passionately attached to her, and in the days of his youth, as in the years that so speedily "drew nigh with no pleasure in them," unto those latest of the "evil days" when he lay so unconscionably long a-dying, and wrote long playful letters to her full of tender deceit, telling of health and wealth and friends, in place of pain and poverty and disease, all through that bitter brilliant life of his, Heinrich Heine's relations with his

mother were altogether beautiful, and go far to refute the criticism attributed, with I know not how much of truth, to Goethe, that "the poet had every capacity save that for love!" "In real love, as in perfect music," says Bulwer Lytton in one of his novels, "there must be a certain duration of time." Heine's attachment to his mother was just life-long; his first love he never forgot, nor, indeed, wholly forgave, and his devotion to his grisette wife not only preceded marriage, but survived it. Poor Heine! was it his genius or his race, or something of both, which conferred on him that fatal *pierre de touche* as regards reputation, "*il déplait invariablement à tous les imbéciles*"?

In the very early boyhood of Heine some light broke in on the thick darkness, social and political which enveloped Jewish fortunes. It was only a fitful gleam from the meteor-like course of the first Napoleon, but during those few years when, as Heine puts it, "all boundaries were dislocated," the Duchy of Berg, and its capital Dusseldorf, in common with more important states, were created French, and the Code Napoléon took the place for a while of that other unwritten code in which the Jews were pariahs, to be condemned without evidence, and sentenced without appeal. Although the French occupation of Berg lasted unluckily but a few years (1806 till 1813), it did wonders in the way of individual civilisation, and Joachim Murat, during his governorship, seems really to have succeeded in introducing something of the "sweet pineapple odour of politeness," which Heine later notes as a characteristic of French manners, into the boorish, beerish little German principality. Although the time was all too short, and the conscription too universal for much national improvement to become evident, German burghers as well as German Jews had cause to rejoice in the change of rule. We hear of no "noble" privileges, no licensed immunities nor immoralities during the term of the French occupation, and

some healthier amusements than Jew-baiting were provided for the populace. With the departure of the French troops the clouds gathered again, which needed the storm of the '48 revolution to be effectually dispersed. Still the foreign government, short as it was, had lasted long enough to make an impression for life on Heinrich Heine, and its most immediate effect was in the school influences it brought to bear upon him. Throughout all the states brought under French control, public education, by the Imperial edict of 1808, was settled on one broad system, and put under the general direction of the French Minister of Instruction. In accordance with this decree some suitable building in each selected district had to be utilised for class-rooms, the students had to be put into uniform, the teachers to be Frenchmen, and all subjects had to be taught through the medium of that language. The lycée at Dusseldorf was set up in an ancient Franciscan convent, and hither at the age of ten was Heine daily despatched. A bright little auburn-haired lad, full of fun and mischief, and mother-taught up to this date save for some small amount of Hebrew drilling which he seems to have received at the hands of a neighbouring Jewish instructor of youth, Harry had everything to learn, and discipline and the Latin declensions were among the first and greatest of his difficulties. Poet nature and boy nature were both strong in him, and it was so hard to sit droning out long dull lists of words, which he was quite sure the originators of them had never had to do, for "if the Romans had had first to learn Latin," he ruminated, "they never would have had time to conquer the world"—so impossible he found it to keep his eyes on the page, whilst the very motes were dancing in the sunshine as it poured in through the old convent window, which was set just too high in the wall for a safe jump into freedom. One day the need of sympathy, and possibly some unconscious association from the dim old cloister,

proved momentarily too strong for the impressionable little lad's Jewish instincts; he came across a crucifix in some forgotten niche of the transformed convent; he looked up, he tells us, at the roughly carved figure, and dropping on his knees, prayed an earnest heterodox prayer, "Oh, Thou poor once persecuted God, do help me, if possible, to keep the irregular verbs in my head!"

Jewish instincts we said, and they could have been scarcely more, for neither at home, at school, nor in the streets was the atmosphere the boy breathed favourable to the development of religious principles. The Judaism of that age was, superficially, very much what the age had made of it; and its followers and its persecutors alike combined to render it mightily unattractive to susceptible natures. Samson Heine, stolid and respectable, we may imagine doing his religious, as he did all his other duties and avocations, in solemn routine fashion, laying heavy honest hands on each prose detail, and letting every bit of poetic meaning slip through his fat fingers, whilst his bright eager wife, with her large ideas and her small vanities, ruled her household, and read her Rousseau, and, feeling the outer world shut from her by religion, and the higher world barred from her by ritual, found the whole thing cramping and unsatisfying to the last degree. "Happy is he whom his mother teacheth" runs an old Talmudic proverb, but among the mother-taught lessons of his childhood, the best was missing to Heinrich Heine—the real difference between "holy and profane" he never rightly learnt, and thus it came to pass that Jewish instincts—an ineradicable and an inalienable, but alas! an incomplete inheritance of the sons of Israel—were all that Judaism gave to this poet of Jewish race. One lingers over these early influences, the right understanding of which goes far to supply the key to some of the later puzzles; these early years give too the silver lining to the gathering clouds, though oddly enough the clouds which

by and by hid the blue are discernible from the very first, but in view of the dark days coming one rejoices that Heine's childhood at least was a happy one. At home the merry, mischievous boy was quite a hero to his two younger brothers, and a hero and a companion both to his only sister, the Löttchen who was the occasion of his earliest recorded composition. It is a favourite recollection of this lady, who is living still, how she, a blushing little maid of ten, won a good deal of unmerited praise for a school theme till her trembling confession was extorted that the real author was her brother Harry. His mother too was exceedingly proud of her handsome eldest son, whose resemblance in many ways to her was the sweetest flattery. And besides the adoring home circle Harry had found a great ally for play hours in an old French ex-drummer, who had marched to victory with Napoleon's legions, and who had plenty of tales to tell the boy of the wonderful invincible Kaiser, whom one day—blest never-to-be-forgotten vision—the boy actually saw ride through Dusseldorf on his famous white steed (1810). Heine never quite lost the glamour cast over him in his youth: France, Germany, Judea, each in a sense his *patria*, was each, in the time to come, "loved both ways," each in turn mocked at bitterly enough when the mood was on him, but always with France, the "poet of the nations" as our own English poetess calls her, the sympathies of this cosmopolitan poet were keenest—a perhaps not unnatural state of feeling when we reflect how fact and fiction both combined to produce it. The French occupation of the principality had been a veritable deliverance to its inhabitants, Christian and Jewish alike, and what boy, in his own person, led out of bondage, would not have thrilled to such stories as the old drummer had to tell of the real living hero of it all? And the boy in question we must bear in mind was a poet *in posse*.

In school, in spite of the difficulties with the irregular verbs, Harry seems to have held his own, and to have soon

attracted the especial attention of the director. The chief selected for the lycée at Dusseldorf had happened to be a Roman Catholic Abbé of decidedly Voltairian views on most subjects, and attracted by the boy and becoming acquainted with his family, many a talk did Abbé Schallmayer have with Frau Heine over the undoubted gifts and the delightful imperfections of her son. It may possibly have been altogether simple interest in his bright young pupil, or perhaps Frau Heine, pretty still, and charming always, was herself an attraction to the schoolmaster, but certain it is, whether a private taste for pretty women or genuine pedagogic enthusiasm prompted his frequent calls, our Abbé was a constant visitor at Samson Heine's, and Harry and Harry's future a never-failing theme for conversation. What was the boy to be? There was no room for much speculation if he were to remain a Jew—that path was narrow, if not straight, and admitted of small range of choice along its level line of commerce.

Betty, we know, was no staunch Jewess, and had her small personal ambitions to boot, so such opposition as there was to the Abbé's plainly given counsel to make a Catholic of the boy, came probably from the stolid, steady going father, to whom custom spoke in echoes resonant enough to deaden the muffled tones of religion. No question of sentiment or sacrifice was permitted to complicate, or elevate, the question; no sense of voluntary renunciation was suggested to the boy; no choice between the life and good, and the death and evil, between conscience and compromise, was presented to him. On the broadly comprehensive grounds that Judaism and trade had been good enough for the father, trade and Judaism must be good enough for the son—the matter was decided. But still before the lad's prospects could be definitively settled, one important personage remained to be consulted, the banker at Hamburg, whose wealth had gained him somewhat of the position of a family fetish. What

Uncle Solomon would say to a scheme had no fictitious value about it; for even were the oracle occasionally dumb, not seldom would its speech be silver and its silence gold. A rich uncle is a very solemn possession in an impecunious family, so Harry and Harry's poetry, and Harry's powers generally, had to be weighed in the Hamburg scales before any standard value could be assigned to either one of them. For three years the balance was held doubtful; the counting-house scales, accurate as they usually were, could hardly adjust themselves to the conditions of an unknown quantity, which "young Heine" on an office stool must certainly have proved to his bewildered relatives. We may imagine him in that correct and cramping atmosphere fretting as he had done in the old convent school days against its weary routine, longing with all the half understood strength of his poet nature for the green hills and the mountain lakes, and feeling absolutely stifled with all the solemn interest shown over sordid matters. He tells us himself of some of his "calculations" which would wander far afield, and leave the figures on his paper to concern themselves with the far more perplexing units which passed the mirky office windows, as he complains, "at the same hour, with the same mien, making the same motions, like the puppets in a town house clock — reckoning, reckoning always on the basis, twice two are four. Frightful should it ever suddenly occur to one of these people that twice two are properly five, and that he therefore had miscalculated his whole life and squandered it all away in a ghastly error"! Many a poem too, sorrowful or fantastic, as the mood took him, was scribbled in office hours, and very probably on office paper, thence to find a temporary home in the *Hamburg Watchman*. What could be done with such a lad? By every office standard he must inevitably have been found wanting, and one even feels a sort of sympathy with the prosaic head of the house who had made his money by the exercise of such very

different talents, and whose notions of poetry corresponded very nearly with Corporal Bunting's notion of love, that it's by no means "the great thing in life boys and girls want to make it out to be—that one does not eat it, nor drink it, and as for the rest, why it's bother." It always was "bother" to the banker: all through his prosperous life this poet nephew of his, who had the prophetic impertinence to tell the old man once that he owed him some gratitude for being born his uncle, and for bearing his name, was an unsatisfactory riddle. Original genius of the sort which could create a bank-book *ex nihilo*, the millionaire could have appreciated, but originality which ran into such unproductive channels as poetry-book making was quite beyond him, and that he never read the young man's verses it is needless to say. Even in his own immediate family poor Harry found no audience, save his mother, for his first book, and to the very end of his days Solomon Heine for the life of him could see nothing in this nephew but a *dumme Junge*, who never "got on," and who made a jest of most things, even of his wealthy and respectable relatives. It was scarcely the old man's fault; it is a law in optics that one can only see to the limits of one's vision, and a poet's soul was not well within his range. According to his lights he was not ungenerous. That Harry had not the making of a clerk in him, those three probationary years had proved to demonstration, and in the determination at which the banker presently arrived, of giving those indefinite talents which he only understood enough to doubt, a chance of development by paying for a three years' university course at Bonn, he seems to have come fully up to any reasonable ideal of a rich uncle. It is just possible that a secondary motive influenced his generosity, for Harry, besides scribbling, had found a relief from office work by falling in love with one of his cousins who would seem not to have shared the family distaste for poetry. The little idyl was of course out of the



question in so realistic a circle, and the young lady, to do her justice, seems herself to have been speedily reconverted to the proper principles in which she had been trained. No unfit pendant to the "Amy, shallow-hearted" with whom a more recent generation is more familiar, this Cousin Amy of poor Heine's married and "kept her carriage" with all due despatch, whilst he, at college, was essaying to mend his "heart broken in two" with all the stypitics which are as old and, alas, as hurtful as such fractures. Poetical exaggeration notwithstanding—and besides her own especial love-elegy, Amalie Heine, under thin disguises, is the heroine of very many of the love poems—there is little room for doubt, that if not so seriously injured as he thought, Heine's heart did nevertheless receive a wound, which ached for many and many a long day, from this girl's weak or wilful inconstancy. Heartache is, however, nearly as much a matter-of-course episode in most young people's lives as measles, and the consequences of either malady are seldom lastingly serious.

Heine's youthful disappointment is of chief interest as having indirectly led to what was really the determining event of his life. When Amalie's parents shrewdly determined on separation as the best course to be pursued with the cousins, and the university plan had been accepted by Harry, the future, which was to date from degree taking, came on for discussion. Except in an "other-worldly" sense there was, in truth, but a very limited "future" possible to Jews of talent. The only open profession was that of medicine, and for that, like the son of Moses Mendelssohn, young Heine had a positive distaste. Commerce, that first and final resource of the race, which had had to satisfy Joseph Mendelssohn, like a good many others equally ill-fitted for it, was not possible to Heine, for he had sufficiently shown, not only dislike, but positive incapacity for business routine. The law suggested itself, as affording an excellent arena for those ready

powers of argument and repartee which in the family circle were occasionally embarrassing, and the profession of an advocate, with the vague "opportunities" it included, when pressed upon young Heine, was not unalluring to him. The immediate future was probably what most occupied his thoughts; the freedom of a university life, the flowing river in place of those bustling streets, shelves full of books exchanged for those dreary office ledgers, youthful comrades in the stead of solemnly irritated old clerks. Whether the fact that conversion was a condition of most of the delights, an inevitable preliminary of all the benefits of that visionary future; whether the grim truth that "a certificate of baptism was a necessary card of admission to European culture," was openly debated and defended, or silently and shamefacedly slurred over in these family councils, does not appear. No record remains to us but the facts that the young student successfully passed his examination in May, 1825; that he was admitted to his degree on July 20, and that between these two dates—to be precise, on the 28th of June—he was baptised as a Protestant with two clergymen for his sponsors. "Lest I be poor and deny thee" was Agur's prayer, and a wise one; for shivering Poverty, clutching at the drapery of Desire, makes unto herself many a fine, mean, flimsy garment. With no gleam of conviction to cast a flickering halo of enthusiasm over the act, and with no shadow of overwhelming circumstance to somewhat veil it, Heine made his deliberate surrender of conscience to expediency. It was full-grown apostasy, neither conscientious conversion, nor childish drifting into another faith. "No man's soul is alone," Ruskin tells us in his uncompromising way, "Laocoon or Tobit, the serpent has it by the heart or the angel by the hand." For the rest of his life Heine was in the grip of the serpent, and that, it seems to us, was the secret of his perpetual unrest. Maimed lives are common

enough; blind or deaf, or minus a leg or an arm, or plus innumerable bruises, one yet goes on living, and with the help of time and philosophy sorrow of most sorts grows bearable. Hearts are tough; but the soul is more sensitive to injuries, is, to many of us, the veritable, vulnerable *tendo Achillis* on which our mothers lay their tender, detaining, unavailing hands. Heine sold his soul, and that he never received the price must have perpetually renewed the memory of the bargain. He, one of the "body guards of Jehovah," had suffered himself to be bribed from his post. He never lost the sickening sense of his humiliation; it may be read between the lines, alike of the most brilliant of his prose, of the most tender of his poems, of the most mocking of his often quoted jests.

"They have told thee a-many stories,  
And much complaint have made;  
And yet my heart's true anguish  
That never have they said.

"They shook their heads protesting,  
They made a great to-do;  
They called me a wicked fellow,  
And thou believedst it true.

"And yet the worst of all things,  
Of that they were not aware,  
The darkest and the saddest,  
That in my heart I bear."<sup>1</sup>

And it was a burden he never laid down; it embittered his relationships and jeopardised his friendships, and set him at variance with himself. "I get up in the night and look in the glass and curse myself," we find him writing to one of his old Jewish fellow-workers in the New Jerusalem movement (Moser), or checking himself in the course of a violent tirade against converts in which Börne had joined, to bitterly exclaim, "It is ill talking of ropes in the house of one who has been hanged." Wherever he treats of Jewish subjects, and the theme seems always to have had for him the fascination which is said to tempt sinners to revisit the scene of their sins, we seem to read remorse

between the melodious, mocking lines. Now it is Moses Lump who is laughed at in half tones of envy for his ignorant unbarterable belief in the virtue of unsnuffed candles; now it is Jehudah Halevi, whose love for the mistress, the *Herzensdame*, "whose name was Jerusalem," is sung with a sympathy and an intensity impossible to one who had not felt a like passion, and was not bitterly conscious of having forfeited the right to avow it. The sense of his moral mercenary suicide, in truth, rarely left him, and his nature was too conscientious for the strain thus set upon it; his "wickedness" and "black-guardism," such as they were, were often but passionate efforts to throw his old man of the sea, his heavy burden of self-reproach, and his jests were not unseldom so many untranslatable cries. His confessions are written evidences of recantation, through an ordeal which lasted some thirty years. He had bargained away his birthright for the hope of a mess of pottage, and the evil taste of the base contract clung to his poor paralysed lips when "even kissing had no effect upon them." And but a thin, unsatisfying, and terribly intermittent "mess," too, it proved at the best, and the share in it which his uncle, and his uncle's heirs, provided was very bitter in the eating. The story of his struggles, are they not written in the chronicles of the immortals? and his "monument," is it not standing yet "in the new stone premises of his publishers?"<sup>2</sup> His biographers—his niece, the Princessa della Rocca, among the latest—have made every incident of Heine's life as familiar as his own books have made his genius to English readers, and Mr. Stigand, following Herr Strodtman, has given us an exhaustive record of the poet's life at home and in exile; in the Germany which was so harsh and in the

<sup>2</sup> Messrs. Campe and Hoffmann erected their new offices during the publication (not too well paid) of the poet's works.

<sup>1</sup> The translation is by Miss Amy Levy.  
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France which was so tender with him ; with the respectable German relatives, who read his books at last and were none the wiser, and with the unlettered French wife, who could not read a single word of them all, and who yet understood her poet by virtue of the love which passeth understanding, and was in this case entirely independent of it. This sketch trenches on no such well-filled ground ; it presumes to touch only on the sin which gave to life and genius both that odd pathetic twist, and to glance at the suffering, which, if there be any saving power in anguish, might surely be held by the most self-righteous as some atonement for the "blackguardism."

" Oh ! not little when pain  
Is most quelling, and man  
Easily quelled, and the fine  
Temper of genius so soon  
Thrills at each smart, is the praise  
Not to have yielded to pain."<sup>1</sup>

Seven years on the rack is no small test of the heroic temperament ; to lie sick and solitary, stretched on a "mattress grave," the back bent and twisted, the legs paralysed, the hands powerless, and with the senses of sight and taste fast failing. At any time within that seven years he might well have gained the gold medal in capability of suffering for which, in his whimsical way, he talked of competing should such a prize be offered at the Paris Exhibition (of 1855). And the long days, with "no pleasure in them," were so drearily many ; the silver cord was so slowly loosed, the golden bowl seemed broken on the wheel. His very friends grew tired. "One must love one's friends with all their failings, but it is a great failing to be ill," says Madame Sevigné, and as the years went by more and more deserted grew the sick chamber. He never complained ; his sweet, ungrudging nature found excuses for their desertion and content in his loneliness, in the reflection that he was in truth unconscionably long a-dying. "Never have I seen," says Lady Duff-Gordon,

<sup>1</sup> Matthew Arnold, *Heinrich Heine*.

in her *Recollections of Heine*, and she herself was no mean exemplar of bravely borne pain, "never have I seen a man bear such horrible pain and misery in so perfectly unaffected a manner. He neither paraded his anguish, nor tried to conceal it, or to put on any stoical airs. He was pleased to see tears in my eyes, and then at once set to work to make me laugh heartily, which pleased him just as much." "Don't tell my wife," he exclaims one day when a paroxysm that should have been fatal was not, and the doctor expressed what he meant for a reassuring belief, that it would not hasten the end. "Don't tell my wife" — we seem to hear that sad little jest, so infinitely sadder than a moan, and our own eyes moisten. Perfectly upright geniuses, when suffering from dyspepsia, have not always shown as much consideration for their perfectly proper wives as does this "blackguard" Heine, under torture, for his. It is conceivable that under exceptional circumstances a man may contrive to be a hero to his valet, but, unless he be truly heroic, he will not be able to keep up the character to his wife. Heine managed both. Madame Heine is still living, and one may not say much of a love that was truly strong as death and that the many waters of affliction could not quench. But the valet test, we may hint, was fulfilled, for the old servant who helped to tend him in that terrible illness lives still with Madame Heine, and cries "for company" when the widow's talk falls, as it falls often, on the days of her youth and her "*pauvre Henri*." There are traditional records in plenty of his cheerful courage, his patient unselfishness, his unfailing endurance of well-nigh unendurable pain. "*Dieu me pardonnera, c'est son métier*," the dying lips part to say, still with that sweet, inseparable smile playing about them. Shall man be more just than God ? Shall we leave to Him for ever the monopoly of His *métier* ?

KATIE MAGNUS.

## ON HISTORY AGAIN:

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF BIRMINGHAM.

ON what subject shall I address you? If I had no purpose but to gratify you, if I but asked myself how I might make the hour pass most agreeably, I should look for some new topic, and avoid, as already sufficiently treated, the subject I chose for my address last year. We students of history may assuredly boast that no pursuit affords such a variety of interesting topics; how easy it would be for me to find novelty if I sought it! I might choose some interesting passage of history and endeavour to treat it so, with so much gravity on the one hand, and with such delicate touches of imagination on the other, that you might thank me for a rare intellectual treat. I say I might endeavour to do this. If the skill should fail me I might securely calculate that your own love for history, which has led you to establish this society, and your good-will to me, which has led you to choose me a second time for its president, would in a great degree supply the deficiency. But I am not here to give you pleasure, and I believe you did not invite me here that I might give you pleasure. The study of history is indeed delightful, but in my opinion it is at the same time so important, so momentously and anxiously important, that I almost cease to find delight in it, and am inclined to envy those who lived when history could be regarded as a fairyland in which poets might wander, a quarry out of which *Waverley Novels* and *Lays of Ancient Rome* might be hewn. I think too that you must enter into this feeling, since after hearing me last year<sup>1</sup> hold

<sup>1</sup> See "A Historical Society" in *Macmillan* for November, 1881.

this somewhat austere language, you did not, as I confess I thought you would, decide that one such address was enough, but have applied to me for another. I told you then that delightful history was almost another name for untrue history, and that the practice of reading history for mere pleasure, which has been indulged without restraint in the modern periods, has ended within those periods in destroying history, so that actually an impression has become current that recent times lie in some way outside history, and for some reason are not worth studying. I said that your society would have the function of making history a serious study, which, alas! implies, it cannot be denied, diminishing somewhat its delightfulness, its poetical charm. You, however, were not discouraged; you recognised that your society had a serious object, that your meetings are not held simply that you may pass agreeable hours. And in asking me to address you again you must have resolved to face this austere theory a second time.

I take courage, therefore, to go back to the old topic, not the most delightful, but in my opinion by far the most important topic which I can choose. It is all-important just at this moment when you are entering upon a new path, in which probably many other great towns will before long follow you, that you should avoid the wrong turning. Instead of an earnest, painstaking, self-denying pursuit of truth, it is open to you to treat the study of history as a refined pleasure, a high intellectual enjoyment. In short, you have now to decide the all-important

question whether you will regard history as a scientific or as a literary pursuit. History is now an old subject, and undeniably for some two thousand years it has been reckoned under the head of literature. Historians have been placed by the side of poets, and have been praised almost in the same words and for the same merits—for eloquence, imagination, sublimity, pathos. They have seldom been reckoned among men of science. Some scientific qualities, no doubt, research, accuracy, impartiality, have been expected from them, but such qualities have added but little to their fame, for their fame has been popular rather than scientific. The historian has been vaguely wondered at for knowing a great deal, for having stored up a prodigious number of facts. He is often supposed to be necessarily a man of remarkable power of memory. Thus we repeat with admiration that Macaulay said "Any fool could repeat his Archbishops of Canterbury backwards," and abroad they tell of Johannes Müller, the great historian of Switzerland, that he was called upon by some people who had a wager on the result to repeat off-hand the whole list of the Counts of Bugey, with the date of the accession of each, and that he did it without hesitation, only chafing very much to find that in the case of one count he could not recollect whether he succeeded on his father's death or had been associated by his father in the government. Such wonderful tales show that we think of the historian as being a person of mysterious knowledge; but this knowledge we do not conceive as simple science, but some wonderful personal endowment, a kind of witchcraft. All this, however, we regard from a distance; whatever the historian may be in himself, in his relation to the public he is a literary man; he is a writer who can relate in a rich and fascinating style the fine things that have happened in past times. So it

has always been; and therefore when I come forward and say that such a view belongs to the infancy of historical method, and that for the future the historian must be as unlike this as the modern philosopher is unlike Thomas Aquinas, I utter, no doubt, a hard saying; I cannot expect to produce conviction at once; I must return again and again to the subject.

Now, in my last address, I was mainly occupied in showing that the mistake, as I consider it, is really made, especially in the history of recent periods, because in that department there has been no organisation, and the supply of history has been regulated solely by the unintelligent popular demand. I did, indeed, at the same time make some estimate of the evil consequences resulting from such inadequate treatment of an important subject, but this I did but slightly and summarily. I avail myself, therefore, gladly of this second opportunity you offer me. Goethe remarks how convenient it would be if in human life we were allowed to do everything twice over. He means, no doubt, that we might correct our mistakes, as it were, in a second edition. I, too, find it convenient that I am allowed to deliver the presidential address twice over; but not because I wish to unsay or to qualify anything; it is because in going over the ground again I may put myself at a different point of view, and bring into the front of the scene what was left before in the background. My subject, then, to-day, will be the practical effect of the two rival methods of treating history—the literary and the scientific method.

Though I treated this question but summarily last year, yet I imagine I laid down a proposition which could not easily be misunderstood, and which, if true, was weighty enough. I affirmed that all politics depend upon history. Let me start then again from this principle. It is a paradox,

no doubt, to those who repeat the word "history" without defining it. 'What! history tells us about Greece and Rome, and other curious places which were important two thousand years ago, or about William the Conqueror and Richard Cœur-de-Lion, about wars and tyrants, and the strange things that happened when the world was half barbarous. What can all this have to do with politics? And what better plan could a man adopt for confusing his judgment and disqualifying himself for sober practical affairs than to fill his head with such old-world stories?' Such are the notions of history which prevail naturally under the literary treatment of it. It is supposed to be romantic, and concerned only with remote times, because literary historians for the success of their books choose romantic subjects, and dress them in poetical diction, and affect remote periods in which they can escape from political controversy. All such objections fall to the ground at once if we lay it down that history is simply the mass of facts that can be collected concerning the actual existence and development of the organism called the state, that accordingly it deals with the recent and the present just as much as with the past, and that it has no predilection whatever for what is romantic or unusual—this being a perversion which has been introduced through the literary treatment of it—but seeks those facts from which important inferences concerning the life of states can be drawn. This being laid down, the connexion between history and politics becomes immediately apparent. Once conceive that states may be studied in this comprehensive and inductive manner, you at once see that such study may be the proper basis of all statesmanship and politics. You see that the divorce which now separates history from politics may be the effect of a particular perverse mode of treating history.

History then, so considered, is no

mere agreeable recreation, but of all studies the most practical and the most important. All that we call in the largest sense politics, all great affairs affecting large numbers of people, depend upon it. When we attempt to deny this, when we say that the kind of knowledge needed in public affairs is practical rather than bookish, when we point to successful statesmen who have despised history, all we prove is that history has been so badly studied, so badly organised, that the substitute for history a shrewd man may provide for himself was practically better than the history taught in schools. In like manner, so long as medicine is in its infancy, the empiric may be a better doctor than the regular practitioner. What passed for history until a very recent time, could be of no practical use. Its facts were untrustworthy, its generalisations rhetorical and not serious. In these circumstances the practical man might wisely neglect it. But even then he only disregarded what was known technically as history; the real thing he did not and could not dispense with. Out of Blue Books and such statistics as he could come at, out of conversation with older statesmen, he made up for himself a fund of knowledge which, though perhaps he did not know it, was history—history not reaching back far, fragmentary and unsatisfactory, but yet considerably better than what in those days passed for history in the schools.

Perhaps few of us realise how great is the change which has taken place of late years in history, or how great are the results which must shortly follow from that change. We hear, indeed, of great activity in historical research, new documents consulted, new views of men and periods coming into fashion; but does it occur to us that all this activity, all this progress, must some day give history, as such, a position and an influence in practical affairs that it has never yet

enjoyed? Theoretically, I suppose, we shall all admit that history ought to be the guide and oracle of public affairs. If we had before us a clear record of the past, if all the tendencies had been accurately traced, all the forces measured, we should have the best possible indicator to guide us onward into the future. Hitherto all this has been purely theoretical. We have had no such clear record, but a record so confused and false that scarcely any use could be made of it. We have therefore accustomed ourselves to other guidance, we have fallen back upon mere custom or else upon *a priori* principles, such as in all other subjects we have long ago recognised to be untrustworthy. But in the meanwhile historical method has been improved and reformed. We have now before us a mass of historical facts on which it is worth while to found generalisations. How different was it when Locke or Montesquieu tried to speculate upon political science! They could scarcely adduce a fact which does not now appear utterly worthless, legendary, or else misunderstood. It is quite otherwise now; and so now it is worth while to call to mind again that history after all, if only history can be made to speak clearly, has the secret we want to learn. After all in politics as in other departments, principles ought to be grounded upon observation abundant and accurate; they can in fact be safely grounded upon nothing else; so that the politician who tells me he cares nothing for history, merely means that he cares nothing for remote history, or that he distrusts the history he finds in books, and prefers the history he can discover for himself.

And now, then, if history is a study so momentous, if such great issues hang upon it, I ask you, Ought history to be studied in the literary or the scientific manner? Hitherto the historian has held an uncertain position on the boundary line between literature and science. In which province shall he take up his definitive place?

This is as much as to ask whether the political truths which we hope to discover by means of history are truths which lie at all out of the way, are at all difficult to be discovered, or such as will at all surprise us when they are discovered. There is no use in making a parade of scientific exactness if nothing important is to come of it. The literary method will be quite sufficient if there is really nothing beyond the lists of kings, the wars and treaties, the parliaments and legislation, which strike the eye first in history, if beyond all this we do not look for any generalisations, any discoveries analogous to those which have been made by the students of plants and animals. If this is all, then let us of course be exact, let us verify our dates with care, let us consult original documents faithfully, and weigh evidence scrupulously. But in that case it would be absurd to lay much stress upon accuracy; it would be mere pedantry to insist upon minute details. In that case, perhaps, the best course would be to class the subject under the head of literature, and the best history would be the history written in the most glowing, imaginative, and popular style.

In that case, history would come quite close in the classification of subjects to a subject with which it is often compared and sometimes confounded, biography. Biographies too ought to be accurate, but after all not much depends upon their minute accuracy, as we do not mean to found generalisations upon them. Accordingly, though we blame a biography if it is inaccurate, we do not greatly praise it for being simply accurate; we praise it for warmth, vividness, insight into character. Just so the literary school of historians regard history, which they conceive as "the essence of innumerable biographies." They collect facts, not as inductive philosophers, not that they may found general propositions upon them, but as artists, that they may produce an effect by means of

them. They do so because they do not believe that any system of new important truth is to be discovered through history. According to them there is no doubt a kind of wisdom to be gained from history, a certain knowledge of human nature, but it is a wisdom which can never develop into science, but begins and ends in weighty aphorisms, useful maxims like those of Bacon or Macchiavelli. Tacitus is the idol of this school. They set no bounds to their admiration for his artful turns of expression, his pregnant sentences, his graphic pictures, and the solemn effective pose of the historian himself. And yet if there are really problems to be solved by history, and you go to Tacitus for a solution of the momentous problems which his age presents, you may find him perhaps not only a great genius, but even as satisfactory a historian as could be expected in the time and place, but by no means a model such as ought to be imitated now. You find that you cannot trust his facts, that he has related what is effective rather than what is true; as to his famous reflections, you find that they would be more instructive if they were less elaborately pregnant, and that they ought to have taken the form of full and carefully supported explanations, instead of being conveyed in oracular hints.

Thus the literary school of history starts from a postulate that the historian has nothing particular to discover, and may, therefore, devote himself to elegant narration. It postulates, therefore, the exact opposite of that fundamental proposition which I laid down above. It does not for a moment imagine that politics depend upon history, that what we believe in politics would be found, if examined, to rest upon evidence which, good or bad, is historical in its nature. On the contrary, it habitually assumes that we come to history with a political system ready made, a system established independently, and not to be modified by anything which history may reveal. I

may take Tacitus as an illustration here too. There runs through his writings a tacit assumption that the senatorian view of the imperial system of Rome is of course just. This view is not advocated, facts are not expressly adduced to prove it, but it is assumed throughout as if it were established by some evidence higher and stronger than that of history. So it is at the present day in the majority of historical works. They assume a political system which is supposed to have been proved elsewhere, and not mainly by historical, but by some higher *à priori* demonstration. Now, if this is so, if we have political truth, and are in full enjoyment of it before we begin our historical studies, then we may be well contented with the literary method, and need not be at the pains to apply the scientific. The literary method is no doubt more agreeable, and if little depends on history, if we may make mistakes in history without fear of any serious practical consequences, why! by all means let us indulge ourselves. It is only when we regard history as the basis of political science, and therefore the basis of the whole political fabric, that we feel strongly the necessity of making it as solid as it can be made by the most rigid scientific method.

You must see by this time why I attach so much importance to these questions of method and ultimate purpose in history. There are many secondary reasons, all worth considering, why history should be studied. You have been partly influenced no doubt by such secondary reasons in founding this society. What more natural than that we should wish to know accurately the notable deeds that have been done, the notable persons that have lived in our country, or perhaps in our neighbourhood! Nay more, you have perhaps gone so far as to hold that historical studies may occasionally throw some light upon the political questions agitated among us at the present day; for after all are not the present and the past intimately connected together? But I want you



to lay it down without any limitation, that all the political opinions you hold, rest, whether you know it or not, upon history; and that all historical study, whether you intend it or not, leads up to a system of political truth; and therefore that in this Society, if it goes to work with proper thoroughness and comprehensiveness, you will review and reconsider, and try to put on a proper scientific basis, all that you have ever thought on the subject of society and the state.

What are these curious groups to which, all alike, we find ourselves attached, these aggregations of men which we call sometimes nations, sometimes, as if it were necessarily the same thing, states? The affairs, the interests of these aggregations occupy us more and more intensely than almost anything else. We grow excited and inflamed about them, sometimes we sacrifice property, and even life, for them. We also think about them, discuss them, and write books about them with an eagerness which scarcely any other subject can arouse in us. It might seem therefore likely *à priori* that the laws which govern this singular class of phenomena would have been studied earlier and laid down more completely than any other laws. And indeed, speculations on the republic, on politics, were published very early, and the subject has never ceased to interest philosophers. But yet, strange to say! no theory of the subject has ever been generally accepted. A great many detached observations have been made, a vast mass of truth has been collected, and something has been done in arranging it, but no steady progress is made. Though no one doubts the sovereign importance of the subject to every individual, nor its close connexion with the duties and interests of each individual, yet the subject is actually not to be found in the curriculum of education at all. I suppose no one here present was ever at school taken through a course of politics:

As we have never learnt this sub-

ject, how is it that we all know it so well and are such perfect masters of it? For in this respect there is scarcely any difference among us. In these modern days knowledge has accumulated so much, and at the same time we have grown so critical in respect of accuracy, that almost every man feels in general the necessity of specialising; no one now professes to know more than two or three subjects; beyond these he may be interested, he may be curious, but he does not know, he cannot presume to have an opinion. Politics however we all know, and all equally well. Yet not only have we never learnt it, but perhaps, if we reflect, we shall find, at least very many of us, that it is actually the only important subject on which we have never read any systematic and tolerably modern treatise.

Suppose now that some day the idea should occur to us that as we take so intense an interest in politics, and as we are always talking about them, we might as well also study them—by studying them of course I mean not merely collecting information about particular questions, but trying to rise from particular facts to general principles as we do in other departments of study;—suppose this idea should occur to us, how should we set about realising it? Should we with our present habits of thought and scientific investigation imagine that we could lay down such general principles *à priori*? It would not surely occur to us as it did to the first speculators in political science, to begin by assuming some object for which all states must necessarily exist, and to proceed in the next place to try existing states by this ideal standard. Just as little, I suppose, should we think of embarking on the quest of a perfect state. We know now by much experience that those are false scents, that those paths lead not to solid, but to fantastic, knowledge. We should certainly feel at the outset the want of a large collection of facts; next when such facts

were collected we should proceed to sort and classify them. These tasks, though only preliminary, would be by no means light or soon despatched, for the collection of facts means the rejection of fables, and that demands much criticism; and classification too, we know by this time, has its difficulties and dangers. But not till these preliminary tasks, considerable in themselves, were far advanced, should we think it safe to generalise, and then only gradually, tentatively.

Now what is the phenomenon which the student of politics examines? It is the phenomenon called the state. And the facts of which he makes a collection are facts about the state. A collection of facts about the state! That seems a very roundabout expression of an extremely familiar idea. A collection of facts about the state is neither more nor less than history.

In this way history is put in relation to a great and all-important object. It ceases to be a mass of facts collected for mere curiosity, and becomes a scientific collection intended to form the basis, first of a classification, and then of an analysis, of the grand human phenomenon called the state. But we have to struggle in this subject against a difficulty which is peculiar to it. States are phenomena which cannot be brought into direct view, and the facts about them are hidden under misrepresentation, ceremonial disguise, official phraseology, to such an extent that the preliminary task of accurate scientific description is far more difficult than in the case of any merely physical phenomenon. For this reason, and also because states were interesting to the multitude, and therefore attractive to literary men, history has loitered by the way, partly fatigued, partly tempted aside; it has forgotten the object with which it set out, and now fancies that it narrates for the sake of narration, that it has only to tell a story, and that it attains its end whenever it wins the applause of the audience. Hence it ceases to draw conclusions and ceases also

to select its facts with a view to conclusions; it begins to look for what is amusing or impressive, rather than what is important; and ends by sinking into a kind of true romance.

But while history lost sight of its object, which is politics, political science also necessarily lost sight of its method, which is history. The conduct of public affairs was urgently important, and could not wait while a satisfactory theory of public affairs was elaborated. Men followed such lights as they had, used such natural insight, and adopted such methods, as were within their reach. They still—and very wisely—depend mainly on these. Still as always they are very jealous of admitting theoretical notions into practical politics, for they always felt that to have no theory was practically better than to have a wrong or unsound theory, and an instinct taught them that political theory was not yet advanced to the stage in which it could be entrusted with the control of practical affairs.

Meanwhile, however, the need of general principles in politics is much more strongly felt than it used to be. We hear now a great deal about such principles; men parade their creeds, their opinions in politics, almost as much as in religion. Where they used to appeal only to custom or ancient right, they appeal now to first principles which are supposed to have been established in the gradual progress of enlightenment, and to form the recognised system of civilisation. But whence are these principles derived? According to us the only sound basis for them is a science of states solidly grounded in a great induction of facts, which induction is neither more nor less than history. But no; history has taken, under the influence of the old ideas, a fixed form. It wears the appearance of a mere narrative; it scarcely professes to establish any general principles; and so it does not readily occur to us, when we begin our quest for political principles, to look *there* for them.

It is the proper moment, when a Historical Society is founded, to dig down into these hidden roots of things. Your Society is sure to do good work, but it will scarcely do great or memorable work unless it thinks as well as investigates, unless it has an ideal, unless it often pauses in the midst of its special researches to ask why it exists, and towards what goal it is travelling. I show you such an object when I point out to you that this is an age which demands principles in politics, that such principles can only be deduced from history, that from history, scarcely perhaps as it now is, but as it might be if it took a serious and comprehensive view of its function, they might be deduced; but that if we put history on one side, and try to establish principles on some other basis, we shall make the very mistake which in other departments has retarded science for so long a time.

What other basis can we lay? The state is a very singular and complex phenomenon. Can we hope to understand it so as to guide it safely without the help of careful, unprejudiced, exact observation of facts? Can we think that it will be enough to observe only the particular state with which ourselves are concerned? Must we not compare it with other states, inquire whether there are laws of political development, because if so, measures which are salutary at one stage of growth may chance to be mischievous when applied at another? Must we not inquire into the relations which subsist between the state and the race in which it springs up, or the physical conditions which surround it, since otherwise we may find ourselves adopting, as if they were absolute, rules and measures which are only good relatively, which are not good for states as such, but only for states in certain circumstances.

The mistake of regarding what is only relative as absolute and that of overlooking development and supposing things to be much more fixed than they are, have been made so

often and have been so often detected that it might seem incredible that we should still commit them, and in a subject so important as politics. Can it be that any people really exist who take the dogmatic absolute view that I have described? It is, indeed, not easy to say what are the fundamental principles upon which we act in politics, for there is no subject which is so seldom or so slightly discussed among us. We have a peculiar skill in avoiding it by keeping all discussion within the sphere of the facts immediately at issue; the principles we always take for granted, either not mentioning them at all, or referring to them very slightly, as if they were well known and all educated men were agreed about them. This trick could not be safely practised in a subject the study of which was properly organised; there the specialist would be at hand to expose it; but here it is well known that there are no specialists, and as for the historian, he is safely buried away in some remote period where the sound of living controversy does not reach him. Accordingly it is found a safe proceeding. In our political syllogisms we suppress as much as possible the major premiss, which might often prove very vulnerable if it were injudiciously exposed to view. But it passes muster because attention is carefully diverted away from it, and because the audience is one which does not care much for generalities, but likes better what it would call realities, and infinitely better still, personalities.

But that this spurious *a priori* mode of thinking does really prevail among us appears to me to be shown by that part of our literature which deals with politics somewhat indirectly, and as a subject for imagination, poetry, or literary art. The other day in reading the *Selections from Landor*, by my colleague Professor Colvin, a book for which I feel much obliged to its author, I lighted upon the following sentence:—"In the sphere of politics and government it must be allowed

that he never got much beyond the elementary principles of love of freedom and hatred of tyranny. These principles, we must however remember, he in the Europe of his time saw continually in danger of extinction. On their behalf he felt and wrote as passionately throughout the greater part of a century as during their brief life-days did either Byron or Shelley. But of the complexity of political organisms and political problems Lander had no conception, and practical as he believed and intended much of his writing on politics to be, it is usually so much high-minded declamation and no more." This phrase "high-minded declamation and no more" describes a great deal of brilliant political writing which we have seen since the days when Lander began to write. It is by no means confined to Lander's side of politics. Nay, I suppose it was Burke in his *Reflections on the French Revolution* who first opened the flood-gates for this sort of literature, who first accustomed us to this brilliant, half-poetical way of treating subjects of the gravest practical importance; and after Burke it was for a long time the advocates of the old order of things who found this tone most natural. Wordsworth was a Lander on the other side, a high poetical genius and not a poet only, but a thinker of original and independent views. He, too, wrote both in poetry and prose on politics, and, like Lander, both intended and believed his political writings to be practical. But may we not say of him, too, may we not say in truth of the whole school of literary politicians on both sides and in all European countries, that they have produced a vast quantity of high-minded declamation, but nothing more, that in fact they could produce nothing more? Why so? For the very reason which Professor Colvin gives, viz., that these writers "have no conception of the complexity of political organisms and political problems."

The French Revolution and its con-

sequences turned us into speculators on politics. In our own domestic affairs we had an instinct which taught us caution, but it is easy to be bold in speculation when the interests concerned are not our own. The man who speculates naturally feels himself superior to the man who is afraid to speculate; he has advanced a step further; his mind is more active and richer. We all feel that we have made a progress of this sort since George III.'s reign. On political subjects our grandfathers confined their minds within strict limits, and were contented with a very narrow round of ideas, until gradually at the end of the war our thoughts were widened by the effect of the boundless revolutionary changes which the Continent had witnessed. The expansion had an exhilarating effect; we had more to think about; discussion became more interesting; eloquence had new topics. Politics became, as I said, a matter of literature and poetry, a subject treated in sonnets, romances, and novels. We felt this as a step forward, but as it introduced us to new regions of thought, so it exposed us to new dangers, and imposed on us new obligations.

If you resolve to think on a subject you will want a method of thought, which of course you did not need so long as your mind was passive. When the ship leaves the harbour it must have a chart. That expansion of the political mind of England which I have referred to, was like the passing out of a safe dull harbourage into the open sea. The change is interesting, exhilarating, and it is hopeful too, provided you know where you are bound, and how to navigate the ship. But when we read the political writings I have mentioned—writings representing, we may suppose, the more general views of the community which read and admired them—and find that they consist of "high-minded declamation and no more," and betray a total ignorance of "the complexity of political organisms," the misgiving

may arise in our minds that this knowledge is precisely what fails us.

Now we cannot, if we would, put back into port, but another thing we can do, we can study navigation. We can abandon our high minded declamation; we can examine and try gradually to understand the complex political organism. This is what we have to do. We have to practise once again the old maxim. The mistake we make in our speculative politics is no new one, but the self-same mistake which has retarded the progress of knowledge in other departments—the mistake of laying down sweeping propositions *à priori*, which propositions are then enthusiastically adopted, not because they are true, not because they are solidly established, but because they sound so noble and solemn. Examine the elevated utterances of the literary school of politicians—which school reveals, as it seems to me, those general principles which in ordinary political discussion we are so careful to suppress—and what do you find at the bottom of them? Propositions similar in kind to those by which the old exploded system of physics was supported, such as the proposition that the heavenly bodies must move in circles because the circle is the perfect figure, and is therefore alone appropriate to bodies which being heavenly are perfect and divine. Can we not imagine the sonnet by Wordsworth or the ode by Shelley in which this sublime principle might have been set forth?

But observe these writers again. Not only do you find that they are not aware of the complexity of the political organism, they seem scarcely aware of its existence. They want the fundamental political conception, and here particularly they seem to me to represent faithfully the average of the community. For I notice that the beginner in history, when he takes up a period for study, in like manner does not perceive the organism; and unless his attention is called to it, will never perceive it.

Like these literary politicians he sees nothing but individuals. Famous men, their deeds and their words; remarkable and strange occurrences; such things he looks for. The questions, too, which he discusses, concern the individual; they are not political, but biographical and moral. "Was this man truly great? Was he greater than that man? Was he justified in doing this? Can we excuse him for doing that?" Meanwhile the organism, the wonderful human group, with the law of its union and development, though it is properly the one phenomenon with which both the historian and the politician are concerned, escapes his notice almost entirely.

Do I object to poetry in politics? Would I exclude from them all high and generous sentiment? Do I wish to represent them as so difficult that we are to mistrust all our first warm impressions about them? Not so. But poetry may come too soon, passionate feeling may take possession of the subject so as to shut intelligence out. This subject differs from almost all others in that it has no great scientific authorities, at least none whose generalisations have been universally adopted. Consequently high-minded declamation, if it is allowed here at all, must reign uncontrolled. When poetry deals with physical nature we feel that it may do much good and that it cannot do harm, because the physicist is there to hold it in check; it would be quite otherwise if there were no physicist; in that case poetry left to itself would soon create a mythology. Something like this is what it actually does in politics. A Victor Hugo putting his grandiose fancies into fascinating words and issuing them in the style of an infallible pope to a public which knows of no fixed political principles, becomes a real false prophet, and there are no limits to the mischief he may do. To resist such an influence it is not necessary that each man should be a master of political science. It

is enough that each man should know that political truth exists and can be found, and that there are those who by patient study and examination of facts have made some progress towards finding it. Such knowledge would at once put him at ease and enable him to bear up against the torrent of thundering words and phrases. He would take courage to laugh at the bombast, or, if he had a taste for bombast, he might even be able quietly to enjoy it; for he would have ceased to believe seriously in it or to be alarmed by it. Moreover, in a short time Victor Hugos would cease to appear. Poets would learn modesty on this subject as on others. They would cease to assume pontifical airs, they would recognise that their flashes of insight are no longer a sufficient illumination, and that the function of teaching has passed from them.

Noble sentiment cannot supply the place of just intellectual conceptions. Love of freedom, hatred of tyranny, patriotic spirit, these will not by themselves lead a state, especially a complicated modern state, to well-being any more than love for your child will keep your child in health without attention to the laws of health. What I say of noble sentiment applies equally to just or right sentiment. It is rather the notion of duty than of nobleness that impresses the English mind. We do not pretend to act in a splendid manner, but we desire to do what is right. And so when the *a priori* view of politics passes from the poets to the people it suffers a certain modification. Our literary politicians may think noble sentiment a sufficient guide in public affairs, but the popular view is rather this: "We have only to do what is just and right; surely as long as we do our duty we are safe." That we have to do what is just and right I gladly admit, but will this always be enough? May we flatter ourselves that we can guide safely this English Empire, whose affairs are almost too vast and complicated

for the human understanding, without any study, without any profound thought, simply by remembering the law of duty? Assuredly the law of duty is a great and awful law, but other laws exist which are awful too. Undoubtedly the path of wrongdoing leads after a while to destruction, but it is not the only way to destruction; other paths lead there equally. The path of ignorance leads there, the path of sloth and reckless improvidence leads there; the path of undertaking a task which you have not skill to perform, often leads there. If a man throws himself into deep water without knowing how to swim, it will be in vain for him to say that he does nothing wrong; nay, if he could urge that he had only done his duty, that he meant to save a drowning man, I am afraid it would make no difference—I am afraid he would perish all the same. And what shall be thought of a people which boasts that it controls its own affairs, that its will is sovereign, and when you ask how it means to prepare itself for performing its sovereign functions, since almost all kings, unless you go to very corrupt or back to Merovingian times, have been instructed by tutors carefully chosen, answers that it intends to do what is right, and that it modestly hopes the simple law of duty will be found sufficient?

But is it so easy even to know what is right? Can even this be done in politics without study? I have observed that to express such a doubt is considered almost shocking, and yet I do not see how we can escape from feeling it. In private and personal affairs it is roughly true that instinct will guide us rightly, that if we really wish to do what is right, the very wish will enable us to find out what the right course is. But this is precisely because the affairs are personal, that is, close to us—so that all the facts, and the bearings of the facts, are known and realised by us in the most vivid way. It is quite otherwise when the affairs are not

personal, but remote from us, vaguely known and conceived, and when they are affairs unlike in kind to those of which we have any experience. But such are political affairs. I do not see how a private individual, possessing only the experience of an ordinary private life, can have formed an instinct capable of guiding his conscience without the help of any study in great state questions. Are these questions then such, so plain and simple, that, though of course an evil-intentioned man may perplex them by sophistry, a well-intentioned man is certain to arrive at the same practical conclusion about them as any other well-intentioned man? I have often heard language held which seems to imply as much as this, and, as I said, I have known people shocked when this doctrine was called in question. Many people, therefore, have been shocked lately, but they have not had the consolation of blaming any sceptic for the suggestion, for the tempter in this case was a fact. Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone have differed on the moral question involved in the Egyptian War. That surely was an instructive difference of opinion; all the circumstances concur to make it instructive. If we desired to select, for the purpose of testing the question, two men who might represent morality in politics, we should select precisely these two. In order that there might be no possibility of mere carelessness or inattention we should desire that both these men should be in office together, and that the question should be of the gravest importance. We should also desire to be satisfied, if a difference did arise, that it arose on the point of morality, and not on some collateral question of expediency or seasonableness. It is very seldom that history plays the experimentalist as she did on this occasion. She rivalled M. Pasteur in the forethought with which she excluded all causes of error. And it appeared that on the momentous question of the bombardment of Alexandria, Mr.

Gladstone and Mr. Bright, having anxiously studied the question in all its details, and having every desire to agree, were nevertheless constrained to differ, because the one considered that the act in question was a breach of the moral law, and the other considered—let us be careful to state it accurately—the other considered, not that it might be reconciled to the moral law, but that it was his duty as English minister to perform the act—in other words, that not to do the act was a breach of the moral law!

It is not in all circumstances wise to dwell upon these painful moral puzzles. Life would be overwhelming if we did not sometimes stolidly refuse to see and to feel. When we have to act, doubts must be imperiously suppressed—and since we almost always have to act, this suppression of doubt ought even to become a habit. But in scientific inquiry scepticism is in place; here, if we do not begin by being sceptical, the result is that sooner or later we have to begin again. And the very question I wish to propose to you, as a Historical Society, is this, Whether a new departure is not needed in history because we have hitherto not been sceptical enough? You may say: "This new departure has been taken already. Who does not know how far scepticism has of late gone in history—how many long-accredited stories it has pronounced fabulous or thrown doubt on?" True, but such scepticism refers to the facts only; I am thinking of history, not as a mere mass of facts, but as a science of states founded on a mass of facts. The facts have now been carefully sifted, scepticism has done its work here, except in the recent periods. But the science of states, the political principles which ought to have been founded on the facts, but which, in fact, rest upon something quite different, and are introduced by historians as authoritative dogmas by which they interpret or pass judgment on the facts—what

of these? It is here that I think scepticism is wanted. These political principles of ours, they are no doubt the best we could get, at any rate a hundred years ago; no doubt they contain a vast amount of practical truth; no doubt in practice we must cling to them and make the best of them, since in action all scepticism is destructive. But let us not delude ourselves with the belief that they are ultimate discoveries, truths in which the mind can rest, truths which will be accepted a hundred years hence as firmly as they are accepted now. Let us in our leisure hours, when we are not acting, but thinking—let us in our historical societies reconsider them, and try to put them on a firmer basis.

These arguments point to a strictly practical conclusion. I would lay it down as a principle, that in all historical study, and therefore in all historical societies, the word historical ought to be taken in a more comprehensive sense than it has in popular usage. History has been supposed always to deal with facts, or, at least I may say, to rest in facts. Your papers, I take it, have all alike dealt with some actual occurrence or character or period; if they have passed beyond the facts to any general political conclusion they have done so perfunctorily, or if they have looked backward from the facts to questions of method, you have still thought only of the method of authenticating facts. I would have you consider that facts have only the same place in history as in any other inductive science; that is, that they are only to be valued for the conclusions that can be drawn from them, which conclusions must refer to the nature of states. Take just as much pains as may be necessary in authenticating them, and, by the nature of political facts, the authentication of them will always be a ponderous work, so that often you will appear to rest in them and aim at nothing beyond. But do not rest in them, do not consider historical facts

as ends, but as means. What practical difference will this make in your operations? This, that you will have papers of reasoning as well as papers of investigation or narrative. According to this principle it is no less part of your work to classify, combine, and draw conclusions from the facts already established, than it is to discover or authenticate new facts. You ought to welcome papers of speculation on political science, and to pass them as historical, provided they are founded on a basis of history. You ought also to have papers on method; and this word method, too, you ought to take in a comprehensive sense, for you ought to consider not only how facts are to be authenticated, but also, and even more, what facts it is worth while to authenticate, that is, what facts out of the multitude which have been preserved to us are to be considered as properly belonging to history.

I said I was glad that you had given me this second opportunity of addressing you. Indeed what I said to you last year might possibly, if taken by itself, produce a depressing effect. When I insisted upon the danger in history of indulging the popular taste for rhetoric and poetical diction, perhaps some of you might sigh, and answer in your minds, "All very true perhaps, but if such views prevail history will become a mighty dull affair! So imagination is to be bound in fetters, and we are to look hard at reality without making the least attempt at investing it with any poetic charm." You may have thought that because I asserted the charms in which the Muse of history has been accustomed to appear before us to be artificial, meretricious, barbarous, therefore I meant to deprive her of the charm which is natural to her. I hope that I have said to-day what may remove all such misapprehensions. History, as I conceive it, seems to me as much more interesting than history as conceived by word-painters and rhetoricians as that is more interesting than the driest and most jejune



chronicle. I do not strip it of interest, but I clothe it in an interest of a different kind. No, I do not clothe it, I unclothe it; for the beauty of drapery I substitute the beauty of the nude figure. I look at the states which men have formed with eager curiosity, desiring really to find out their nature, origin, and development, whereas your word-painter imagines that he knows all this already. He is irritated by anything like a difficulty, and studiously conceals it in the folds of grandiloquence, whereas the scientific student likes nothing better than to find a difficulty except to clear one up satisfactorily; and when he finds what puzzles him, what he did not expect, what he cannot explain, drags it eagerly to light, dwells upon it, and will not suffer it to be explained away. The word-painter, again, cares nothing for facts in themselves—they seem to him prosaic for the most part; his study therefore is to select a few that may be more poetical, or to twist the others about until they take a quaint, unreal appearance, and to make them glitter with the varnish of diction. But to the scientific student they are infinitely precious just because they are facts; he cares nothing for their form or colour or glitter; rather all this makes him suspicious that they may have been tampered with; for his purpose the all-important thing is that he should see them just as they were and in their true relation, and therefore he is impatient of all ambitious phraseology, and of that grandiloquence which is but the cloud made by truth as it evaporates. But is such a student not interested? and a subject so stripped bare, must it needs not be interesting? Nay, we all surely know by this time that no interest is so absorbing and so enduring as that excited by the real truth of things, by the eternal laws of the universe, when

they dawn upon the investigator through the clouds formed by confused accumulations of fact. It is so in all subjects alike; but when the subject is closely connected with the largest of all practical interests, with the public welfare and with politics—when the subject is history—then it is so in the highest degree.

I say, then, do not think of yourselves as mere collectors of facts, and do not be content even to authenticate facts with rigid criticism, much less to narrate them with vivacity. Think of yourselves as explorers of a great science; select and marshal your facts so that laws may emerge out of them; bring to bear your highest faculties, even if you leave some of your showy ones in abeyance. When I urge you to renounce the literary method I do not bid you descend to the level of the mere dull, diligent chronicler. I want you not to descend, but to climb a loftier eminence. Be discoverers rather than artists; use your imagination, not to heighten reality, but, as the man of science uses it, to frame those conceptions by which facts are held together and vivified. This kind of work is at least as intellectual, at least as interesting as the other, and surely it is far more fruitful. For what comes in the end of all that word-painting? It may give pleasure; but who supposes that the sort of familiarity with historical names and characters which so many have gained, for example, from the *Waverley Novels*, is really valuable, or leads to juster, truer views of the past? On the other hand, the introduction of some degree of scientific certainty into the matter of politics, if it be possible, as I believe it is—can any one question that it would be important? More important, more necessary, it seems to me, than any other work which this generation could undertake.

J. R. SEELEY.

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1882.

## POOR MATTHIAS.

POOR MATTHIAS!—Found him lying  
 Fall'n beneath his perch and dying?—  
 Found him stiff, you say, though warm—  
 All convulsed his little form?  
 Poor canary! many a year  
 Well he knew his mistress dear;  
 Now in vain you call his name,  
 Vainly raise his rigid frame,  
 Vainly warm him in your breast,  
 Vainly kiss his golden crest—  
 Smooth his ruffled plumage fine,  
 Touch his trembling beak with wine.  
 One more gasp—it is the end!  
 Dead and mute our tiny friend!  
 —Songster thou of many a year,  
 Now thy mistress brings thee here,  
 Says, it fits that I rehearse,  
 Tribute ask'd by thee, a verse,  
 Meed for daily song of yore  
 Silent now for evermore.

Poor Matthias! Wouldst thou have  
 More than pity? claim'st a stave?—  
 Friends more near us than a bird  
 We dismiss'd without a word.  
 Rover, with the good brown head,  
 Great Atossa, they are dead—  
 Dead, and neither prose nor rhyme  
 Tells the praises of their prime.  
 Thou didst know them old and gray,  
 Know them in their sad decay;  
 Thou hast seen Atossa sage  
 Sit for hours beside thy cage;

*Poor Matthias.*

Thou wouldst chirp, thou foolish bird,  
Flutter, chirp—she never stirr'd!  
What were now these toys to her?  
Down she sank amid her fur—  
Eyed thee with a soul resign'd—  
And thou deemedst cats were kind!  
—Cruel, but composed and bland,  
Dumb, inscrutable and grand,  
So Tiberius might have sat,  
Had Tiberius been a cat.

Rover died—Atossa too.  
Less than they to us are you!  
Nearer human were their powers,  
Closer knit their life with ours.  
Hands had stroked them, which are cold,  
Now for years, in churchyard mould;  
Comrades of our past were they,  
Of that unreturning day.  
Changed and aging, they and we  
Dwelt, it seem'd, in sympathy.  
Always from their presence broke  
Somewhat which remembrance woke  
Of the loved, the lost, the young—  
Yet they died, and died unsung.

Geist came next, our little friend;  
Geist had verse to mourn his end.  
Yes, but that enforcement strong  
Which compell'd for Geist a song—  
All that gay courageous cheer,  
All that human pathos dear;  
Soul-fed eyes with suffering worn,  
Pain heroically borne,  
Faithful love in depth divine—  
Poor Matthias, were they thine?

Max and Kaiser we to-day  
Greet upon the lawn at play.  
Max a dachshound without blot—  
Kaiser should be, but is not;  
Max, with shining yellow coat,  
Prinking ears and dewlap throat—  
Kaiser, with his collie face,  
Penitent for want of race.  
—Which may be the first to die,  
Vain to augur, they or I!  
But, as age comes on, I know,  
Poet's fire gets faint and low;  
If so be that travel they  
First the inevitable way,

Much I doubt if they shall have  
Dirge of mine to crown their grave.

Yet, poor bird, thy tiny corse  
Moves me, somehow, to remorse;  
Something haunts my conscience, brings  
Sad, compunctious visitings.  
Other favourites, dwelling here,  
Open lived to us, and near;  
Well we knew when they were glad,  
Plain we saw if they were sad—  
Joy'd with them when they were gay,  
Sooth'd them in their last decay—  
Sympathy could feel and show  
Both in weal of theirs and woe.

Birds, companions more unknown,  
Live beside us, but alone;  
Finding not, do all they can,  
Passage from their souls to man.  
Kindness we bestow, and praise,  
Laud their plumage, greet their lays;  
Still, beneath their feather'd breast,  
Stirs a history unexpress'd.  
Wishes there, and feelings strong,  
Incommunicably throng;  
What they want, we cannot guess,  
Fail to track their deep distress—  
Dull look on when death is nigh,  
Note no change, and let them die.  
Poor Matthias! couldst thou speak,  
What a tale of thy last week!  
Every morning did we pay  
Stupid salutations gay,  
Suited well to health, but how  
Mocking, how incongruous now!  
Cake we offer'd, sugar, seed,  
Never doubtful of thy need;  
Praised, perhaps, thy courteous eye,  
Praised thy golden livery.  
Gravely thou the while, poor dear!  
Sat'st upon thy perch to hear,  
Fixing with a mute regard  
Us, thy human keepers hard,  
Troubling, with our chatter vain,  
Ebb of life, and mortal pain—  
Us, unable to divine  
Our companion's dying sign,  
Or o'erpass the severing sea  
Set betwixt ourselves and thee,  
Till the sand thy feathers smirch  
Fallen dying off thy perch!

Was it, as the Grecian sings,  
 Birds were born the first of things,  
 Before the sun, before the wind,  
 Before the gods, before mankind,  
 Airy, ante-mundane throng—  
 Witness their unworldly song!  
 Proof they give, too, primal powers,  
 Of a prescience more than ours—  
 Teach us, while they come and go,  
 When to sail, and when to sow.  
 Cuckoo calling from the hill,  
 Swallow skimming by the mill,  
 Mark the seasons, map our year,  
 As they show and disappear.  
 But, with all this travail sage  
 Brought from that anterior age,  
 Goes an unreversed decree  
 Whereby strange are they and we;  
 Making want of theirs, and plan,  
 Indiscernible by man.

No, away with tales like these  
 Stol'n from Aristophanes!  
 Does it, if we miss your mind,  
 Prove us so remote in kind?  
 Birds! we but repeat on you  
 What amongst ourselves we do.  
 Somewhat more or somewhat less,  
 'Tis the same unskilfulness.  
 What you feel, escapes our ken—  
 Know we more our fellow men?  
 Human suffering at our side,  
 Ah, like yours is undescried!  
 Human longings, human fears,  
 Miss our eyes and miss our ears.  
 Little helping, wounding much,  
 Dull of heart, and hard of touch,  
 Brother man's despairing sign  
 Who may trust us to divine?  
 Who assure us, sundering powers  
 Stand not 'twixt his soul and ours?

Poor Matthias! See, thy end  
 What a lesson doth it lend!  
 For that lesson thou shalt have,  
 Dead canary-bird! a stave;  
 Telling how, one stormy day,  
 Stress of gale and showers of spray  
 Drove my daughter small and me  
 Inland from the rocks and sea.  
 Driv'n inshore, we follow down

Ancient streets of Hastings town—  
Slowly thread them—when behold,  
French canary-merchant old  
Shepherding his flock of gold  
In a low dim-lighted pen  
Scann'd of tramps and fishermen!  
There a bird, high-coloured, fat,  
Proud of port, though something squat—  
Pursy, play'd-out Philistine—  
Dazzled Nelly's youthful eyne.  
But, far in, obscure, there stirr'd  
On his perch a sprightlier bird,  
Courteous-eyed, erect and slim;  
And I whisper'd: "Fix on *him*!"  
Home we brought him, young and fair,  
Songs to trill in Surrey air.  
Here Matthias sang his fill,  
Saw the cedars of Pains Hill;  
Here he pour'd his little soul,  
Heard the murmur of the Mole.  
Eight in number now the years  
He hath pleased our eyes and ears;  
Other favourites he hath known  
Go, and now himself is gone.  
—Fare thee well, companion dear!  
Fare for ever well, nor fear  
Tiny though thou art, to stray  
Down the uncompanion'd way!  
We without thee, little friend,  
Many years have not to spend;  
What are left, will hardly be  
Better than we spent with thee.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

## THE WIZARD'S SON.

## CHAPTER IV.

ALL Sloebury was aware next morning that something of the most extraordinary character had happened to young Walter Methven. The rumour even reached the club on the same evening. First the report was that he had got a valuable appointment, at which the gentlemen shook their heads; next that he had come into a fortune: they laughed with one accord at this. Then, as upon a sudden gale of wind, there blew into the smoking-room, then full of tobacco, newspapers, and men, a whisper which made everybody turn pale. This was one reason, if not the chief, why that evening was one of the shortest ever known at the club, which did not indeed generally keep very late hours, but still was occupied by its *habitués* till ten or eleven o'clock when the serious members would go away, leaving only the boys, who never could have enough of it. But on that evening even the young men cleared off about ten or so. They wanted to know what it meant. Some of them went round to Captain Underwood's, where Walter was so often to be found, with a confidence that at least Underwood would know; the more respectable members of society went home to their families to spread the news, and half-a-dozen mothers at least went to bed that night with a disagreeable recollection that they had individually and deliberately "broken off" an incipient flirtation or more, in which Walter had been one of the parties concerned. But the hopeful ones said to themselves "Lizzie has but to hold up her little finger to bring him back." This was before

the whole was known. The young men who had hurried to Captain Underwood's were received by that gentleman with an air of importance and of knowing more than he would tell, which impressed their imaginations deeply. He allowed that he had always known that there was a great deal of property, and perhaps a title concerned, but declared that he was not at liberty to say any more. Thus the minds of all were prepared for a great revelation; and it is safe to say that from one end of Sloebury to the other Walter's name was in everybody's mouth. It had been always believed that the Methvens were people of good connections, and of later years it had been whispered by the benevolent as a reason for Walter's inaction that he had grand relations who at the proper moment would certainly interfere and set everything right for him. Others, however, were strenuous in their denial and ridicule of this, asking, was his mother a woman to conceal any advantages she had?—for they did not understand the kind of pride in which Mrs. Methven was so strong. And then it was clear that not only did the grand relations do nothing for Walter, but he did not even have an invitation from them, and went from home only when his mother went to the sea-side. Thus there was great doubt and wonder, and in some quarters an inclination to treat the rumour as a canard, and to postpone belief. At the same time everybody believed it, more or less, at the bottom of their hearts, feeling that a thing so impossible must be true.

But when it burst fully upon the

world next morning along with the pale November daylight, but much more startling, that Walter Methven had succeeded as the next heir to his distant cousin, who was the head of the family, and was now Lord Erradeen, a great potentate, with castles in the Highlands and fat lands further south, and moors and deer forests and everything that heart of man could think of, the town was swept not only by a thrill of wonder, but of emotion. Nobody was indifferent to this extraordinary romance. Some, when they had got over the first bewilderment, received it with delightful anticipations, as if the good fortune which had befallen Walter was in some respects good fortune also for themselves; whereas many others were almost angry at this sudden elevation over their heads of one who certainly did not deserve any better, if indeed half so well as they did. But nobody was indifferent. It was the greatest excitement that had visited Sloebury for years—even it might be said for generations. Lord Erradeen! it took away everybody's breath.

Among the circle of Walter's more intimate acquaintance, the impression made was still deeper, as may be supposed. The commotion in the mind of the rector, who indeed was old enough to have taken it with more placidity, was such that he hurried in from morning service without taking off his cassock. He was a good Churchman, but not so far gone as to walk about the world in that ecclesiastical garment.

"Can you imagine what has happened?" he said, bursting in upon Mrs. Wynn, who was delicate and did not go to church in the winter mornings. "Young Walter Methven, that you all made such a talk about——"

This was unfair, because she had never made any talk—being a woman who did not talk save most sparingly. She was tempted for a moment to forestall him by telling him she already knew, but her heart failed her, and she only shook her head a little in protest against this calumny, and waited

smilingly for what he had to say. She could not take away from him the pleasure of telling this wonderful piece of news.

"Why, it was only the night before last he was here—most of us rather disapproving of him, poor boy," said the rector. "Well, Lydia, that young fellow that was a good-for-nothing, you know—doing nothing, never exerting himself: well, my dear! the most extraordinary thing has happened—the most wonderful piece of good fortune——"

"Don't keep me on tenterhooks, Julius; I have heard some buzzing of talk already."

"I should think you had! the town is full of it; they tell me that everybody you meet on the streets—Lydia!" said the rector with solemnity, drawing close to her to make his announcement more imposing, "that boy is no longer simple Mr. Walter Methven. He is Lord Erradeen——"

"Lord what?" cried the old lady. It was part of her character to be a little deaf, or rather hard of hearing, which is the prettier way of stating the fact. It was supposed by some that this was one of the reasons why, when any one was blamed, she always shook her head.

"Lord Erradeen; but bless me, it is not the name that is so wonderful, it is the fact. Lord Erradeen—a great personage—a man of importance. You don't show any surprise, Lydia! and yet it is the most astonishing incident without comparison that has happened in the parish these hundred years."

"I wonder what his mother is thinking," Mrs. Wynn said.

"If her head is turned nobody could be surprised. Of course, like every other mother, she thinks her son worthy of every exaltation."

"I wish she was of that sort," the old lady said.

"Every woman is of that sort," said the rector with hasty dogmatism; "and, in one way, I am rather



sorry, for it will make her feel she was perfectly right in encouraging him, and that would be such a terrible example for others. The young men will all take to idling——”

“But it is not the idling, but the fact that there is a peerage in the family——”

“You can’t expect,” cried the rector, who was not lucid, “that boys or women either will reason back so far as that. It will be a bad example: and, in the meantime, it is a most astonishing fact. But you don’t seem in the least excited. I thought you would have jumped out of your chair——out of the body almost.”

“I am too rheumatic for that,” said Mrs. Wynn with a smile: then, “I wonder if she will come and tell me,” the old lady said.

“I should think she does not know whether she is on her head or her heels,” cried the rector; “I don’t feel very sure myself. And Walter! What a change, to be sure, for that boy! I hope he will make a good use of it. I hope he will not dart off with Underwood and such fellows and make a fool of himself. Mind, I don’t mean that I think so badly of Underwood,” he added after a moment, for this was a subject on which, being mollified as previously mentioned, the rector took the male side of the question. Mrs. Wynn received the protest in perfect silence, not even shaking her head.

“But if he took a fancy for horses or that sort of thing,” Mr. Wynn added with a moment’s hesitation; then he brightened up again——“of course it is better that he should know somebody who has a little experience in any case; and you will perceive, my dear, there is a great difference between a penniless youth like Walter Methven getting such notions in his head which lead only to ruin, and young Lord Erradeen dabbling a little in amusements which, after all, have no harm in them if not carried too far, and are natural in his rank—but you women are always prejudiced on such a point.”

“I did not say anything, my dear,” the old lady said.

“Oh, no, you don’t say anything,” cried the rector fretfully, “but I see it in every line of your shawl and every frill of your cap. You are just stiff with prejudice so far as Underwood is concerned, who really is not at all a bad fellow when you come to know him, and is always respectful to religion, and shows a right feeling—but one might as well try to fly as to convince you when you have taken a prejudice.”

Mrs. Wynn made no protest against this. She said only, “It is a great ordeal for a boy to pass through. I wonder if his mother——” And here she paused, not having yet, perhaps, formulated into words the thoughts that arose in her heart.

“It is to be hoped that she will let him alone,” the rector said; “she has indulged him in everything hitherto; but just now, when he is far better left to himself, no doubt she will be wanting to interfere.”

“Do you think she has indulged him in everything?” said the old lady; but she did not think it necessary to accuse her husband of prejudice. Perhaps he understood Captain Underwood as much better as she understood Mrs. Methven; so she said nothing more. She was the only individual in Sloebury who had any notion of the struggle in which Walter’s mother had wrecked so much of her own peace.

“There cannot be any two opinions on that subject,” said the rector. “Poor lad! You will excuse me, my dear, but I am always sorry for a boy left to a woman’s training. He is either a mere milksop or a ne’er-do-well. Walter is not a milksop, and here has Providence stepped in, in the most wonderful way to save him from being the other: but that is no virtue of hers. You will stand up, of course, for your own side.”

The old lady smiled and shook her head. “I think every child is the better for having both its parents, Julius, if that is what you mean.”

This was not exactly what he meant, but it took the wind out of the rector's sails. "Yes, it is an ordeal for him," he said, "but, I am sure, if my advice can do him any good, it is at his service; and, though I have been out of the way of many things for some time, yet I dare say the world is very much what it was, and I used to know it well enough."

"He will ask for nobody's advice," said Mrs. Wynn.

"Which makes it all the more desirable he should have it," cried the rector; and then he said, "Bless me! I have got my cassock on still. Tell John to take it down to the vestry—though, by the way, there is a button off, and you might as well have it put on for me, as it is here."

Mrs. Wynn executed the necessary repair of the cassock with her own hands. Though she was rheumatic, and did not care to leave her chair oftener than was necessary, she had still the use of her hands, and she had a respect for all the accessories of the clerical profession. She was sitting examining the garment to see if any other feeblenesses were apparent, in which a stitch in time might save after labours, when, with a little eager tap at the door, another visitor came in. This was a young lady of three or four and twenty, with a good deal of the beauty which consists in fresh complexion and pleasant colour. Her hair was light brown, warm in tone; her eyes were brown and sparkling; her cheeks and lips bloomed with health. She had a pretty figure, full of life and energy—everything, in short, that is necessary to make up a pretty girl, without any real loveliness or deeper grace. She came in quickly, brimming over, as was evident, with something which burst forth as soon as she had given the old lady the hasty conventional kiss of greeting, and which, as a matter of course, turned out to be the news of which Sloebury was full.

"Did you ever hear anything so wonderful?" she said. "Walter

Methven, that nobody thought anything of—and now he is turned into a live lord! a real peer of parliament! they say. I thought mamma would have fainted when she heard it."

"Why should your mamma faint when she heard of it, July? It is very pleasant news."

"Oh, Aunt Lydia! don't you know why? I am so angry: I feel as if I should never speak to her again. Don't you remember? And I always thought you had some hand in it. Oh, you sit there and look so innocent, but that is because you are so deep."

"Am I deep?" the old lady asked with a smile.

"You are the deepest person I ever knew: you see through us all, and you just throw in a word; and then, when people act upon it, you look so surprised. I heard you myself remark to mamma how often Walter Methven was at our house."

"Yes, I think I did remark it," Mrs. Wynn said.

"And what was the harm? He liked to come, and he liked me; and I hope you don't think I am the sort of person to forget myself and think too much about a man."

"I thought you were letting him be seen with you too often, July, that is true."

"You thought it might keep others off that were more eligible? Well, that is what I supposed you meant, for I never like to take a bad view. But, you see, there was nobody that was eligible; and here has he turned, all at once, into the very best match within a hundred miles. If mamma had only let things alone, what prospects might be opening upon me now!"

"Half a dozen girls, I am afraid, may say just the same," said Mrs. Wynn.

"Well, what does that matter? He had nothing else to do. When a young man has nothing to do he must be making up to somebody. I don't blame him a bit; that is what makes us girls always ready for a flirtation.

Time hangs so heavy on our hands. And only think, Aunt Lydia, if things had been allowed to go on (and I could always have thrown him off if anything better turned up) only think what might have happened to me now. I might be working a coronet in all my new handkerchiefs," cried the girl: "only imagine! oh, oh, oh!"

And she pretended to cry; but there was a sparkle of nervous energy all the same in her eyes, as if she were eager for the chase, and scarcely able to restrain her impatience. Mrs. Wynn shook her head at her visitor with a smile.

"You are not so worldly as you give yourself out to be," she said.

"Oh, that just shows how little you know. I am as worldly as ever woman was. I think of nothing but how to establish myself, and have plenty of money. We want it so! Oh, I know you are very good to us—both my uncle and you; but mamma is extravagant, and I am extravagant, and naturally all that anybody thinks of is to have what is necessary and decent for us. We have to put up with it, but I hate what is necessary and decent. I should like to go in satin and lace to-day even if I knew I should be in rags to-morrow; and to think if you had not interfered that I might have blazed in diamonds, and gone to court, and done everything I want to do! I could strangle you, Aunt Lydia, and mamma too!" Upon which Miss July (or *Julée*, which was how her name was pronounced) gave Mrs. Wynn a sudden kiss and took the cassock out of her hands. "If it wants any mending I will do it," she said; "it will just give me a little consolation for the moment. And you will have time to think and answer this question. Is it too late now?"

"July, dear, it hurts me to hear you talk so—you are not so wild as you take credit for being."

"I am not wild at all, Aunt Lydia," said the girl, appropriating Mrs. Wynn's implements, putting on her thimble, threading her needle, and

discovering at one glance the little rent in the cassock which the old lady had been searching for in vain, "except with indignation to think what I have lost—if I have lost it. It is all very well to speak, but what is a poor girl to do? Yes, I know, to make just enough to live on by teaching, or something of that sort; but that is not what I want. I want to be well off. I am so extravagant, and so is mamma. We keep ourselves down, we don't spend money; but we hate it so! I would go through a great many disagreeables if I could only have enough to spend."

"And is Walter one of the disagreeables you would go through?"

"Well, no; I could put up with him very well. He is not at all unpleasant. I don't want him, but I could do with him. Do you really think it is too late? Don't you think mamma might call upon Mrs. Methven and say how delighted we are; and just say to him, you know, in a playful way (mamma could manage that very well), 'We cannot hope to see you now in our little house, Lord Erradeen!' and then of course he would be piqued (for he's very generous), and say, 'Why?' And mamma would say, 'Oh, we are such poor little people, and you are now a great man.' Upon which, as sure as fate, he would be at the Cottage the same evening. And then!"—July threw back her head, and expanded her brown eyes with a conscious power and sense of capability, as who should say—Then it would be in my own hands.—"Don't you think that's very good for a plan?" she added, subsiding quickly to the work, which she executed as one to the manner born.

"I don't think anything of it as a plan—and neither do you; and your mother would not do it, July," the old lady said.

"Ah," said July, throwing back her head, "there you have hit the blot, Aunt Lydia. Mamma wouldn't do it! She could, you know. When she likes she is the completest hum-

bug!—but not always. And she has so many notions about propriety, and what is womanly, and so forth—just like you. Poor women have no business with such luxuries. I tell her we must be of our time, and all that sort of thing; but she won't see it. No, I am afraid that is just the difficulty. It all depends on mamma—and mamma won't. Well, it is a little satisfaction to have had it all out with you. If you had not interfered, you two, and stopped the poor boy coming——”

At this juncture John threw open the door, and with a voice which he reserved for the great county ladies, announced “Mrs. Methven.” John had heard the great news too.

“—Stopped the poor boy coming,” July said. The words were but half out of her mouth when John opened the door, and it was next to impossible that the new visitor had not heard them. A burning blush covered the girl's face. She sprang to her feet with the cassock in her arms, and gazed at the new comer. Mrs. Methven for the first moment did not notice this third person. She came in with the content and self-absorption of one who has a great wonder to tell. The little world of Sloebury and all its incidents were as nothing to her. She went up to old Mrs. Wynn with a noiseless swiftness.

“I have come to tell you great news,” she said.

“Let me look at you,” said the old lady. “I have heard, and I scarcely could believe it. Then it is all true?”

“I am sorry I was not the first to tell you. I think such a thing must get into the air. Nobody went out from my house last night, and yet everybody knows. I saw even the people in the street looking at me as I came along. Mrs. Wynn, you always stood up for him; I never said anything, but I know you did. I came first to you. Yes, it is all true.”

The old lady had known it now for several hours, and had been gently

excited, no more. Now her eyes filled with tears, she could not have told why.

“Dear boy! I hope God will bless him, and make him worthy and great,” she said, clasping her old hands together. “He has always been a favourite with me.”

“He is a favourite with everybody,” said July. No one had noticed her presence, and she was not one that could remain unseen. “Everybody is glad; there is not one that doesn't wish him well.”

Did she intend to strike that *coup* for herself which her mother was not to be trusted to make? Mrs. Wynn thought so with a great tremor, and interrupted her in a tone that for her was hurried and anxious.

“July speaks nothing but the truth, Mrs. Methven; there is nobody that does not like Walter; but I suppose I ought now to drop these familiarities and call him Lord Erradeen?”

“He will never wish his old friends to do that,” said Mrs. Methven. She already smiled with a gracious glance and gesture: and the feeling that these old friends were almost too much privileged in being so near to him, and admitted to such signs of friendship, came into her mind; but she did not care to have July share her expansion. “Miss Herbert,” she said, with a little bow, “is very good to speak so kindly. But everybody is kind. I did not know my boy was so popular. Sunshine,” she added, with a smile, “brings out all the flowers.”

She had not sat down, and she evidently did not mean to do so while July remained. There was something grand in her upright carriage, in her air of superiority which had never been apparent before. She had always been a woman, as Sloebury people said, who thought a great deal of herself; but no one had ever acknowledged her right to do so till now. On the other hand, July Herbert was well used to the cold shade. Her mother was Mrs. Wynn's niece, but she was none the less poor

for that, and as July was not a girl to be easily put down, she was acquainted with every manner of polite snubbing known in the society of the place. This of standing till she should go was one with which she was perfectly familiar, and in many cases it afforded her pleasure to subject the operator to great personal inconvenience; but on the present occasion she was not disposed to exercise this power. She would have conciliated Walter's mother if she could have done so, and on a rapid survey of the situation she decided that the best plan was to yield.

"I must go and tell mamma the great news," she said. "I am sure she will never rest till she rushes to you with her congratulations; but I will tell her you are tired of congratulations already—for of course it is not a thing upon which there can be two opinions." July laid down the cassock as she spoke. "I have mended all there is to mend, Aunt Lydia; you need not take any more trouble about it. Good-bye for the moment. You may be sure you will see one or other of us before night."

They watched her silently as she went out of the room. Mrs. Methven saying nothing till the door had closed, Mrs. Wynn with a deprecatory smile upon her face. She did not altogether approve of her grandniece. But neither was she willing to hand her over to blame. The old lady felt the snub July had received more than the girl herself did. She looked a little wistfully after her. She was half angry when as soon as July disappeared Mrs. Methven sank down upon a chair near her, huge billows of black silk rising about her, for she had put on her best gown. Mrs. Wynn thought that the mother, whose child, disapproved by the world, had been thus miraculously lifted above its censures, should have been all the more tolerant of the other who had met no such glorious fate. But she reflected that *they never see it*, which was her favourite expression of

wonderment, yet explanation of everything. There were so many things that *they* ought to learn by; but they never saw it. It was thus she accounted with that shake of her head for all the errors of mankind.

Mrs. Methven for her part waited till even the very step of that objectionable Julia Herbert had died away. She had known by instinct that if *that* girl should appear she would be on the watch to make herself agreeable to Walter's mother. "As if he could ever have thought of her," she said to herself. Twenty-four hours before Mrs. Methven would have been glad to think that Walter "thought of" any girl who was at all in his own position. She would have hailed it as a means of steadying him, and making him turn seriously to his life. But everything was now changed, and this interruption had been very disagreeable. She could scarcely turn to her old friend now with the effusion and emotion which had filled her when she came in. She held out her hand and grasped that of the old lady.

"I don't need to tell you what I am feeling," she said. "It is all like a tumultuous sea of wonder and thankfulness. I wanted it, for I was at my wits' end."

Mrs. Wynn was a little chilled too, but she took the younger woman's hand.

"You did not know what was coming," she said. "You wanted one thing, and Providence was preparing another."

"I don't know if that is how to state it; but at all events I was getting to feel that I could not bear it any longer, and trying for any way of setting things right: when the good came in this superlative way. I feel frightened when I think of it. After we knew last night I could do nothing but cry. It took all the strength from me. You would have thought it was bad news."

"I can understand that." The old lady relinquished the hand which she had been holding. "To be delivered

from any anxieties you may have had in such a superlative way, as you say, is not the common lot—most of us have just to fight them out.”

Mrs. Methven already felt herself far floated away from those that had to fight it out. The very words filled her heart with an elation beyond speech.

“And this morning,” she said, “to wake and to feel that it must be folly, and then to realise that it was true! One knows so well the other sort of waking when the shock and the pang come all over again. But to wake up to this extraordinary incredible well-being—one might say happiness!”

The tears of joy were in her eyes, and in those tears there is something so strange, so rare, that the soul experienced in life looks upon them almost with more awe than upon the familiar ones of grief which we see every day. The old lady melted, and her chill of feeling yielded to a tender warmth. Yet what a pity that They never see it! How much more perfect it would have been if the woman in her happiness had been softened and kind to all those whom nothing had happened to! Imperceptibly the old lady in her tolerant experience shook her gentle old head. Then she gave herself up in full sympathy to hear all the wonderful details.

#### CHAPTER V.

THE sentiments of the spectators in such a grand alteration of fortune may be interesting enough, and it is in general more easy to get at them than at those which fill the mind of the principal actor. In the present case it is better to say of the principal subject of the change, for Walter could not be said to be an actor at all. The emotions of the first evening it would indeed be impossible to describe. To come in from his small country-town society, to whom even he was so far inferior that every one of them had facilities of getting and spending

money which he did not possess, and to sit down, all tremulous and guilty, feeling himself the poorest creature, opposite to the serious and important personage who came to tell him, with documents as solemn as himself, that this silly youth who had been throwing away his life for nothing, without even the swell of excitement to carry him on, had suddenly become, without deserving it, without doing anything to bring it about, an individual of the first importance—a peer, a proprietor, a great man. Walter could have sobbed as his mother did, had not pride kept him back. When they sat down at table in the little dining-room there were two at least of the party who ate nothing, who sat and gazed at each other across the others with white faces and blazing eyes. Mr. Milnathort made a good dinner, and sat very watchful, making also his observations, full of curiosity and a certain half professional interest. But Cousin Sophy was the only one who really got the good of this prodigious event. She asked if they might not have some champagne to celebrate the day. She was in high excitement but quite self-controlled, and enjoyed it thoroughly. She immediately began in her thoughts to talk of my young cousin Lord Erradeen. It was a delightful advancement which would bring her no advantage, and yet almost pleased her more than so much added on to her income; for Miss Merivale was not of any distinction in her parentage, and suddenly to find herself cousin to a lord went to her heart: it was a great benefit to the solitary lady fond of society, and very eager for a helping hand to aid her up the ascent. And it was she who kept the conversation going. She even flirted a little, quite becomingly, with the old lawyer, who felt her, it was evident, a relief from the high tension of the others, and was amused by the vivacious middle-aged lady, who for the moment had everything her own way. After dinner there was a great deal of explanation given, and a great many

facts made clear, but it is to be doubted whether Walter knew very well what was being said. He listened with an air of attention, but it was as if he were listening to some fairy tale. Something out of the *Arabian Nights* was being repeated before him. He was informed how the different branches of his family had died out one after another. "Captain Methven was aware that he was in the succession," the lawyer said; and Mrs. Methven cast a thought back, half-reproachful, half-approving upon her husband, who had been dead so long that his words and ways were like shadows to her, which she could but faintly recall. Would it have been better if he had told her? After pursuing this thought a long time she decided that it would not, that he had done wisely—yet felt a little visionary grudge and disappointment to think that he had been able to keep such a secret from her. No doubt it was all for the best. She might have distracted herself with hopes, and worn out her mind with waiting. It was doubtful if the support of knowing what was going to happen would really have done her any good; but yet it seemed a want of trust in her, it seemed even to put her in a partially ridiculous position now, as knowing nothing, not having even an idea of what was coming. But Walter did not share any of these goings back upon the past. He had scarcely known his father, nor was he old enough to have had such a secret confided to him for long after Captain Methven died. He thought nothing of that. He sat with an appearance of the deepest attention, but unaware of what was being said, with a vague elation in his mind, something that seemed to buoy him up above the material earth. He could not bring himself down again. It was what he remembered to have felt when he was a child when some long promised pleasure was coming—to-morrow. Even in that case hindrances might come in. It might rain to-morrow, or some similar calamity might occur.

But rain could not affect this. He sat and listened and did not hear a word.

Next morning Walter awoke very early, before the wintry day had fully dawned. He opened his eyes upon a sort of paling and whitening of everything—a grey perception of the walls about him, and the lines of the window marked upon the paleness outside. What was it that made even these depressing facts exhilarate him and rouse an incipient delight in his mind, which for the moment he did not understand? Then he sat up suddenly in his bed. It was cold, it was dark. There was no assiduous servant to bring hot water or light his fire—everything was chilling and wretched; and he was not given to early rising. Ordinarily it was an affair of some trouble to get him roused, to see that he was in time for a train or for any early occupation. But this morning he found it impossible to lie still; an elasticity in him, an elation and buoyancy, which he almost felt, with a laugh, might float him up to the ceiling, like the mediums, made him jump up, as it were in self-defence. It buoyed him, it carried him as on floating pinions into a limitless heaven. What was it? Who was he? The chill of the morning brought him a little to himself, and then he sat down in his shirt-sleeves and delivered himself up to the incredible, and laughed low and long, with a sense of the impossibility of it that brought tears to his eyes. He Lord Erradeen, Lord Anything! He a peer, a great man! he with lands and money and wealth of every sort, who last night had been pleased to win two sixpences! After the buoyancy and sensation of rising beyond the world altogether, which was a kind of physical consciousness of something great that had happened before he was awake, came this sense of the ludicrous, this incredulity and confused amusement. He dressed himself in this mood, laughing low from time to time, to himself, as if it were some game which was being played

upon him, but of which he was in the secret, and not to be deceived, however artfully it might be managed. But when he was dressed and ready to go down stairs—by which time daylight had fully struggled forth upon a wet and clammy world—he stopped himself short with a sudden reminder that to-day this curious practical joke was to extend its career and become known to the world. He laughed again, but then he grew grave, standing staring at the closed door of his bedroom, out of which he was about to issue—no longer a nobody—in a new character, to meet the remarks, the congratulations of his friends. He knew that the news would fly through the little town like lightning; that people would stop each other in the streets and ask, “Have you heard it?—is it true?” and that throughout the whole place there would be a sort of revolution, a general change of positions, which would confuse the very world. He knew vaguely that whatever else might happen he would be uppermost. The people who had disapproved of him, and treated him *‘de haut en bas*, would find this to be impossible any longer. He would be in a position which is to be seen on the stage and in books more frequently than in common life—possessed of the power of making retribution, of punishing the wicked, and distributing to the good tokens of his favour. It is a thing we would all like to do, to avenge ourselves (within due Christian and social limits) on the persons who have despised us, and to reward those who have believed in us, showing the one how right they were, and the other how wrong they were, with a logic that should be undeniable. There is nobody who has ever endured a snub—and who has not?—who would not delight in doing this; but the most of us never get such a supreme gratification, and Walter was to have it. He was going to see everybody abashed and confounded who had ever treated him with contumely. Once more he felt that sensation of buoyancy and

elation as if he were spurning earth with his foot and ready to soar into some sort of celestial sphere. And then once more he laughed to himself. Was it possible? could it be? would anybody believe it? He thought there would be an explosion of incredulous laughter through all the streets; but then, when that was over, both friends and foes would be forced to believe it—as he himself was forced to believe.

With that he opened his door, and went down stairs into the new world. He stumbled over the housemaid’s pail, of course, but did not call forth any frown upon that functionary’s freckled forehead as he would have done yesterday. On the contrary, she took away the pail, and begged his pardon with awe—being of course entirely blameless. He paused for a moment on the steps as he faced the raw morning air going out, and lo! the early baker, who was having a word with cook at the area over the rolls, turned towards him with a reverential look, and pulled off his cap. These were the first visible signs of Walter’s greatness; they gave him a curious sort of conviction that after all the thing was true.

There was scarcely anybody about the Sloebury streets except bakers and milkmen at this hour. It was a leisurely little town, in which nothing particular was doing, no manufactures or business to demand early hours; and the good people did not get up early. Why should they? the day was long enough without that: so that Walter met no one in his early promenade. But before he got back there were symptoms that the particular baker who had taken off his cap had whispered the news to others of his fraternity, who, having no tie of human connection, such as supplying the family with rolls, to justify a salutation, only stared at him with awe-stricken looks as he went past. He felt he was an object of interest even to the policeman going off duty, who being an old soldier, saluted with



a certain grandeur as he tramped by. The young man took an aimless stroll through the half-awakened district. The roads were wet, the air raw: it was not a cheerful morning; damp and discouragement breathed in the air; the little streets looked squalid and featureless in shabby British poverty; lines of low, two-storied brick, all commonplace and monotonous. It was the sort of morning to make you think of the tediousness to which most people get up every day, supposing it to be life, and accepting it as such with the dull content which knows no better; a life made up of scrubbing out of kitchens and sweeping out of parlours, of taking down shutters and putting them up again; all sordid, petty, unbroken by any exhilarating event. But this was not what struck Walter as he floated along in his own wonderful atmosphere, seeing nothing, noting everything with the strange vision of excitement. Afterwards he recollected with extraordinary vividness a man who stood stretching his arms in shirt-sleeves above his head for a long, soul-satisfying yawn, and remembered to have looked up at the shop-window within which he was standing, and read the name of ROBINSON in gilt letters. Robinson, yawning in his shirt-sleeves, against a background of groceries, pallid in the early light, remained with him like a picture for many a day.

When he got back the breakfast table was spread, and his mother taking her place at it. Mr. Milnathort had not gone away as he intended by the night train. He had remained in Mrs. Methven's spare room, surrounded by all the attentions and civilities that a household of women, regarding him with a sort of awe as a miraculous messenger or even creator of good fortune, could show to a bachelor gentleman, somewhat prim and old-fashioned in his habits and ways. It was his intention to leave Sloebury by the eleven o'clock train, and he had arranged that Walter should meet him in Edinburgh within

a week, to be made acquainted with several family matters, in which, as the head of the house, it was necessary that he should be fully instructed. Neither Walter nor his mother paid very much attention to these arrangements, nor even remarked that the old lawyer spoke of them with great gravity. Mrs. Methven was busy making tea, and full of anxiety that Mr. Milnathort should breakfast well and largely, after what she had always understood to be the fashion of his country; and as for Walter, he was not in a state of mind to observe particularly any such indications of manner. Cousin Sophia was the only one who remarked the solemnity of his tone and aspect.

"One would suppose there was some ordeal to go through," she said in her vivacious way.

"A young gentleman who is taking up a large fortune and a great responsibility will have many ordeals to go through, madam," Mr. Milnathort said in his deliberate tones: but he did not smile or take any other notice of her archness. It was settled accordingly, that after a few days for preparation and leave-taking, young Lord Erradeen should leave Sloebury. "And if I might advise, alone," Mr. Milnathort said, "the place is perhaps not just in a condition to receive ladies. I would think it wiser on the whole, madam, if you deferred your coming till his lordship there has settled everything for your reception."

"My coming?" said Mrs. Methven. The last twelve hours had made an extraordinary difference in her feelings and faith; but still she had not forgotten what had gone before, nor the controversies and struggles of the past. "We must leave all that for after consideration," she said.

Walter was about to speak impulsively, but old Milnathort stopped him with a skilful interruption—

"It will perhaps be the wisest way," he said; "there will be many things to arrange. When Lord Erradeen has visited the property, and understands

everything about it, then he will be able to——”

Walter heard the name at first with easy unconsciousness: then it suddenly blazed forth upon him as his own name. His mother at the other end of the table felt the thrill of the same sensation. Their eyes met; and all the wonder of this strange new life suddenly gleamed upon them with double force. It is true that the whole condition of their minds was affected by this revelation, that there was nothing about them that was not full of it, and that they were actually at this moment discussing the business connected with it. Still it all came to life now as at the first moment at the sound of this name, Lord Erradeen! Walter could not help laughing to himself over his coffee.

“I can’t tell who you mean,” he said. “You must wait a little until I realise what Walter Methven has got to do with it.”

Mrs. Methven thought that this was making too much of the change. She already wished to believe, or at least to persuade Mr. Milnathort to believe, that she was not so very much surprised after all.

“Lord Erradeen,” she said, “is too much amused at present with having got a new name to take the change very seriously.”

“He will soon learn the difference, madam,” said Mr. Milnathort. “Property is a thing that has always to be taken seriously: and of all property the Erradeen lands. There are many things connected with them that he will have to set his face to in a way that will be far from amusing.”

The old lawyer had a very grave countenance—perhaps it was because he was a Scotchman. He worked through his breakfast with a steady routine that filled the ladies with respect. First fish, then kidneys, then a leg of the partridge that had been left from dinner last night; finally he looked about the table with an evident sense of something wanting, and

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though he declared that it was of no consequence, avowed at last, with some shyness, that it was the marmalade for which he was looking: and there was none in the house! Mr. Milnathort was full of excuses for having made such a suggestion. It was just a Scotch fashion he declared; it was of no consequence. Mrs. Methven who held an unconscious conviction that it was somehow owing to him that Walter had become Lord Erradeen, was made quite unhappy by the omission.

“I shall know better another time,” she said regretfully. They were all still under the impression more or less that it was his doing. He was not a mere agent to them, but the god, out of the machinery, who had turned darkness into light. He justified this opinion still more fully before he went away, putting into Walter’s hand a cheque-book from a London bank, into which a sum of money which seemed to the inexperienced young man inexhaustible, had been paid to his credit. The old gentleman on his side seemed half-embarrassed, half-impatient after a while by the attention shown him. He resisted when Walter declared his intention of going to the railway to see him off.

“That is just a reversal of our positions,” he said.

At this Mrs. Methven became a little anxious, fearing that perhaps Walter’s simplicity might be going too far. She gave him a word of warning when the cab drove up for Mr. Milnathort’s bag. It was not a very large one, and Walter was quite equal to the condescension of carrying it to the station if his mother had not taken that precaution. She could not make up her mind that he was able to manage for himself.

“You must remember that after all he is only your man of business,” she said, notwithstanding all the worship she had herself been paying to this emissary of fortune. It was a relief to shake hands with him, to see him drive away from the door, leaving behind him such an amazing, such an

incalculable change. Somehow it was more easy to realise it when he was no longer there. And this was what Walter felt when he walked away from the railway, having seen with great satisfaction the grizzled head of the old Scotsman nod at him from a window of the departing train. The messenger was gone; the thing which he had brought with him, did that remain? Was it conceivable that it was now fixed and certain not to be affected by anything that could be done or said? Walter walked steadily enough along the pavement, but he did not think he was doing so. The world around him swam in his eyes once more. He could not make sure that he was walking on solid ground, or mounting up into the air. How different it was from the way in which he had come forth yesterday, idle, half-guilty, angry with himself and everybody, yet knowing very well what to do, turning with habitual feet into the way where all the other idlers congregated, knowing who he should meet and what would happen. He was separated from all that as if by an ocean. He had no longer anything to do with these foolish loungers. His mother had told him a thousand times in often varied tones that they were not companions for him; to-day he recognised the fact with a certain disgust. He felt it more strongly still when he suddenly came across Captain Underwood coming up eagerly with outstretched hands.

"I hope I am the first to congratulate you, Lord Erradeen," he said. "Now you will know why I asked you yesterday, Was there any news——"

"Now I shall know? I don't a bit; what do you mean? Do you mean me to believe that *you* had any hand in it?" Walter cried, with a tone of mingled incredulity and disdain.

"No hand in it, unless I had helped to put the last poor dear lord out of the way. I could scarcely have had that; but if you mean did I know

about it, I certainly did, as you must if you had been a little more in the world."

"Why didn't you tell me then?" said Walter. He added somewhat hotly, with something of the sublime assumption of youth: "Waiting for a man to die would never have suited me. I much prefer to have been, as you say, out of the world——"

"Oh, Lord! I didn't mean to offend you," said the captain. "Don't get on a high horse. Of course, if you'd known your Debrett as I do, you would have seen the thing plain enough. However, we needn't quarrel about it. I have always said you were my pupil, and I hope I have put you up to a few things that will be of use on your entry into society."

"Have you?" said Walter. He could not think how he had ever for a moment put up with this underbred person. Underwood stood before him with a sort of jaunty rendering of the appeal with which grooms and people about the stable remind a young man of what in his boyish days they have done for him—an appeal which has its natural issue in a sovereign. But he could not give Underwood a sovereign, and it was perhaps just a little ungenerous to turn in the first moment of his prosperity from a man who, from whatever purpose, had been serviceable to him in his poverty. He said, with an attempt to be more friendly: "I know, Underwood, you have been very kind."

"Oh, by Jove! kind isn't the word. I knew you'd want a bit of training; the best thoroughbred that ever stepped wants that; and if I can be of any use to you in the future, I will. I knew old Erradeen; I've known all about the family for generations. There are a great many curious things about it, but I think I can help you through them," said the captain, with a mixture of anxiety and swagger. There had always been something of this same mixture about him, but Walter had never been fully conscious what it was till now.

"Thank you," he said; "perhaps it will be better to let that develop itself in a natural way. I am going to Scotland in a week, and then I shall have it at first hand."

"Then I can tell you beforehand you will find a great many things you won't like," said Underwood, abruptly. "It is not for nothing that a family gets up such a reputation. I know two or three of your places. Mulmorrel, and the shooting-box on Loch Etive, and that mysterious old place at Kinloch-houran. I have been at every one of them. It was not everybody, I can tell you, that old Erradeen would have taken to that place. Why, there is a mystery at every corner. There is——"

Walter held up his hand to stay this torrent. He coloured high with a curious sentiment of proprietorship and the shrinking of pride from hearing that which was his discussed by strangers. He scarcely knew the names of them, and their histories not at all. He put up his hand: "I would rather find out the mysteries for myself," he said.

"Oh," cried Underwood, "if you are standing on your dignity, my lord, as you like, for that matter. I am not one to thrust my company upon any man if he doesn't like it. I have stood your friend, and I would again; but as for forcing myself upon you now that you've come to your kingdom——"

"Underwood," cried the other, touched in the tenderest point, "if you dare to insinuate that this has changed me, I desire never to speak to you again. But it is only, I suppose, one of the figures of speech that people use when they are angry. I am not such a cad as you make me out. Whether my name is Methven or Erradeen—I don't seem to know very well which it is——"

"It is both," the other cried with a great laugh, and they shook hands, engaging to dine together at the hotel that evening. Underwood, who was knowing in such matters, was to order

the dinner, and two or three of "the old set" were to be invited. It would be a farewell to his former comrades, as Walter intended; and with a curious recurrence of his first elation he charged his representative to spare no expense. There was something intoxicating and strange in the very phrase.

As he left Underwood and proceeded along the High Street, where, if he had not waved his hand to them in passing with an air of haste and pre-occupation, at least every second person he met would have stopped him to wish him joy, he suddenly encountered July Herbert. She was going home from the vicarage, out of which his mother had politely driven her; and it seemed the most wonderful luck to July to get him to herself, thus wholly unprotected, and with nobody even to see what she was after. She went up to him, not with Underwood's eagerness, but with a pretty frank pleasure in her face.

"I have heard a fairy tale," she said, "and is it true——"

"I suppose you mean about me," said Walter. "Yes, I am afraid it is true. I don't exactly know who I am at present."

"Afraid!" cried July. "Ah, you know you don't mean that. At all events, you are no longer just the old Walter whom we have known all our lives."

There was another girl with her whom Walter knew but slightly, but who justified the plural pronoun.

"On the contrary, I was going to say, when you interrupted me——"

"I am so sorry I interrupted you."

"That though I did not know who I was in the face of the world, I was always the old Walter, &c. A man, I believe, can never lose his Christian name."

"Nor a woman either," said July. "That is the only thing that cannot be taken from us. We are supposed, you know, rather to like the loss of the other one."

"I have heard so," said Walter, who was not unaccustomed to this sort of

fencing. "But I suppose it is not true."

"Oh," said July, "if it were for the same reason that makes you change your name, I should not mind. But there is no peerage in our family that I know of, and I should not have any chance if there were, alas! Good-bye, Lord Erradeen. It is a lovely name! And may I always speak to you when I meet you, though you are such a grand personage? We do not hope to see you at the Cottage now, but mamma will like to know that you still recognise an old friend."

"I shall come and ask Mrs. Herbert what she thinks of it all," Walter said.

July's brown eyes flashed out with triumph as she laughed and waved her hand to him. She said—

"It will be too great an honour," and curtsied; then laughed again as she went on, casting a glance at him over her shoulder.

He laughed too; he was young, and he was gratified even by this undisguised provocation, though he could not help saying to himself, with a slight beat of his heart, how near he was to falling in love with that girl! What a good thing it was that he did not—*now*!

As for July she looked at him with a certain ferocity, as if she would have devoured him. To think of all that boy had it in his power to give if he pleased, and to think how little a poor girl could do!

## CHAPTER VI.

MRS. METHVEN was conscious of a new revival of the old displeasure when Walter informed her of the engagement he had formed for the evening. She was utterly disappointed. She had thought that the great and beneficial shock of this new life would turn his character altogether, and convert him into that domestic sovereign, that object of constant reference, criticism, and devotion

which every woman would have every man be. It was a wonderful mortification and enlightenment to find that without even the interval of a single evening devoted to the consideration of his new and marvellous prospects, and that talking over which is one of the sweetest parts of a great and happy event, he should return—to what?—to wallowing in the mire, as the Scripture says, to his old billiard room acquaintances, the idlers and undesirable persons with whom he had formed associations. Could there be anything more unsuitable than Lord Erradeen in the midst of such a party, with Underwood, and perhaps worse than Underwood. It wounded her pride and roused her temper, and, in spite of all her efforts, it was with a lowering brow that she saw him go away. Afterwards, indeed, when she thought of it, as she did for hours together, while cousin Sophia talked, and she languidly replied, maintaining a conversation from the lips outward, so poor a substitute for the evening's talking over and happy consultation she had dreamed of—Mrs. Methven was more just to her son. She tried always to be just, poor lady. She placed before herself all the reasons for his conduct. That he should entertain the men who, much against her wish and his own good, yet in their way had been kind to, and entertained him, was natural. But to do it this first evening was hard, and she could not easily accept her disappointment. Afterwards she reminded herself with a certain stern philosophy that because Walter had owned a touch of natural emotion, and had drawn near to her and confessed himself in the wrong, that was no reason why his character should be changed in a moment. There were numbers of men who on occasion felt and lamented their misdoing, yet went on again in the same way. He had been no doubt startled, as some are by calamity, by the more extraordinary shock of this good fortune; but why should he for that abandon all the tastes and occupations of his former life? It was she, she said to

herself, with some bitterness, who was a fool. The fact was that Walter meant no harm at all, and that it was merely the first impulse of a half scornful liberality, impatience of the old associations, which he had tacitly acknowledged were not fit for him, that led him back to his former companions. He felt afterwards that it would have been in better taste had he postponed this for a night. But he was very impatient and eager to shake himself free of them, and enter upon his new career.

Something of the same disappointed and disapproving sentiment filled Mrs. Methven's mind when she heard of his visit to the Cottage. She knew no reason why he should take a special leave of July Herbert; if he knew himself a reason, which he did not disclose, that was another matter. Thoughts like this embittered the preparations for his departure, which otherwise would have been so agreeable. She had to see after many things which a young man of more wealth, or more independent habits, would have done for himself—his linen, his portmanteau, most of the things he wanted, except the tailor part of the business; but it was not until the last evening that there was any of the confidential consultation, for which her heart had longed. Even on that last day Walter had been very little indoors. He had been busy with a hundred trifles, and she had begun to make up her mind to his going away without a word said as to their future relations, as to whether he meant his mother to share any of the advantages of his new position, or to drop her at Sloebury as something done with, which he did not care to burden himself with, any more than the other circumstances of his past career. She did so little justice to the real generosity of her son's temper in the closeness of her contest with him, and the heat of personal feeling, that she had begun to make up her mind to this, with what pain and bitterness it is unnecessary to say.

She had even begun to make excuses for her own desertion in the tumult of endless thought upon this one subject which possessed her. She would be just; after all, was it not better perhaps that she should be left in the little house which was her independent home, for which she owed nothing to any one? If any unnecessary sense of gratitude made him offer her reluctantly a share in his new life, that would be humiliation indeed. If, as was apparent, her society, her advice, her love were nothing to him, was it not far better that both should recognise the situation, and view things in their true light? This the proud woman had made up her mind to, with what depth of wounded tenderness and embittered affection who could say? She had packed for him with her own hands, for all his permanent arrangements were to be made after he had left Sloebury, and to change her household in consequence of an alteration of fortune which, according to all appearances would not concern her, was, she had proudly decided, quite out of the question. She packed for him as in the days when he was going to school, when he was a boy, and liked everything better that had been done by his mother. A woman may be pardoned for feeling such a difference with a passionate soreness and sense of downfall. In those days how she had thought of the time when he would be grown up, when he would understand all her difficulties and share all her cares, and in his own advancement make her triumphant and happy! God forgive me, she said to herself, now he has got advancement far above my hopes, and I am making myself wretched thinking of myself. She stopped and cried a little over his new linen. No, he was right; if it must be allowed that they did not "get on," it was indeed far better in the long run that there should be no false sentiment, no keeping up of an untenable position. Thank God she required nothing; she had enough; she wanted neither luxury nor grandeur, and her

home, her natural place was here, where she had lived so many years, where she could disarm all comment upon Walter's neglect of her, by saying that she preferred the place where she had lived so long, and where she had so many friends. Why, indeed, should she change her home at her time of life? No doubt he would come back some time and see her; but after all why should her life be unsettled because his was changed? It was he who showed true sense in his way of judging the matter, she said to herself with a smile, through the hastily dried and momentary tears.

Walter came in when the packing was just about concluded. He came half way up the stairs and called "Mother, where are you?" as he had often done when he was a boy and wanted her at every turn, but as he never did now. This touched and weakened her again in her steady resolution to let him see no repining in her. "Are you packing for me?" he called out again; "what a shame while I have been idling! But come down, mother, please, and leave that. You forget we have everything to settle yet."

"What is there to settle?" she said, with a certain sharpness of tone which she could not quite suppress, coming out upon the landing. The maids who were going to bed, and who heard all this, thought it was beautiful to hear his lordship speaking like that, quite natural to his mother; but that missus was that hard it was no wonder if they didn't get on; and Cousin Sophia from her virgin retirement, where she sat in her dressing-gown reading a French novel, and very much alive to every sound, commented in her own mind, closing her book, in the same sense, "Now she will just go and hold him at arm's length while the boy's heart is melting, and then break her own," Miss Merivale said to herself. Thus everybody was against her and in favour of the fortunate young fellow who had been supping on homage and

flattery, and now came in easy and careless to make everything straight at the last moment. Mrs. Methven on her side was very tired, and tremulous with the exertion of packing. It would have been impossible for her to banish that tone out of her voice. She stood in the subdued light upon the stairs looking down upon him, leaning on the banister to support herself; while he, with all the light from below upon his face, ruddy with the night air, and the applauses, and his own high well-being, looked up gaily at her. He had shaken off all his old irritability in the confidence of happiness and good fortune that had taken possession of him. After a moment he came springing up the stairs three at a time.

"You look tired, mother, while I have been wasting my time. Come down, and let us have our talk. I'll do all the rest to-morrow," he said, throwing his arm round her and leading her down stairs. He brought her some wine first of all and a footstool, and threw himself into the easy task of making her comfortable. "Now," he said, "let's talk it all over," drawing a chair to her side.

All this was quite new upon Walter's part—or rather quite old, belonging to an age which had long ago gone.

"Isn't it rather late for that?" she said, with a faint smile.

"Yes, and I am ashamed of myself; but, unfortunately, you are so used to that. We must settle, however, mother. I am to go first of all to Kinloch-houran, which Milnathort says is not a place for you. Indeed, I hear——" here he paused a little as if he would have named his authority, and continued, "that it is a ruinous sort of place; and why I should go there, I don't know."

"Where did you hear?" she said, with quick suspicion.

"Well, mother, I would rather not have mentioned his name; but if you wish to know, from Underwood. I know you are prejudiced against him. Yes, it is prejudice, though I

don't wonder at it. I care nothing for the fellow; but still it comes out, which is rather strange, that he knows these places, and a good deal about the Erradeens."

"Is that, then," cried the mother quickly, "the reason of his being here?"

"He never said so, nor have I asked him," answered Walter, with something of his old sullenness; but then he added—"The same thought has crossed my own mind, mother, and I shouldn't wonder if it were so."

"Walter," she said, "a man like that can have but one motive—the desire to aggrandise himself. For heaven's sake, don't have anything to do with him; don't let him get an influence over you."

"You must have a very poor opinion of me, mother," he said, in an aggrieved tone.

She looked at him with a curious gaze, silenced, as it seemed. She loved him more than anything in the world, and thought of him above everything; and yet perhaps in that wrath with those we love which works like madness in the brain, it was true what he said—that she had a poor opinion of him. Extremes meet, as the proverb says. However, this was a mystery too deep for Walter to enter into.

"Don't let us waste words about Underwood," he said. "I care nothing for the fellow; he is vulgar and presuming—as you always said."

Partly, no doubt this avowal was made with the intention of pleasing his mother; at the same time it proved the great moral effect of promotion in rank. Lord Erradeen saw with the utmost distinctness what Walter Methven had only glimpsed by intervals. And it is impossible to describe how this speech pleased Mrs. Methven. Her tired eyes began to shine, her heart to return to its brighter hopes.

"The thing is, what arrangements you wish me to make," said Walter. "What are you going to do? I hear Mulmorrel is a handsome house, but it's November, and naturally it is colder

in the north. Do you think you would care to go there now, or wait till the weather is better? It may want furnishing, for anything I know; and it appears we've got a little house in town."

"Walter," she said, in a voice which was husky and tremulous, "before you enter upon all this—you must first think, my dear. Are you sure it will be for your comfort to have me with you at all? Wouldn't you rather be free, and make your own arrangements, and leave me—as I am?"

"MOTHER?" the young man cried. He got up suddenly from where he was sitting beside her, and pushed away his chair, and stood facing her, with a sudden paleness and fiery eyes that seemed to dazzle her. He had almost kicked her footstool out of his way in his excitement and wounded feeling. "Do you mean to say you want to have nothing to do with me?" he said.

"Oh! my boy, you could not think so. I thought that was what—you meant. I wish only what is for your good."

"Would it be for my good to be an unnatural cad?" said the young man, with rising indignation—"a heartless, ill-conditioned whelp, with no sense and no feeling? Oh, mother! mother! what a poor opinion you must have of me!" he cried; and so stung was he with this blow that sudden tears sprang to his eyes. "All because I'm a fool and put everything off to the last moment," he added, in a sort of undertone, as if explaining it to himself. "But I'm not a beast for all that," he said, fiercely.

She made him no reply, but sat and gazed at him with a remorse and compunction, which, painful sentiments as they are, were to her sweet as the dews from heaven. Yes, it appeared that through all her passionate and absorbing tenderness she had had a poor opinion of him. She had done him injustice. The conviction was like a new birth. That he should be Lord Erradeen was nothing in



comparison of being as he thus proved himself, good and true, open to the influences of affection and nature. She could not speak, but her eyes were full of a thousand things; they asked him mutely to forgive her. They repented, and were abashed and rejoiced all in one glance. The young man who had not been nearly so heartless as she feared, was now not nearly so noble as she thought: but he was greatly touched by the crisis, and by the suggestion of many a miserable hour which was in her involuntary sin against him and in her penitence. He came back again and sat close by her, and kissed her tremulously.

"I have been a cad," he said. "I don't wonder you lost all faith in me, mother."

"Not that, not that," she said faintly; and then there was a moment of exquisite silence, in which without a word, everything was atoned for, and pardon asked and given.

And then began perhaps the happiest hour of Mrs. Methven's life, in which they talked over everything and decided what was to be done. Not to give up the house in Sloebury at present, nor indeed to do anything at present, save wait till he had made his expedition into Scotland and seen his new property, and brought her full particulars. After he had investigated everything and knew exactly the capabilities of the house, and the condition in which it was, and all the necessities and expedencies, they would then decide as to the best thing to be done; whether to go there, though at the worst time of the year, or to go to London, which was an idea that pleased Walter but alarmed his mother. Mrs. Methven did her best to remember what were the duties of a great landed proprietor and to bring them home to her son.

"You ought to spend Christmas at your own place," she said. "There will be charities and hospitalities and the poor people to look after."

She did not know Scotland, nor did

she know very well what it was to be a great country magnate. She had been but a poor officer's daughter herself, and had married another officer, and been beaten about from place to place before she settled down on her small income at Sloebury. She had not much more experience than Walter himself had in this respect; indeed if the truth must be told both of them drew their chief information from novels, those much-abused sources of information, in which the life of rural potentates is a favourite subject and not always described with much knowledge. Walter gravely consented to all this, with a conscientious desire to do what was right: but he thought the place would most likely be gloomy for his mother in winter, and that hospitalities would naturally be uncalled for so soon after the death of the old lord.

"What I would advise would be Park Lane," he said, with a judicial tone. "Milnathort said that it was quite a small house."

"What is a small house in Park Lane would look a palace at Sloebury," Mrs. Methven said; "and you must not begin on an extravagant footing, my dear."

"You will let us begin comfortably, I hope," he said; "and I must look for a nice carriage for you, mother."

Walter felt disposed to laugh as he said the words, but carried them off with an air of easy indifference as if it were the most natural thing in the world: while his mother on her side could have cried for pleasure and tenderness.

"You must not mind me, Walter; we must think what is best for yourself," she said as proud and pleased as if she had twenty carriages.

"Nothing of the sort," he said. "We are going to be comfortable, and you must have everything that is right first of all."

What an hour it was! now and then there will be given to one individual out of a class full measure of recompense heaped and overflowing, out of which the rest may get a sympathetic plea-

sure though they do not enjoy it in their own persons. Mrs. Methven had never imagined that this would come to her, but lo! in a moment it was pouring upon her in floods of consolation. So absorbing was this happy consultation that it was only when her eyes suddenly caught the clock on the mantelpiece, and saw that the hands were marking a quarter to two! that Mrs. Methven startled awoke out of her bliss.

"My poor boy! that I should keep you up to this hour talking, and a long journey before you to-morrow!" she cried.

She hustled him up to his room after this, talking and resisting gaily to the very door. He was happy too with that sense of happiness conferred, which is always sweet, and especially to youth in the delightful, easy sense of power and beneficence. When he thought of it he was a little remorseful, to think that he had possessed the power so long and never exercised it, for Walter was generous enough to be aware that the house in Park Lane and the carriage were not the occasions of his mother's blessedness. "Poor mother," he said to himself softly. He might have made her a great deal more happy if he had chosen before these fine things were dreamt of. But Mrs. Methven remembered that no more. She begged pardon of God on her knees for misjudging her boy, and for once in her life was profoundly, undoubtingly happy, with a perfection and fulness of content which perhaps could only come after long experience of the reverse. After such a moment a human creature, if possible, should die, so as to taste nothing less sweet: for the less sweet, to be sure, must come back if life goes on, and at that moment there was not a cloud or a suggestion of darkness upon the firmament. She grudged falling asleep, though she was very tired, and so losing this beautiful hour; but Nature is wilful and will seldom abdicate the night for joy, whatever she may do for grief.

Next morning she went to the station with him to see him away. Impossible to describe the devotion of all the officials to Lord Erradeen's comfort on his journey. The station-master kindly came to superintend this august departure, and the porters ran about contending for his luggage with an excitement which made, at least, one old gentleman threaten to write to the *Times*. There was nothing but "my lord" and "his lordship" to be heard all over the station; and so many persons came to bid him good-bye and see the last of him, as they said, that the platform was quite inconveniently crowded. Among these, of course, was Captain Underwood, whose fervent—"God bless you, my boy"—drowned all other greetings. He had, however, a disappointed look—as if he had failed in some object. Mrs. Methven, whose faculties were all sharpened by her position, and who felt herself able to exercise a toleration which, in former circumstances, would have been impossible to her, permitted him to overtake her as she left the place, and acknowledged his greeting with more cordiality, or, at least, with a less forbidding civility than usual. And then a wonderful sight was seen in Sloebury. This *bête noir* of the feminine world, this man, whom every lady frowned upon, was seen walking along the High Street, side by side, in earnest conversation with one of the women who had been most unfavourable to him. Was she listening to an explanation, a justification, an account of himself, such as he had not yet given, to satisfy the requirements of the respectability of Sloebury? To tell the truth, Mrs. Methven now cared very little for any such explanation. She did not remember, as she ought to have done, that other women's sons might be in danger from this suspicious person, though her own was now delivered out of his power. But she was very curious to know what anybody could tell her of Walter's new possessions, and of the

family which it was rather humiliating to know so little about. It was she, indeed, who had begun the conversation after his first remark upon Walter's departure and the loss which would result to Sloebury.

"You know something about the Erradeens, my son tells me," she said almost graciously.

"Something! I know about as much as most people. I knew he was the heir, which few, except yourselves, did," the captain said. He cast a keen glance at her when he said, "except yourselves."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Methven, "that is scarcely correct, for Walter did not know, and I had forgotten. I had, indeed, lost sight of my husband's family and the succession seemed so far off."

It was thus that she veiled her ignorance and endeavoured to make it appear that indifference on her part, and a wise desire to keep Walter's mind unaffected by such a dazzling possibility, had been her guiding influence. She spoke with such modest gravity that Captain Underwood, not used to delusion under that form, was tempted into a sort of belief. He looked at her curiously, but her veil was down, and her artifice, if it was an artifice, was of a kind more delicate than any to which he was accustomed.

"Well!" he said, "then it was not such a surprise to you as people thought! Sloebury has talked of nothing else, I need not tell you, for several days; and everybody was of opinion that it burst upon you like a thunderbolt."

"Upon my son, yes," Mrs. Methven said with a smile.

He looked at her again, and she had the satisfaction of perceiving that this experienced man of the world was taken in.

"Well, then," he said, "you will join with me in wishing him well out of it: you know all the stories that are about."

"I have never been at Mulmorrel—my husband's chances in his own lifetime were very small, you know."

"It isn't Mulmorrel, it is that little ruined place where something uncanny is always said to go on—oh, I don't know what it is; nobody does but the reigning sovereign himself, and some hangers-on, I suppose. I have been there. I've seen the mysterious light, you know. Nobody can ever tell what window it shows at, or if it is any window at all. I was once with the late man—the late lord, he who died the other day—when it came out suddenly. We were shooting wildfowl, and his gun fell out of his hands. I never saw a man in such a funk. We were a bit late, and twilight had come on before we knew."

"So then you actually saw something of it yourself?" Mrs. Methven said. She had not the remotest idea what this was, but if she could find out something by any means she was eager enough to take advantage of it.

"No more than that; but I can tell you this: Erradeen was not seen again for twenty-four hours. Whether it was a call to him or what it was I can't undertake to say. He never would stand any questioning about it. He was a good fellow enough, but he never would put up with anything on that point. So I can only wish Walter well through it, Mrs. Methven. In my opinion he should have had some one with him; for he is young, and, I dare say, he is fanciful."

"My son, Lord Erradeen," said Mrs. Methven with dignity, "is man enough, I hope, to meet an emergency. Perhaps you think him younger than he is." She propounded this delicately as, perhaps, a sort of excuse for the presumption of the Christian name.

Underwood grew very red: he was disappointed and irritable. "Oh, of course, you know best," he said. "As for my Lord Erradeen (I am sure I beg your pardon for forgetting his dignity), I dare say he is quite old enough to take care of himself—at least, we'll hope so; but a business of that kind will upset the steadiest brain, you know. Old Erradeen had

not a bad spirit of his own, and *he* funk'd it. I confess I feel a little anxious for your boy; he's a nice fellow, but he's nervous. I was in a dozen minds to go up with him to stand by him; but, perhaps, it is better not, for the best motives get misconstrued in this world. I can only wish him well out of it," Captain Underwood said, taking off his hat and making her a fine bow as he stalked away.

It is needless to say that this mysterious intimation of danger planted daggers in Mrs. Methven's heart. She stopped aghast: and for the moment the idea of running back to the station, and signalling that the train was to be stopped came into her mind. Ridiculous folly! Wish him well out of it? What, out of his great fortune, his peerage, his elevation in the world? Mrs. Methven smiled indignantly, and thought of the strange manifestations

under which envy shows itself. But she went home somewhat pale, and could not dismiss it from her mind as she wished to do. Well out of it! And there were moments when, she remembered, she had surprised a very serious look on the countenance of Mr. Milnathort. Was Walter going unwarned, in the elation and happy confidence of his heart, into some danger unknown and unforeseen? This took her confidence away from her, and made her nervous and anxious. But after all, what folly it must be: something uncanny and a mysterious light! These were stories for Christmas, to bring a laugh or a shiver from idle circles round the fire. To imagine that they could affect anything in real life was a kind of madness; an old-fashioned, exploded superstition. It was too ridiculous to be worthy a thought.

*(To be continued.)*

## WHAT IS SIMONY?

THE Curates' Alliance is a very noisy body. True, its aims are not very distinct. And it is probable that the fact of its existence would, ere this, have faded from people's minds—had it not been for one thing. It has taken upon itself to "boycott" the public sale of benefices. On such occasions it has been very prominent. From words blows have arisen, and there seem to have been hand-to-hand encounters between the auctioneers and the chairman and secretary of the Alliance. The latter, successful hitherto in their obstruction, have announced their intention of interfering with all future sales of advowsons at Tokenhouse Yard. Perhaps, indeed, an enlargement, at an auction mart, upon the attractions of a benefice; a statement with regard to the age and health of the incumbent for the time being, and the probable date of his demise, is an unseemly mode of trying to get rid of saleable property, even though there can be no difference in principle between making these statements by word of mouth and through the medium of Mr. Emery Stark's Benefice Register or an advertisement in the *Times*. But such proceedings make at any rate the question which stands at the head of this paper *à propos*. We do not certainly write with a view to the conversion of the Curates' Alliance, the actions of which body have seemed hitherto to precede its convictions. But it may be a good thing to inquire what simony is, and to examine the hostile feelings it generally arouses.

We have three things to do in making such inquiry. We must see what simony is in its nature; what constitutes it an offence at law; and afterwards what there is to be said, either for or against, the sale of benefices.

In the first place, it is clear the real offence of simony is not what most people speak of it as being. For, in its nature, it is not, as indeed its name implies, the purchase of an ecclesiastical post or locality; but the payment of money with intent to procure, or the receipt of money as an inducement to bestow, a spiritual gift. Simon Magus offered to pay for power which would enable him to confer upon others the gift of the Holy Ghost. And in accordance with this, its original meaning and nature, is what seems to be the earliest mention of simony in the ecclesiastical constitutions of this country. At a Council at Winchester in 1070, it is alluded to as (1) "The coming-in of bishops and abbots by simoniacal heresy;" and (2) "The ordaining men promiscuously and by means of money." As was well pointed out in a letter to the *Times* last August, to pay money for a sacrament, or for admission to Holy Orders, would approach far more closely to the true nature of simony than any consideration given for the choice of a particular sphere of labour. Yet in some parishes, in this country, a fee is still required for the administration of baptism, and fees of considerable amount are exacted from all who are ordained priest or deacon.

But it is not in this sense that people usually think of simony, and it is certainly not in this sense that current objections are made to it. We must define it, according to the way in which it is usually regarded, as the corrupt presentation of any one to an ecclesiastical benefice for money, gift, or reward. It is thus that the law chiefly bears upon it, and thus we must look at it in its legal aspect.

Though for long a heresy according to canon law, simony does not seem

to have been an offence at common law until the statute of Elizabeth, which may be said to define it, and even to constitute it, as at present understood. That statute points to six classes and species of simony.

(1) Taking money or profit for a vote at a college election.

(2) Taking money, or profit, or benefit for resigning a place in any college.

(3) Presentations or bestowing of benefices for money or profit.

(4) Admissions, institutions, and collations, for money, profit, or benefit.

(5) Corrupt resignations, or exchanges of benefices with cure of souls.

(6) Taking money for procuring ordination, or the making of ministers, the giving orders and licenses to preach.

In addition to the provision of this statute 31st Elizabeth, clergymen, by the 12th Anne cap. 12, are expressly prohibited from purchasing next presentations or avoidances.

Now at first sight this all seems clear enough. It looks as if the law was against any such transaction as the purchase of a benefice, irrespective of the intrinsic harm or harmlessness of the proceeding. The question seems rather to be whether, on examination, the law does not go a great deal further than most people would imagine. Many considerations are involved in the expression "taking money, or profit, or benefit." It looks indeed as if it would be hard to say that many of the transactions of the Master and Fellows of a college, which the uninitiated would pronounce harmless enough, might not, if the statute were pressed, be included in the definition *simoniacal*. In matters ecclesiastical, too, arrangements are made every day which, upon a strict interpretation of it, one would think could hardly be otherwise construed than as an offence against the law. *A* and *B*, for example, wish to exchange benefices; *A*, because he wants a larger income, *B*, because, the west of England, say, suits his health or is

near his relations. But, in the first place, the law of ecclesiastical exchanges does not seem to contemplate such arrangements being made unless the parties wishing to enter into them reside in the *same* diocese. And next, by 31 Elizabeth cap. 6 § 8, any incumbent exchanging a benefice for any pension, sum of money, or *benefit whatsoever*, is guilty of simony. Now it is surely patent in this case that mutual advantage and benefit are the very motives which induce *A* and *B* to exchange. Must we not say then that, upon a strict enforcement of the law, such clergymen might be proceeded against and punished for entering into a corrupt contract? Or, again, a church is in process of erection. *C D* becomes curate-in-charge, hands over a sum of money to the building fund upon the understanding that he shall be the first incumbent; and, in accordance with this arrangement, in process of time is presented accordingly. Or, perhaps, acting in the interests of some society (the Simeon Trustees for example), he promotes the building of a particular church, and the assignment to it of a particular district, it being understood that he shall have the first presentation to the said church, and thus appoints himself. In such cases would it not seem, from the statute which forbids presentation to a benefice in return "for money, reward, gift, profit, or benefit, directly or indirectly," that the transactions are simoniacal?

But then we must regard things not as they seem, but as they really are. It is the meaning of statutes as they have been interpreted, and not the meaning they appear to bear on a first examination, on which we have to rely as determining the legal merits of a question. So, accordingly, in the question of simony, when we inquire how the law bearing upon it has been construed, many qualifying considerations prevent our speaking of it as above.

To begin with, these very statutes 31 Eliz. and 12 Anne, which constitute

simony an offence at common law, give the power of entering into what it is common to speak of as a "disgraceful evasion of the law." For it is supposed that only by some kind of quibble can a next presentation, or even an advowson, be purchased. But it has been settled that the purchase of an avoidance is only illegal when made by a clergyman *in propria persona* for his own benefit, or by some one wishing to present him, when the benefice is, at the time of sale, *actually vacant*. Such an interpretation has no doubt led to quibbles and to many hateful transactions. There are clergymen who live by offering themselves as holders of vacant benefices until the patrons have had opportunity of disposing of the presentations, undertaking to resign the moment they are sold. There are patrons who, sheltering themselves under the liberty accorded by the statute, will take advantage of its letter in order to act in defiance of its spirit. There are persons who trade in advowsons; buying them when they are in the market, and putting money in their pockets by selling the next presentations as they become vacant. These doubtless are evasions of the statute, and disgraceful enough; but to speak of the sale, whether of advowsons or presentations, when carried out *bond fide* in accordance with what the letter and the spirit of the law allows, as "disgraceful evasions," is to speak wildly. The law itself may be disgraceful; it may be that it should be removed from the statute book; but while it remains there, there can be no disgraceful evasion in taking a proper advantage of it. And it must be remembered that there never was a law yet, which, good in itself if acted upon according to its original intention, might not be capable of misrepresentation and of affording loopholes to those who pretending to observe it were in reality avoiding it. We shall be led to infer, further on, that the purchase of an avoidance need not

be more objectionable than the free presentation to it by a patron of his own motion. So also with regard to the purchase of an advowson which confers the right of perpetual presentation to the benefice in question. The statutes which seem to make any transaction of this nature simoniacal, and therefore illegal, give express power to purchase advowsons under certain conditions. Thus, even a clergyman may purchase an advowson, so long as it be not actually vacant at the time of sale, for himself, though not a next presentation. (This, by the way, has always seemed to us a distinction without a difference; for even if a man buy an advowson, the next presentation is all he can enjoy personally during his own lifetime.) But, be this as it may, since the purchase of an advowson properly accomplished is perfectly admissible, it is clear that under these circumstances a clergyman who has either bought one for himself, or had one bought for him by another, may, with a clear conscience, make the declaration against simony. And so once more in the case of exchanges. What would seem to be illegal cannot in reality be so. Exchanges from one diocese to another, and for the sake of mutual benefit, are made every day with the open permission of those who must necessarily be the first to point out even technical informalities. Whether the feelings of a clergyman should harmonise with the freedom of the law is a question which will enter into what we have finally to consider—the advisability or non-advisability of continuing to permit, even under legal sanction, anything like purchase in the Church.

Doubtless there is a feeling, and a natural one, against allowing money to do for a man that which personal capability, or rather want of capability, would prevent being done for him. It is not agreeable to think of a parent purchasing for a dolt of a son an important and wealthy post; thus fixing him in a position to which he never could have attained by merit, and

raising him over the heads of poorer men, who, nevertheless, may be in every intellectual and professional requirement his superiors. Neither is it pleasant to remember that the law enables any man, however careless, however lazy, so long as no gross evil can be proved against him (and in some cases making it possible even for such sinners), to procure a position in which, without disturbance of his bad habits, he can enjoy a comfortable livelihood. In these days of reform, when the rule is *la carrière ouverte aux talents*, and the useless and incapable are told to stand on one side, one would rather think of the law making it impossible for such as these to obtain the preferment which better men should occupy. It cannot be denied that purchase in the Church does sometimes seem to legalise incompetence, or even iniquity. And then there are these phrases, which have such an odious ring about them—"Traffic in the souls of men;" "The buying and selling cures of souls like cattle," and so forth. Somehow, legal though it may be, a man does not care for it to be openly mentioned that he has bought a living. He would rather prefer people to suppose he had obtained it in the ordinary way. The purchaser of an advowson, it is supposed, is not pleasantly regarded; he is looked upon as a black sheep.

At the same time, granting such objections, which are those mainly put forward, we cannot help seeing there is much to be said on the other side of the question. Indeed, impartial people will, we think, after honest examination, come to the conclusion that the present state of things calls for reform rather than for abolition. Supposing we do admit the disagreeableness of thinking of a father buying preferment for "the fool of the family," of recollecting that money can confer what presumably should only be obtained by brains, surely this is no more than confessing that, as a rule, those who can command

money and influence will get on better than those who cannot. Take two clergymen—one the son of a rich man with important posts in his gift, or with plenty of influence with those who have; the other with nothing but his own exertions to depend on—no money, no influence whatever. Both are equally in earnest, but the poorer is the abler of the two. The career of each is not hard to predict. One man, the rich one, will get on and do well, while it will be a chance if the other, the poor one, achieves any distinction whatever. Yet no one would say the rich man had behaved badly, or blame him for making use of such advantages as he had. Neither could we justly blame a father for promoting to a benefice of which he was the natural patron, a stupid son, who was not a bad one. Inferiority of capacity is not the same thing as a want of moral character. The son may improve; he may be harmless enough. These inequalities will always exist in one way if not in another. And so it seems absurd to bring as an argument against the sale of livings the fact that a parent is able to compass the same result by means of money which he would be able, and certainly would not hesitate to achieve without money had he the power at his command.

With regard to the other objections—those which are brought against the admission to comfortable and important posts of such men as should be disqualified from filling them, and those which apply to what is termed an "unholy traffic in the souls of men"—it surely may be replied to the former that, supposing there to be nothing in the abstract against the sale of advowsons, the state of things animadverted upon might be prevented by additional safeguards. No one thinks an idle or worthless man should obtain preferment; but surely means might be found of obviating this, short of the abolition of a system which we shall try in a moment to show is at any rate not more of an evil than what would have to take its place.



And with regard to what is termed "the traffic in souls," is the purchase of a benefice in reality anything of the kind? Surely the buying of an ecclesiastical post is no more the buying of souls than the taking over of a business is the buying of customers! As was well pointed out in the letter to the *Times* before quoted, the spiritual gift, the right to minister the Word and Sacraments, each clergyman possesses by virtue of his ordination, and the question of the locality in which he shall minister is a very minor consideration. The souls of one parish cannot be more highly valued than the souls of another. The fact is, such a phrase sounds terribly virtuous and, for the moment, unanswerable; but, on looking into it, one finds it aims at representing what is non-existent.

And there are two considerations which must be dealt with by those who go for root-and-branch reform on this question. The one is, what is the moral difference between asking for and buying a post that is vacant? No one thinks worse of a man because his name is on the Lord Chancellor's private patronage list, or because a friend of his father's has given him a living. But if objection must be taken to the purchase of advowsons in the abstract, surely in all consistency we ought equally to object to a man letting his wants or his qualifications be known to any one. We ought to expect him to wait till preferment drops upon him. Yet we have never known any one go so far as this.

The other consideration is, how shall the patronage of benefices be arranged? Is it proposed to give more power to parishioners? The Curates' Alliance seems to be of some such opinion. For at various meetings in which the question of patronage has been mooted, a strong feeling has been expressed that parishioners should have the major share of appointments to benefices. But then how will parishioners ever elect apart from a repetition of the disgraceful scenes which took place lately at

Clerkenwell and Southwark, and which never seem to be absent on such occasions? If it had been a question between selling the advowsons of these benefices, and tolerating the miserable appeals to party feeling and the stirring up of bad blood which were only too prominent, would any one have hesitated to pronounce in favour of the former? If so, why is it that so many hail with relief the Bishop of Rochester's offer to purchase the living of Southwark?

But if parishioners be generally set on one side as ineligible for the exercise of patronage, would it be any more expedient to place additional privileges of this kind in the hands of the Bishops? Unquestionable as may be either their capacity for judgment or their purity of motive, after what manner is it, as a rule, that their patronage must be exercised? Bishops, to begin with, are but human, and therefore must be naturally anxious to provide for "those of their own house," or for their own especial friends; not indeed *ceteris paribus* that there is any reason against their doing so; only that it is always hard to put the claims of relatives exactly on the same footing as the claims of outsiders. Then again, their numerous engagements, which necessitate the delegation of some duties to others, would inevitably help to incline them to prefer those recommended by some chaplain or secretary. Or, on the other hand, the men who, without decided opinions of their own, or yielding the freedom of their judgment, had most fallen in with a Bishop's views and plans—these, and not the hard-working and deserving curates, would be most certain of episcopal promotion. The fact is that, as things now are, a Bishop cannot help being one-sided with regard to his patronage. He can only do the best he knows; and as he seldom has time to know enough, what he does, often creates ten times the amount of irritation that any purchase of an advowson would do. In this case, therefore, may we not say that

what seems to be so universally condemned is, under proper restrictions, better than that which might have to replace it?

But, in addition to feeling that objections are not irremovable, and that there is nothing much to be said against the sale, duly guarded, of an advowson or next presentation, we must point out one decided advantage that the principle of purchase has been to the Church. There have been passed during the present reign two Acts for the sale of advowsons, under which the Lord Chancellor for the time being has power to sell certain benefices in his patronage, and to apply the funds thus raised either to the augmentation of the benefices themselves, or of other benefices in his gift, or to the erection of schools or parsonage houses in those parishes without them. Surely here we must confess that the end justifies the means. Surely this is only an instance of the way in which the sale of benefices may be worked so as to produce useful results. The *principle*, it must be admitted, is of immense benefit to the Church every day. A wealthy man has some clergyman, whom he highly esteems, and to whom he would be glad to be of service. In his neighbourhood there is a district inadequately supplied with religious accommodation. Putting the two things together, after completing the necessary formalities, he builds a church in the district, and presents the clergyman to it. So happy an arrangement does this seem, that, to most people, it is a matter for congratulation. The district certainly has been benefited; so, no doubt, has the clergyman. Yet it must approach the nature of a simoniacal transaction to those who mean to be consistent in the matter. The questions of money and benefit (two main principles of simony) enter into the case, look at

it which way we will. The district might not have had the church had it not been for the clergyman, nor the clergyman the preferment had it not been for the district. Without doubt simony has been the last thing dreamt of, the accomplishment of good the one object in view. We cite an instance of this kind for the sake of showing how the advantage more than counterbalances any possible disadvantage. But we may fairly ask to be shown the moral distinction between a case of this sort, and that of the purchase of an advowson by a parent for the sake of his own son.

We have seen, then, that simony differs, in its nature, from the idea usually entertained of it. We have seen that there is a legal manner of accomplishing what is generally spoken of as a quibble. And we have seen that the principle of simony is involved in many ecclesiastical doings which are never questioned, and are even, many of them, considered beneficial. To us therefore the conclusion of the matter seems to be, that, granting the abuses to be found in connection with the sale of benefices, the matter may be so worked as to be rendered, in the abstract, unobjectionable. It is a question of looking not at things as they are, but at things as they are capable of becoming. While it is well to be virtuous, it is well also to remember that exactitude is a virtue. Before denouncing, let us be sure denunciation is justifiable; and if it be, whether it may not have to be employed with qualification. We should say, let the reformers get to work rather than the destroyers. It is astonishing how much benefit may be found in what has always been supposed to be unmixed evil, if justice and impartiality be brought to bear upon it.

A. T. DAVIDSON.

## ENSILAGE.

ENSILAGE is the packing of green forage in air and water-tight structures. The packing should be performed as rapidly as possible, and the forage spread evenly as it is stored, so as to fill the space, especially at the sides. When the silo, that is, the pit, is full, a temporary structure may be built round its sides, and a further supply heaped on top. It is then covered with planks sawn so as to nearly fit the length of the pit, and the whole heavily weighted. By these means the forage is pressed into a close mass, fermentation is early arrested, and the forage is kept sound and serviceable for an indefinite period. Some fermentation does take place, but it is said that in a well-constructed silo this fermentation is useful, if not necessary. Agricultural chemists allege that the fermentation is that which naturally takes place in the first stomach of ruminant animals, and that therefore the processes of digestion and assimilation are aided by ensilage. The term ensilage is used to denote the process of storing and the product when stored.

The practice of ensilage is very ancient. It is plain that it was known five centuries before our era. The origin of the custom was probably insecurity. Husbandmen dug water-tight cavities under their houses and barns in order to store their produce and keep it from marauders, heaping earth or stones over the store, and so excluding the air. In course of time, they found that these hoards of grain were preserved in a sound state for a very long period. Corn, we are told, was laid up in ear, and kept for a century. The only condition was to protect the storage from air and moisture. The practice was known and adopted from Britain and Germany on the north, to Africa on

the south, Cappadocia and the Caucasus on the east. It is mentioned by the poet Euripides, and described by nearly all the Latin writers on agriculture.

It seems that M. Goffart, of Sologne, in France, published, in 1877, a work on ensilage. This was translated into English, and published at New York in 1879. The experience of the French agriculturist was rapidly adopted in the New England States, in New York and New Jersey, even in some of the other and more distant parts of the American Union and in Canada. It is now becoming general, and for sufficient reasons. Before the translation and publication of M. Goffart's book, experiments of a more or less successful character had been made, notably by Mr. Mills, of Pompton, New Jersey, who is supposed to have been the first to introduce the practice of ensilage in America. M. Goffart began the practice of ensilage in 1852, and his work is therefore the record of an experience extending over a quarter of a century.

There was good reason for adopting any system which should save forage in the eastern states of America, and give stalled cattle a food which should be equally good all the year round, and be unchanged—for I presume change of food always involves some distaste on the part of cattle, and some loss, even if the new food may be as nutritive as that which it displaces and may cost no more. The sudden adoption and rapid extension of ensilage in the east of America are easily accounted for, by reasons of climate, soil, and competition.

*Climate.*—The heat of the summer and the cold of winter are excessive in the States. The rainfall is great, much greater than, on the average, in England, but falls in large quantities

at particular periods, and is alternated with bright and dry weather. The cold of the winter is extreme, constantly falling below zero in a latitude which is the same as that of central or even southern Spain. The heat of the summer ripens Indian corn, the grape, and even a number of semi-tropical products. The cold of the winter kills furze and ivy. It makes a crop of roots precarious and their storage difficult. It makes the housing of cattle in winter necessary. Again, in the heat of the summer, it is requisite to cool a dairy by means of an ice-house in contiguity with it, and in the winter to keep milk from freezing by artificial warmth. It is therefore in the highest degree expedient to discover some means by which cattle, as well as man, can be sheltered from such excessive alternations of heat and cold. Hence there is, owing to the variations in the climate, a stronger motive for the use of ensilage in the United States than there would be in England. Besides, during summer, insect plagues are far more vexatious in America than they are in England, though it does not appear that sheep suffer so much from fluke as they do with us, perhaps because rabbits are almost unknown in the States, at least as a generally diffused animal.

*Soil.*—The soil of the north-eastern States is generally, almost universally, sterile. For the most part it consists, where it is at all cultivable, of a coarse gravel, sprinkled with boulders. Some of these boulders are of enormous size—frequently they almost cover the ground. In much of the country the soil is so rocky that it is, and always will be, natural forest, i.e. a tract of rather low, close-growing trees. In what is cultivable, the soil, with rare exceptions, is only redeemed from barrenness by careful cultivation and manure; and in some poorer farms, where the owner is needy and unenterprising, the soil is almost exhausted. A New England farmer of fifty acres is only a degree removed from a pauper.

Labourers have constantly purchased farms with their savings, for tenant-farming is almost unknown, and find themselves worse off than when they worked for wages. To such farmers, ensilage, by greatly increasing the feeding powers of forage, is a boon of the most valued kind, and as it is possible at very small cost to create a silo in a hill-side, there is no doubt that the system which at first was necessarily the experiment of opulent landowners will become the universal expedient of such New England farmers as wish to better their condition. To add to the natural inconveniences of his position, the New England farmer is plundered in every detail of his expenditure by the nefarious system of Protection in the States, of which he is the principal and constant victim. Machines, in a country where agricultural labour is costly, are unnaturally enhanced in price, and many important chemicals are loaded with heavy *ad valorem* duties. The peasant pays double the price for his clothing that he would pay under a fairer system, and constantly contributes twice as much in indirect duties on sugar as he does on his direct taxation.

*Competition.*—But these are not his only embarrassments. The American farmer in the east is subjected, as Western Europe is, to the competition of that almost illimitable district between the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains where the natural fertility of the soil is very high. He cannot protect himself against this competition. The cost of transit is comparatively low, for there is keen rivalry between the various railway systems which traverse the prairies, and all compete against each other for freight. Low as the freights are, there is great discontent at their amount, and there is growing up a party in the Union, under the name of the anti-monopolists, whose organisation is directed against railroad rates. The east had ceased to supply wheat to the great cities on the coast, and was

rapidly failing to supply meat and dairy produce. If the land therefore was to be worth anything at all, it was necessary to find some new method of agriculture. If prices were not to be constantly enhanced, it was expedient for the consumer, as well as the producer, to welcome anything which would give a new fertility to the soil, and a nearer market to the public. This is what the advocates of ensilage assert to have been effected by its introduction. They call it "a new dispensation," "the greatest thing in the world," as "destined to work a revolution in the present system of dairy farming," and "to restore the agriculture of New England to its former importance and profitableness." Mr. Bailey, after making a calculation as to the receipts of a New England farmer, and concluding that under the old system the farmer "works for nothing except house-rent, fuel and vegetables, and pays ten dollars a year for the privilege of doing so, and does not wonder that the girls declare they won't marry a farmer," asserts that the "system of ensilage reduces the comparative value of good timothy hay to four dollars (16s.) a ton," and that it will bring about, upon its general introduction and adoption, "an agricultural millennium—almost."

Much of this writing—and more might be quoted—is doubtlessly extravagant. But the advocates of the new system have had to encounter considerable criticism of that dogmatic kind which scientific people are apt to employ against anything which they do not find out for themselves. "It is a curious fact" (complains one of the farmers' journals), "that while many scientific gentlemen, numerous professors in agricultural colleges, and eminent chemists, denounce this system of ensilage as unworthy the time and attention of the agriculturist, yet hundreds of practical farmers have, notwithstanding, proceeded to build silos, store fodder crops, and give ensilage to their live-stock with almost

unvarying success. Surely the best theories are those which have some foundation in actual practice. We predict thousands of new silos next season where hundreds have heretofore been the rule." The American farmer has had to encounter not only the prejudice of ignorance, but the bigotry of science—two of the most persistent enemies of practical progress.

It will be seen that the New England farmer had every motive to adopt any agricultural expedient which would restore efficiency to the land which formed his holding. But on the other hand his means were so scanty, and the margin for experiment was so narrow, that he could ill afford failure. Fortunately there were persons who could afford to make the trial, and so certify to the merits of the new method, while they guarded him against mistakes. Those capitalists who owned large hotels, were naturally disposed to try the experiment. As is well known, hotel-keeping is a special calling in the United States, and a prudently-managed hotel is one of the most lucrative and regular kinds of business in which men can engage large capitals. But it is the business of all others which needs an unvarying reputation and incessant attention to economies. If an American hotel-keeper feeds his guests ill, he soon finds that his receipts shrink, his rooms empty, and his returns on a large capital tending to a minus quantity. Unless he can buy in the best market, his profits will be small, however numerous and regular his customers are. If he can supply himself from his own estate with some of the most important articles of consumption, he will carry on his calling to the greatest advantage. Now one of the chief features in profitable business throughout the United States, perhaps in the Old World, is the elimination of the middle man from great business undertakings. My friend, Mr. Havemeyer, whose estate in New Jersey has silos in (at present) their most perfect form, is a sugar refiner, whose exten-

sive business—perhaps the most extensive in the world—is successful against all rivals, not only because of the manufacturing capacity of its principal, but because he supplies himself, as far as possibly can be done, and at first hand, with all that is necessary for his manufacture.

Mr. Wolcott, the owner of Vendome Hotel, Boston, who is, I believe, a retired soldier of the great civil war, supplies his huge and excellent hotel with produce from his farm. The material for his silos was the produce of thirty-four acres, half corn (maize), half rye. The two crops were procured in one year from the same land, the rye being cut in May. The amount put into silos was over 750 tons, or nearly twenty-three tons to the acre, *i.e.* a million and a half pounds weight of preserved forage (the American ton is 2,000 lbs.), or food for 100 milch cows at the rate of fifty pounds a day for three hundred days. The summer of 1881, from which this account is taken, was exceptionally dry, and perhaps had there been more rain, the produce of the corn might have been a third more per acre.

The cost of cultivation, manure, labour, and storage, was—Mr. Wolcott gave me a carefully drawn balance sheet of his operations—a little over 380% in English money at five dollars the pound sterling. With the produce, eighty cows were fed. "With this food, and a ration of two quarts of grain daily, cows will give ten per cent. more milk than with the best English hay and six quarts of grain daily. The cost of feeding is reduced more than one-half. I am of opinion that one acre of land in ensilage will keep one cow for twenty-four months, and I doubt if any farmer in New England can show an acre of land, which will, by the old system of farming, support a cow half the length of that time." The produce of Mr. Wolcott's farm is consumed at his hotel, and I can testify to the quality of the milk and butter supplied from

it. I am told that both are equally good in the winter, and the produce even more plentiful, as there is no loss to the animal from the heat and the worry of insects. Testimony similar to that of Mr. Wolcott—whose statements I have quoted because I conversed with him, received his figures, and could put to the test the value of his method—was made by those who were present at the ensilage congress at New York in January last.

The attention which I gave to the new system of storage was not accidental. In the present year (June) a Parliamentary Paper was distributed among the members of both Houses, containing reports from divers Secretaries of Legation, and among them one from Mr. Drummond for the United States. This report contained a description of two ensilage farms in New Jersey, one belonging to Mr. Havemeyer, at Mahwah, the other to Mr. Mills, of Pompton. I determined to see both, and had no difficulty, as Mr. Havemeyer is intimate with my old and valued friend, Mr. David Wells, of Norwich, Conn., the shrewdest and most intelligent economist, and, I need not add, free-trader in the United States. Mr. Mills resides about a dozen miles from Mr. Havemeyer, and we drove on an afternoon to Pompton during my visit to the former gentleman.

Mr. Mills appears to have been the first to introduce ensilage into the States, and to have suggested the heavy weighting of the fodder in silo. His farm and silos are those which are described at the greatest length by Mr. Drummond. His experiments were made in 1876, as an attempt to save a crop of unripe corn, sown from seed which could not, as he found, ripen in the Northern States. He made several rough silos in a gravel bank, put his corn in whole, covered it with straw and planks, and then heaped earth over it. When the frost broke up in the following spring, he opened his pits, found the fodder in good preservation, got it out, and

found his horses liked it. He bought cows, and found that they ate it greedily and thrive on it. Since this date he has regularly carried on the practice. He has now two pits, holding together six hundred tons, unless there is some mistake in the account. This is the produce of thirteen acres of land—a prodigious yield, as it is over forty-six tons per acre. It is said to have cost only 100% to sow, till, reap, and store, and we are told that one pit up to January 25, 1882, without being exhausted, maintained one hundred and twenty horned cattle and twelve horses for three months. Mr. Mills reckoned that the residue, with the produce of the other pit, would keep the stock for seven months more. The store was, I presume, exhausted early in October, when I saw it. Mr. Mills now weights his forage with boxes of dry earth. He does not trample or shred it, and told me that he thought the former bruised the forage, the latter increased the difficulty of pressing air out of, and deteriorated the quality of, the substance. My own impression of the growing crop of maize which I saw on Mr. Mills's farm was that it would average considerably less than ten tons to the acre. The land of Mr. Mills's farm, though tolerably level and free from boulders, was very poor—little better than a drift shingle.

Mr. Havemeyer's estate is altogether about six hundred acres. Here I may say that American estates, even when the property of wealthy persons, are rarely large. Cultivation by any but the owner is rare, though in some parts of the State of New York tenants are to be found, though on long terms and with liberal covenants. The area of the Union is so vast that a huge estate brings no glory to its owner—is indeed evidence that the district in which the property lies is backward. There is no means by which the owner can turn it to account but by selling it, and though in the American Union land is rapidly occupied, it is slowly settled.

The estate at Mahwah is pretty equally divided between a rocky and wooded mountain on one side of the Ramapo river—a stream fully as broad as the Tay at Scone, but containing a far larger quantity of water—and a flat, rather low valley on the other side. The soil as usual is a coarse shingle, the detritus of the trap rocks which constitute the greater part of the Eastern States. It owns its fertility entirely, or almost entirely, to cultivation. Professor Sumner, of Yale, told me that he had never in all his experience found a piece of land in New England New York, or New Jersey, which bore a cent of Ricardian rent. This is, I think, an exaggeration, but it is nearly a reality over the greater part of that huge district. I should think that Mr. Havemeyer's farm is naturally poorer than that of Mr. Mills. The soil is so porous that at a considerable distance from the river, shallow pits sunk to the level of the stream, are soon filled with water. I saw the river in flood, after violent storms of rain, about seven inches of which fell in less than three days. It was perfectly clear, and therefore flood does little towards warping the land and deepening the soil, as would be the case if the river passed over rocks that were easily abraded.

Of the three hundred cultivable acres, about one-third was reserved for hay, one-third for grain and roots, one-third for ensilage crops. In the year 1882, ninety-seven acres were devoted, as I was told, to the last of these objects, and the crops were principally rye, cut early, clover, cow-peas, and corn. Some of the corn, about ten acres, I should guess, was uncut on October 2, the last day of my residence at Mahwah. The earlier cut had been put into silos, and was being fed. The cattle were eating ensilage of maize in rations of about twenty-three pounds twice a day, with a quart of ground oats to each ration. The ration for the evening meal was spread out in the morning. It had a slight

sour and a slight vinous smell, the former very like that of milk when just beginning to turn. The cows ate it greedily, and after their meal were turned out into a yard running along one length of the cow-house. The calves were in another range of buildings, the bulls in a third, the pigs in a fourth, the poultry in a fifth, the sheep, when housed—for while I was there they were grazing in an orchard—in a sixth. All these animals thrive on ensilage. Besides these buildings there was a very large stable. The horses were not here fed on silo forage, the hay and part of the oats grown on the farm being mainly destined for them.

The farm maintains about 150 milch cows, bulls, and heifers, besides a number of calves. I was promised an account of the stock, and a balance-sheet, but as it did not reach me before I left, it has I fear gone astray. I saw about fifty sheep and as many swine. There were no poultry to speak of. The cows were pedigree Jerseys, and had been imported or purchased at high prices. I was told by my friend that both sides of his balance-sheet—that of his stock and that of his dairy produce—were quite satisfactory; that he got good profit from sales of young stock and from his butter. I can quite believe the latter, for, on ensilage forage and a little ground oats most of the cows had yielded through the winter more than their own weight of milk monthly.

The cows are housed in a long and lofty T-shaped house, the stem of the figure being occupied by the animals, the two extremities by the silos and the dairy buildings, the latter comprising ice and milk rooms, the principal dairyman's house, and the engine-house. The north wing, 93 feet long and 40 feet wide, is entirely occupied by the silos, except that the nearer end to the main barn, and on a level with the mouth of the silos, is used to store cutting machines and similar tools. The frame which in-

closes the silos is timber, and resembles the rest of the building.

The silos are built entirely above ground. The soil is such that when the river is high three feet below the surface would come to water. The foundation is stone, and concrete walls  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet thick, are built on it to the height of 25 feet. Two are 59 feet long and 14 feet wide, two others 35 feet by 12 feet. The longer are now divided into six compartments, the shorter into four, by interior wooden walls. The average capacity is 100 tons of forage. They may each be easily filled in a day, the forage being chopped on a platform at the east of the barn, and conveyed into the pits by carriers through doors in the space above the silos. At first one of the undivided silos only was stored, and the forage cut from the side as hay is cut. Now that they are divided, the weights and boards are lifted and deposited in an empty pit, and the forage taken out from the top.

When the silos are filled as full as possible, and piled even above the mouth inside a temporary hoarding, and the surface made level, inch-thick planks are laid on the surface and the whole weighted. Some persons use earth, others heavy stones. Mr. Havemeyer employs barrels filled with sand, each weighing about 500 lbs. Three tiers of these barrels are laid on the planks, and the mass within ten days sinks to about two-thirds its original dimensions. Some fermentation takes place, but this is slight, beneficial rather than injurious, and is speedily arrested. The silo is not opened for use till after three months, but it may be kept closed without any alteration in its quality for a year. When it is opened the barrels are raised by a clip and pulleys, and lowered into an empty silo, so as to be ready for use whenever they are needed.

Persons who speak with authority in England, inform the public, and those who take their advice, that



American farmers pack their forage with a large quantity of chopped straw. They do nothing of the kind. They also state that ensilage is practised only on green maize and sorghum, the latter a grass from which a coarse sugar, much consumed by the negroes, is made. This is also incorrect. Corn is undoubtedly the commonest and most general material for ensilage. But I find the following kinds of green forage also used, the different kinds of grain crops being cut when the stalk is still green and the grain immature:—Oats, rye, meadow grass, aftermath or rowen, Hungarian grass, clover, peas, millet, and in the south, dhurra. Sorghum is only occasionally used, but I have found it grown as far north as Canada. Rye, being an early crop, would be a more general favourite, but some of the farmers are afraid of ergot.

Ensilage has not been practised for more than four years in America—hardly at all, in fact, till after M. Goffart's book was translated and published in 1879. But it has excited so much attention that in June of the present year Mr. Loring, the United States Commissioner of Agriculture, issued a circular from his department in Washington to a number of persons who were known to practise it. The circular contained twenty-six questions of a practical kind, to which answers were invited. Over ninety answers were received, and it may be noted that among these are not to be found the names of Messrs. Mills, Havemeyer, Wolcott, Abram Hewitt, Robinson, Remington, and others, who are convinced of the merits of the system, and active in carrying it out. The evidence given by those who had tried the new system was conclusive as to its importance and value not only in New England, but to the whole of the agricultural community. Most persons estimate it as enabling the farmer to feed four cattle at the cost of two under the older system.

It is, of course, a question whether ensilage can profitably be adopted in England. On the one hand we have root crops in abundance which America has not, and heavier crops of hay. Again, we cannot calculate with security on a double crop annually; say rye and green corn, or rye and vetches with grass, as the Americans can, although in the greater part of England maize can be made a green crop. But, on the other hand, the silo renders the farmer indifferent to weather. He can store grass, clover, and similar crops, if his silo be properly made, without risk that they will be spoiled. Thousands of acres of hay are annually spoiled by wet in England. They would be saved in silos. A still larger area of aftermath is lost, and lost to the injury of the land, which could be similarly saved. A vast amount of corn in Scotland, lost annually to the husbandman by the lateness of season and wetness of weather, could be saved. Where there is difficulty in getting at turnips under deep snow, a silo would help the farmer over the interval. It cannot, I think, be doubted that it would be advantageously employed for the green crops of heavy clays, and for produce where land is foul, for Americans expressly state that it sweetens a forage which, if turned into hay, would be unsaleable, owing to the presence of weeds. But I do not pretend to advise on such a subject. It is to be hoped that experiments will be tried in England, and those prudently, under the best conditions and most careful precautions. I hope I am not too sanguine when I express it, as my firm conviction, that ensilage will do more to revive or restore British agriculture, multiply home produce, and give an energetic and permanent stimulus to the most important of all trades—the home trade, than anything which I have seen or heard of, and this by proof of practical experience.

JAMES E. THOROLD ROGERS.

## TWO VILLAGES OF HESSIA.

As the summer visitor to Homburg starts to make the customary expedition of visiting the ruins of the Roman camp of the Saalburg, he soon passes through the little village of Dornholzhausen.

Posomed in orchards, it nestles at the foot of the Taunus range. Its line of low cottages, turning their gable ends towards the street, despite their small size and humble look, are clean and comfortable beyond what is usual in the neighbouring villages. From these it differs both in its appearance and in the character of its dwellers. Certainly the peasant at his door is fair-haired, and the children in the street are chattering the German of the district. But if we enter the modest white-washed church, whose tiny belfry barely stands out above the neighbouring roofs, we are at once confronted by a foreign element, and find pastor and flock worshipping in French.

And if, on leaving Dornholzhausen, we turn sharply to the right and skirt the hills till we reach the more important settlement of Friedrichsdorf, we shall find the French element still more predominant. The children prattle French with true Gallic vivacity, and the dark complexion of the Latin race is still observable. Not only is the French language invariably used in the village church, but the large and flourishing school is a purely French school, and the public crier, despite the opposition which the local Prussian officials have lately shown, still cries in French. Dornholzhausen and Friedrichsdorf are not German settlements at all, but colonies in a foreign land; Protestant Refuges from Catholic persecution.

Though Henry of Navarre deter-

mined that a crown was well worth a mass, he did not on that account overlook the interests of the religion he deserted. By the Edict of Nantes the French Protestants not only secured liberty of worship, but were allowed to form a political organization. It was this strong position which Richelieu successfully attacked. Central government and a united France were impossible so long as a state was allowed to exist within the state. The great Huguenot nobles, the houses of Rohan and Soubise, turned the privileges which had been granted for the safety of their religion into an engine for the promotion of local independence and political intrigue. They injured the Protestant cause by bringing down against themselves the arms which Richelieu was preparing to send to the defence of Protestant North Germany. The leniency of Richelieu after the fall of Rochelle showed the selfishness of the Huguenot leaders, and the groundlessness of English intervention. As a political body he completely destroyed them; he fully tolerated them as a religious sect. Deprived of their power for evil, they developed their quality for good. Their nobles gradually merged into the great body of Catholic courtiers. Their country gentlemen remained, but their real strength and virtue lay rather in the manufacturers and artisans of the towns. These combined the fearless practice of their religion with the active and intelligent pursuit of their industries.

Till 1662 they were left in peace to ply their looms and attend their churches. Louis XIV. showed at first a toleration worthy of Richelieu; and even Mme. de Maintenon so late as 1672 rebuked her brother for harsh

conduct towards them. "Men must be won over by mildness and charity. Jesus Christ set the example; the king will follow it." Heresy indeed was to be swept from the land, but by persuasion rather than coercion. The attempt failed. The nobles might be won over by the king's smile; the rigid citizens stood firm even against his frown. The strength of purpose which had brought the greater part of the commercial and manufacturing wealth of France into their hands, enabled them to withstand persecution. Slowly but surely they saw their privileges curtailed, their professions limited, their trades shackled, their churches closed. The courts specially erected by Henry IV. for their protection were abolished, and the judges before whom they now had to appear knew they were fulfilling the royal pleasure by denying them justice. Then Louvois—to whom brutality was a pleasure—sought to gain glory and secure favour by bringing the conversion of heretics under the war department. The year 1681 saw the commencement of the "Dragonnades." The soldiers who were quartered upon the Huguenots were given to understand that no excess, short of murder, would be displeasing to the authorities. Crushed under the weight of ruin, torture and dishonour, the weaker brethren gave way, and many a stout heart was brought to outward conformity. By 1685 the work of conversion was considered done. The court held galas, the bishops offered up thanksgivings, and the king recalled the Edict of Nantes.

Louis little understood the meaning of such a step. He knew that the Huguenots had been the backbone of French industry and enterprise; he knew that for some years past his persecutions had caused them to seek a refuge in large numbers in Protestant countries; he knew that at London, the Hague, and Berlin, well attended Huguenot churches had sprung up. But he nursed the belief that his dragoons had been excellent missionaries; that Protestantism was practically extinct

in France; and that the frightful penalties which were to be imposed upon those who might be caught attempting to escape over the frontier would force those to remain who "aspired to the silly glory of being the last to profess a religion which was displeasing to his majesty." But Louis was mistaken. The prospect of being chained for life to the galleys did not deter some half a million of Frenchmen from seeking to quit a land where they could no longer worship God after their own fashion; and though many failed in the attempt, yet no Protestant country at the end of the 17th century was without its colonies of French refugees. In England they gave William III. 3,000 of the victors of the Boyne. They formed the silk-weaving colony of Spitalfields, and the congregation that worshipped in the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral.

But the land where they flocked in the greatest numbers and produced the most lasting effects was North Germany. The thirty years' war had laid vast tracts of land waste. It had ruined and depopulated city and field. It had checked the general progress which the Renaissance had started. Men's intellects were stunted; the art of Dürer, the literature of Luther, had died away. Germany was backward amid its neighbours, and its princes adopted the language and civilization of France. Thus the "Great Elector," on succeeding his father, found Brandenburg a desert, and early sought to attract Huguenots to his court and country. In 1672 they were sufficiently numerous at Berlin to form a French congregation. To the Recall of the Edict the Elector replied by the Potsdam Declaration, which offered great advantages to the refugees. At least 20,000 of them thereupon settled in his dominions. They became foremost in the army and the government. They initiated the manufacturing industries of the country. They changed Berlin from a country town into a royal city, and "turned the waste sands around it into potherb gardens."

The example of the Great Elector was followed by many of the lesser Protestant princes of Germany, but by none more eagerly than by the ruler of the lands which stretch around the "White Tower" of Homburg. It was Friedrich of the "Silver Leg," Landgrave of Hesse Homburg, the friend and relative of the Great Elector, who founded the French settlements of Friedrichsdorf and Dornholzhausen. A soldier by profession, he had fought in the armies of Sweden and Brandenburg. A man of strong nerve, who, with his own hand, had struck off the wounded limb, which the "Silver Leg" that furnished his nickname replaced. It was not till 1679 that he succeeded to the sovereignty, and came to live at Homburg. The effects of the thirty years' war were still clearly marked. The castle and fortifications were broken down, and many houses of the little town lay in ruins. The population possessed neither the means nor the initiative for restoration and progress. Trade was wanting and agriculture backward. The forest came down to the town walls, and the peasants of the plain reaped the meagre harvest which wood ploughs and the "three-field system" produced. There was work enough for an active and thrifty prince, and such a prince was Friedrich. He set the example to his subjects by restoring the castle and walls and planning the upper end of the Louisenstrasse—the street which is now the main thoroughfare of Homburg, and whose double line of hotels stretches from the castle to the railway station. But he knew that skilled work was not to be found among the native population, that the energy which makes forest give way to field, hovel to stone-built house, and sheepskins to broadcloth, must be introduced from without. He was fully prepared to take advantage of the Huguenot exodus.

Switzerland had proved the safest and most frequented means of egress for the hunted Protestants of France. The roughest and most difficult frontier

was the least well-guarded, and the Swiss hung upon the wooded border-lands, eager to guide their co-religionists to a place of rest and safety. Corporations and private citizens had strained their means to give food and clothing to the haggard wretches who flocked to them, and whose scanty store, snatched up on a hasty and secret departure, had often barely sufficed to buy off the watchfulness of the French outposts. We hear that many slunk into the Swiss towns, the darkness of the night alone clothing their nakedness.

But Switzerland could only offer a temporary haven. Its native population sufficed in energy and numbers to work its meagre resources; there was no opening in trade or agriculture for the mass of the new comers. A permanent settlement must be sought elsewhere, and many were shipped down the Rhine to Frankfort, thence to spread among the new homes provided for them by the Wurtemberg and Hessian princes. A French-speaking community had existed at Frankfort for over a century, originated by some of those Protestants whose Flemish homes had become intolerable, when the Walloon provinces broke away from the Dutch in the Independence War, and returned to the allegiance of Spain. Merchants and bankers, they and their descendants, had thriven in the German city, and now freely gave their money and influence for the benefit of the new refugees. Here it was that a Waldensian pastor, Daniel Martin, had some time resided, driven from his native hill-valley by one of those persecutions of the Savoy princes, such as later on led to the establishment of Dornholzhausen. The coming of the Huguenots in 1686 gave him a flock, and he readily obtained leave of Friedrich of the Silver Leg that they should settle at Homburg. The work of restoration and improvement during the seven years that Friedrich had devoted to the task had gone on but slowly, and the ground lay undisturbed where the projected new quarter was to rise. It was Pastor Martin and

his flock who turned the first sod. Near where the great Kursaal now stands they hastily built their small dwellings.

But Friedrich did not stop short with the Homburg settlement. Though the first maintenance of the penniless refugees was a serious drain upon his small revenues, he knew that to obtain skilled artizans was capital well invested, and his strong Protestantism urged him to aid those who suffered for his religion's sake. "Rather will I sell my silver plate than leave these people helpless," answered he to his councillors who shook their heads at the expense; and listening to Daniel Martin he put forth letters patent, on the model of the Potsdam Declaration, offering favourable terms to those who would form a settlement in his dominions. The offer was immediately taken advantage of by thirty-six families. Gathered from all parts of France, from Picardie and Champagne, from Languedoc, Dauphiné, and the Vau-dois valleys, they were bound together by the same tale of hardship and suffering. Most of these families now no longer have direct descendants; but in one of the few that do remain—the family of Privat—the story of the wanderings of their ancestors is handed down to us. We learn that a Languedocian stocking-weaver and his wife, having openly clung to the Reformed Church in spite of persuasion and violence, had at last, on the Recall of the Edict, been borne away in chains, leaving their young children—a boy and girl—homeless and deserted. The children wandered about till, tired and hungry, they rested in the shadow thrown across the road by a lofty building. Here as they feebly sang the psalms which their mother had taught them, a paper was thrown from the barred window above, and fell at the feet of the boy. It chanced that they were resting at the foot of the prison where their parents were detained on their way to the galleys; and the words of the favourite psalm, sung by the well-known voices, had been recognised.

The paper contained a few pieces of money, and written on it, in their father's hand, were instructions to the children to turn their footsteps in a N.E. direction, and make the attempt at evasion from the country. And the children acted as their father bade them, toiling on through the most deserted country and enduring many hardships and dangers, until at length they had the good fortune to cross the frontier in safety. Soon after, they entered a large city, and in their weariness and want they begged for bread. But the people could not understand them, and gathered round them wondering what sort of children these might be. Happily at this moment a member of the French congregation at Frankfort—for it was Frankfort which the children had reached—passed by, and straightway understood their case. He took them home, fed and clothed them, and sought a place for them in one of the neighbouring Huguenot settlements, where the boy might ply his father's trade, in which he was already skilled. Thus they became members of Friedrichsdorf.

Time has lent fiction and romance to this story, but in its main features it is certainly true; and it helps us to realize the adventures of those who accepted the offer of the Landgrave. It was these thirty-six families who formed the nucleus of the "new village," which was to be established according to the provisions of the letters patent, and which was afterwards called Friedrichsdorf, after the name of its founder.

The northern road out of Homburg, after it passes out of the Hartwald, was then fringed with wood and waste, the property of the prince. It was half a mile of this fringe—an area of some 150 acres—that was granted to the new community. Friedrichsdorf, whose foreign nature and wide autonomy gave it till lately the character of a semi-independent state, never possessed wider lands than would make a large field. But its

population was not agricultural—it was not agriculturists which Friedrich specially wanted; and though among the list of the first settlers and their occupations we find the mention of “nine husbandmen,” the settlement was essentially an industrial settlement, and the most varied trades were represented. There were carpenters and weavers, woolspinners and stocking-makers, a potter, a cobbler, a tanner, an upholsterer; the first mayor was the latter. Early in 1687 they began their work of settlement. The value of time and money, and the hope that ere long King Louis might be induced to reconsider the Huguenot question, gave to their first habitations the character and name of “huts.” Thirty little cottages were dotted along the roadside for their temporary accommodation, and two or three acres around and behind them were cleared for garden and meadow. But as time brought greater numbers of settlers, and showed that Louis was bent upon his policy of intolerance, an air of greater fixity and comfort began to prevail. The letters patent of Friedrich, like the more important Potsdam Declaration, were meant as a bribe to determine the Huguenots to remain in Germany, whether their return to France was permitted or not. This Magna Carta of the Friedrichsdorfers gave the community its land in full property, and exempted it from all taxation during the first ten years of its existence. Sufficient leisure was thus given to its members to tide over early difficulties, when most of their labour had to be given to the hard work of building their houses and bringing the waste lands into condition for growing those vegetables for which the French were already famous, but which the Germany of those days ignored. Ten years too would be sufficient time for finding and developing a market for their goods. The requirements of Homburg were not large, and the backward peasantry of Hussia had few wants.

To these temporary advantages were added privileges of a more permanent character, “to remain for ever inviolable.” The community was to have home rule; its government to consist of a mayor and aldermen freely elected. These were at once the executive and the judicature. From them the appeal lay direct to the prince’s “Chancellerie,” the highest court of the little principality. The favoured Frenchmen were to do suit and service to no petty and prejudiced native tribunal. The free election of their pastor was also secured to them, although the struggle for existence did not allow them the luxury of a church and minister of their own during the first twenty years of their history. They were, during this period, members of the French Church which we saw Daniel Martin establish at Homburg.

But not only was Friedrichsdorf to have home rule, it was also given free trade. Exclusive guilds and strict rules of master and apprentice flourished in those days, when Colbert had brought the mercantile system to the highest pitch. But at Friedrichsdorf it was to be otherwise. The inhabitants had the right of establishing any industry without let or hindrance from the guilds of the country, and, for long, they never established among themselves the system of forced apprenticeship. Every qualified member might set up whatever trade he listed.

Care also had to be taken that this tender exotic should not be swallowed up by the more vigorous aboriginal growths. A member indeed had power to leave the community if he desired, but no stranger could establish himself in it without municipal consent, and even such consent was long insufficient to allow a native to enter the community. The Landgraves were strongly opposed to anything which might tend towards the Germanizing of a community which had the manners and language of the country which all German princes copied. In 1731 we find a Friedrichs-

dorfer forced to leave, owing to his marriage with a German, and ten years later it required great solicitations before the community obtained leave for a German to settle among them, to carry on a trade which had hitherto been wanting in the village. No encouragement was given to the Friedrichsdorfers to learn German, and probably none of the first settlers ever spoke a word of it. Garnier, a stocking-maker, was regularly to be seen in Homburg market, selling in silence the result of his week's labour, holding out his hand for payment, and shaking his head if that payment was insufficient.

Thus guarded and nurtured, the little settlement, while completely retaining its foreign aspect, grew and flourished. Its bright and cleanly houses border the broad paved way which traverses nearly half a mile of undulating country. In the centre the church, the town hall, the school, and the presbytery. Behind each house a well-stocked garden, then a barn, tannery, or workshop; and lastly, beyond the inclosures, the plots of arable land and the meadows. There are no side streets, nothing to disturb the straight and regular order of the houses and their messuages. Very lately a few dwellings have been erected in a cross road; this is the only departure from the old order of things. In the course of a century from the foundation, the thirty "huts" had grown into eighty-nine well-built houses. The larger ones were the residences of the potentates of the village; the "thirty-four principal manufacturers," who employed in their works not only the greater part of the 624 inhabitants, but many workmen from neighbouring villages. They even attempted, with the selfishness which is apt to characterise a privileged body, to prevent the sister settlement of Dornholzhausen from establishing any manufactures of its own, lest they should thereby lose some of their best workmen. In their view Dornholzhausen had been founded

merely for the purpose of supplying them with journeymen. Woven stockings and mulquine—a kind of woven stuff—were at first their chief products. When the machine-made goods of Eberfeld drove these from the market, striped flannel took their place. Cotton tissues then gradually came to be made. The introduction of machinery has now saved the place from complete commercial decay.

But though in the time of Friedrich of the Silver Leg, it was clever, intelligent artizans who were chiefly wanted in his dominions, the present value of Friedrichsdorf is educational. Germans, even of low degree, have a desire of acquiring foreign languages scarcely found among other nations. It is a great advantage to the dwellers in the Homburg district to have at hand a village where not only are there excellent French schools and teachers, but where also they may hear French habitually and freely spoken with something of the native fluency and correctness.

Friedrichsdorf was already a place of some standing and prosperity ere Dornholzhausen had received its foreign settlers.

In the wooded valleys which spring from the eastern slope of the Cottian Alps, there had long existed a primitive rather than reformed religion. The Presbyterianism of the Waldenses was rather that of the early fathers than of Calvin. Old ideas had lingered in this barren secluded region, while pomp and ceremonial were growing up in city and plain, and Rome was bringing western Christianity under her sway. But at length the papacy turned its eye upon the "heresy" of the Waldenses, and whenever it suited the changing policy of their lords, the Counts of Savoy, to support the papal side, the Waldenses were persecuted. Of these persecutions the best known to us in England is that of 1655, for it brought down against Savoy the stinging pen of Milton, and the threatening protest of Cromwell. Though at this time

English and French intervention brought some peace to the dwellers in the valleys, the marriage alliances between the families of Louis XIV. and of Victor Amadeus extended the miseries of the Recall of the Edict of Nantes to the dominions of the House of Savoy. In 1690, however, by a new shift of policy, Amadeus joined the Augsburg League against France, and, as the friend of the Protestant powers, he allowed the return of the exiled Waldenses. These were joined by many of the inhabitants of the valleys that had lately been annexed to the French province of Dauphiné. They hoped to live with their brethren under a prince who would allow them the free exercise of their religion. In this they were mistaken. Amadeus seceded from the Augsburg League, and leaning once more on France, listened to the request of Louis that he should exile from his dominions all French refugees. In 1698 the Protestants of the Dauphiné valleys had once more to migrate. Three thousand of them, led by seven pastors, found a temporary refuge in Switzerland. Thence negotiations were entered upon for their permanent reception into Germany, and Friedrich of the Silver Leg was one of the princes who were applied to. Mindful of his need, he desired that a body of handicraftsmen after the manner of those of Friedrichsdorf might be sent him. It was answered that the exiles from the valleys were husbandmen, not artisans. He consented to receive them; and forty families, under their pastor Jordan, came and did homage to him as their lord. But they did not do this before Friedrich, to ensure himself against complications with France and Savoy, and against an expense which he could hardly bear, obtained letters of recommendation, and promises of pecuniary support for the Waldenses, from the Governments of England, Holland, and Prussia. "Whereas," wrote William III. to his "cousin and excellent friend," "the Waldenses who profess the ancient

Evangelical religion have preferred to relinquish their homes rather than their faith, we think that not only ourselves but all who hold the Reformed Religion should relieve them to the extent of their power. Hence we pray you to receive them into your dominions and your favour, thereby doing an act very pleasing to us." The English government had for some time considered their relations with the Waldenses so close, that they had subsidised many of their ministers. David Jordan was one of these, and an English pension has generally been part of the stipend of the Dornholzhausen pastor. Besides this, private gifts flowed in from England and Holland for the support of the exiles during the hard time of their settlement.

At the edge of the great pine forest near Homburg a little community had, in the old time, chosen a thorn-wood as a site for their home. Woodmen, probably, were these first dwellers in Dornholzhausen; busy at timber-cutting and charcoal-burning in the forest at their back, and growing some rye for their subsistence on the land they cleared below. But times were hard upon them—times when the knights of Epstein dwelt in the "White Tower," plundering and plundered by the neighbouring robber lords. So the crofts in the thorn-wood were deserted and fell into ruin, and the rye fields went back to waste. Nothing remained of Dornholzhausen but its name and its rights over 400 acres of land, with a share of forest and pasture. It was this name and these rights that the Landgrave bestowed upon his Waldenses, and he added a charter of privileges almost as extensive as that formerly granted to Friedrichsdorf. So in the beginning of the year 1699 they set to building the "little huts," as they were called in distinction to the "greater huts" of the older Huguenot colony. But they had not the same resources. They could not, between the whiles of building and digging,



sell stockings and broadcloth in Homburg market. Husbandmen almost without exception, they had to labour year after year at their reclaimed land, reaping little where they sowed much. They had no rich alluvium for their corn to revel in so soon as the plough scratched it, merely the grit and fibre with which the primæval forest and the hill torrent had thinly clothed the naked rock. Ten of the forty families soon left for the more flourishing Refuge of Offenbach. The expiration of the seven years of indemnity from taxation found the rest still struggling for a bare subsistence, and meantime the flow of English and Dutch charity, which had served for the building of church and dwellings, had ceased. They avowed themselves unable to pay their yearly due of 340 florins, and Friedrich, ever anxious for their welfare, remitted the third part. Friedrich's death and the exigencies of a regency brought this boon to a close just at the time when the historically severe winter of 1709—so calamitous to France, crushed under the burden of their "great monarch's" last war—fell upon them and brought them to the verge of famine and to years of pinching want. Pride gave way to hunger; the English pensions had abruptly stopped, when the swelling budgets and loans of the Spanish Succession War tried the resources of the British Treasury; and as the villagers could not themselves afford to pay their pastor, they ceased to be an independent religious community, and for the next fifty years became members of the French Church at Homburg, as the men of Friedrichsdorf had been in their early times. During that period things gradually improved in the little settlement. The place grew in numbers, though it has never reached a much higher figure than 300. Many of its members turned handicraftsmen, and, as we have seen, worked at the Friedrichsdorf looms, and even established their crafts in their own

village. Orchard and arable land grew fertile and smiling as we now see them, and gave forth ample produce. Better, yet still modest houses, lined the street. Comfort, arising from cleanliness and thrift, reigned, and still reigns in the homes of these tillers of the land. Once again their own savings, and the help of England and the local synod, enabled them to use their right of electing and maintaining a pastor of their own, and since then the French church and school have flourished. But though French is still the language of church and school, it is no longer that of cottage and street. It is a matter of regret that Dornholzhausen has gone the way of nearly all the French Refuges in Germany. It has been practically absorbed into its surroundings; it is rapidly becoming as German as the native villages around. It was never, like Friedrichsdorf, large enough to be self-sustaining and self-sufficient. Considerable intercourse was always necessary with its neighbours, especially marriage intercourse, and marriage intercourse soon led to the settlement of German husbands in the community, and to a German nurturing of children by German mothers. The German language became commonly used, until even fifty years ago there were descendants of the Waldenses who no longer understood the language of their fathers, and occasional German services came to be held in the church for their benefit. What was then a rare exception has now become frequent. German is the familiar tongue of all. To many, French is unknown.

Still more is it a matter of regret that Friedrichsdorf is now fast following in the footsteps of Dornholzhausen. The careful exclusion of the German element by the prince was as necessary as the pride of its inhabitants in their foreign origin and exceptional position, to keep pure and unmixed the French character of the place. But now there is no local prince bent upon maintaining a slip

of France alive on German soil. He has been replaced by an empire aiming rather at supplanting local exceptions by general laws, and developing a strong national feeling throughout Germany. After the family of the Landgraves became extinct in 1866, Prussia absorbed Hesse-Homburg, and the exclusive privileges of Friedrichsdorf had to give way to the law of free settlement, which permits a Prussian subject to settle in any township of the kingdom. Since 1866 Germans have settled in considerable numbers at Friedrichsdorf, and intermarriages have taken place, raising its population to 1,400, but destroying its French character. To keep the French language pure and correct in the school is now difficult. To make it the habitual means of intercourse between the children is impossible. Future generations will grow up as foreign to the true origin of their village as its new buildings

are alien to its ancient homes. That this will be a practical loss from an educational point of view we have already seen. But it is a loss also from the sentimental side. French Friedrichsdorf is a link between the past and the present, and helps us to realize a great event in history. It tells us the story of Huguenot adventures and migrations, and puts clearly before us their work of civilization in Germany. It gives us the picture of what is perhaps rare—a prince who knew what his duty was to his people and his religion, and actively accomplished it.

We would strongly advise all visitors to Homburg to see Friedrichsdorf, to walk down its street and speak to its inhabitants while still they remain the true descendants of men who "preferred to relinquish their homes rather than their faith."

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

## HOT HASTE FOR NEWS.

THE campaign in Egypt has brought many questions to a practical test. Among these there is, however, none which more directly and personally concerns every Englishman and Englishwoman than this one. Do you wish that your newspapers should supply you with facts? or do you wish that they should engage in eager competition against one another which can compose the most taking and tasty fiction at moments when your nerves are so strung with excitement that fictitious stories of what might have happened to your friends, but has not happened, will afford a certain half-pleasurable, half-painful excitement?

The matter is from every aspect a grave one. If those who specially claim for themselves the title to be the "leaders and guides of society" are to get into the habit of not merely tolerating inevitable human error or inserting hasty and imperfect reports, but of furnishing statements which are composed before the event has taken place, or pictures which are drawn before a sketch can have reached England, an element of falsehood and of mere sale-hunting and money-hunting is introduced in a most dangerous quarter; in the very places to which we look for the letting in of daylight into the dark corners of intrigue, of spurious trading, or of spurious patriotism.

I do not enlarge upon this wide aspect of the question, because the newspapers themselves will indeed be blind if they treat an appeal to them from this point of view as a hostile one. The more any man believes in the advantages of daylight, of publicity, and the more he sees that under our present conditions of life the only hope of daylight lies in the free action of a free press, the more anxious must

he be that there shall be no systematic substitution of well-written fiction for what is at least the result of an honest effort to arrive at the truth.

At any rate it is well that every one who reads a newspaper should understand that the question is in their hands, and that sooner or later the newspapers must and will supply the thing that their readers want, whether that be as accurate a statement of facts as circumstances permit, or as early and as racy fiction as the ingenuity of the pens of ready writers can devise.

At present, to an extent of which the public in general has no conception, the telegraph has introduced an era of ingenious romance which has often about as much relation to fact as Mother Shipton's or Zadkiel's forecasts have to history.

The worst, the most deliberate, and the most grievous offenders in this respect are the illustrated papers, including at least some of the highest class. Any one who is in the habit of glancing occasionally at the various penny illustrated periodicals which are brought into the market palpably and almost avowedly merely to get a sale, and which scarcely profess to have any reputation to lose, must have seen for a long time past how rampant the habit to which I refer has become among them. For the edification of the class to which they appeal, no sooner has some story, such as the Defence of Rorke's Drift, or the Charge of the Heavy Cavalry on the 28th August at Massawah, become popular, than these papers are to be seen in all the small print-shop windows supplying sketches of "Major Chard at Rorke's Drift," or "Sir Baker Russell leading the cavalry at Massawah," composed in the back

rooms of Fleet Street or the Strand long before it would be possible for the most zealous correspondent to have sent home from Africa the slightest sketch of either. Hitherto, however, the malady in this respect has been confined to very insignificant periodicals, from which it may be safely assumed that in the long run the world will not learn to judge of men or books or deeds. The case is very different when one of the most popular and successful of our illustrated newspapers condescends to similar devices.

The practice has, however, now apparently become established for at least one of these to send out a very clever and hard-working artist to the seat of war, and then scarcely to use his sketches at all, substituting for them productions drawn from the fancy of their excellent wood-engravers, which have less relation to anything that ever happened than Mr. Tenniel's cartoons have to actual scenes in Parliament or elsewhere. To those who have looked over the artist's sketches in Egypt or in West Africa, it is specially provoking to see the travesties that have taken their place, or rather that have anticipated their arrival.

Now for all this the public is mainly responsible. The habits of popular feeling are the chief cause of this substitution of fancy sketches for real ones. Even from Egypt it is scarcely possible for a sketch to arrive and be reproduced in London so as to appear under three weeks or a month. But by that time other incidents have taken the place in the public mind of those actions of which sketches have been sent home. The present has already overborne and to some extent buried the past. If therefore the public will be content, as they at present are, to take the dreams and fancies of London wood-engravers as substitutes for the realities of war, they can much more easily have such dishes served to them hot and hot whilst the excitement lasts; and there

can be no doubt that the lucrative practice will spread to the reports of other events and the sketches of other than military scenes. Adulteration will have taken a new start. Where shall we find place to expose the adulterations of preserves and pickles when the columns of the denouncing papers are themselves specimens of adulterations in their own kind as gross, and induced by the same kind of temptation, as that to which the manufacturers of turnips into strawberry jam are exposed?—the rush of competition, the wish for a sale, and the increased facility for making money.

In its own place, and put to its proper uses, there is no such potent handmaid of truth as a "shaping spirit of the imagination." If the aim of the home artist, or of the home writer, be to realise the scene as it has taken place abroad, and if he has the knowledge and the faculty to give life and character to the actions he has to portray, a more complete and a more true view of the general grouping of a number of incidents or facts may very often be obtained at a distance than on the spot. Many instances of this have occurred in some of the later written articles in various newspapers, especially in some very able ones that have appeared in the *Times*, some of which, though avowedly written in London, impressed the best-informed officers in Egypt with the accuracy and completeness with which the facts had been mastered and compiled. But unfortunately for the most part the artists employed on home work have no knowledge of the type of scenes to assist their fancy. Some very quaint illustrations of this occurred in certain drawings of the Gold Coast War which were made under the direction of a lately deceased very able soldier by a great artist. In his first sketches, in carrying out the suggestions made to him by Colonel —, the artist represented the officers, as they stood side by side with their men, pointing their pistols at the Ashantees. The colonel, on receiving the sketch,

remarked that though no-doubt some very young and inexperienced officers might have thus employed their pistols on particular occasions, it was scarcely fair to represent an exceptional act of folly as the representative feature of the fighting of a successful army; that a moment's reflection would suggest that the pistol was a much less efficient weapon than the ordinary breech-loading rifle, and that if an officer's fighting consisted in using an inferior weapon, it was a pity to pay more for him than for a private soldier; he added that for his part, as far as he had seen, he believed that the officers generally had their pistols in their belts, not in their hands, and that most of them simply carried a stick. Whereupon the artist in his next attempt represented an officer whacking a savage with a stick. Ultimately, in this particular instance, the artist, realising his own incapacity to put himself in the position of any human being who did not wield the brush, but was employing brain, and eye, and voice, and all his faculties, in the leading and ordering of men, submitted to represent the scene as it was described to him by one who had really borne part in it, and, being a master of his own art, produced some of the most perfect war-pictures that have perhaps ever been drawn. But the home artists who produce the particular pictures of which we complain often appear, from the results they actually furnish, to combine the most absolute incapacity for realising any life outside a distance of the four-mile radius from Charing Cross, with the most sublime confidence in their own capacity to improve upon facts as they are.

I have no hesitation in saying that every alteration that has been introduced into the artist's sketches sent back from Egypt, and every fancy sketch that has been inserted in anticipation of them, has tended directly to falsify the popular conception of the war.

If the paper which he served would repeat the experiment which it made

during the Ashantee campaign, and would give, with the half-apologetic air that it then employed, "a facsimile" of its artist's drawings as they were sent home, at least one step would be taken to correct false impressions. The incident, as I recall it then, was very amusing. We had been travelling through a dense forest, with snatches here and there of beautiful glades full of rampant, over-luxuriant flowers, rich in their colouring, their growth and their texture, but nowhere was there anything but crowding close-packed foliage that seemed on all sides to choke the view. Of this the artist on the spot had given a faithful reproduction. The artist who had to reproduce his work at home felt the absence of distance and middle-distance to be hopelessly inartistic, and looked upon it as the blunder of a young hand to have crowded the lines of soldiers densely in between the masses of tropical vegetation. Accordingly, wide space and breadth and air were introduced in Fleet Street. All the characteristics of the scene had disappeared, and except in the one facsimile so condescendingly given we were none of us able to recognise the scenes we had passed through.

The desert has characteristics as peculiar as the dense forest. It is almost as hard to conform to the orthodoxies of Fleet Street at El Magfar as at Amoaful. But when orthodoxy is made to replace truth, it were well that its nature should be plainly stated, not "from sketches by our artists," but "Egypt and war according to the canons of art as determined in Fleet Street."

If the errors of the illustrated papers have been chiefly committed at home, it must be confessed that the daily newspapers have been afflicted by a series of hot-haste despatches which, in their tendency to anticipate events, have fully rivalled the fancy-work of the London artists. A newspaper correspondent in the field can only afford to have half an eye devoted

to the events which are recurring under his nose. His remaining faculties of vision and most of his thought have to be concentrated upon the publishing-office at home. A despatch which contains "news" sufficiently lively and sufficiently unexpected to make it answer to bring out a special edition of his paper is worth almost anything to him and his employers. A carefully sifted and accurately weighed report of the subject-matter of the "news," sent a few hours later, is almost valueless. Pity then the position of an unfortunate correspondent who arrived, let me say, at El Magfar early in the morning of Sir Garnet's fight there on August 24th! It was a day of considerable incident, of a story worth telling, but it was not over till six or seven o'clock in the evening, having begun at about 7 A.M. To wait till the facts had occurred would have been to lose all chance of sending an early message. As Sir Garnet had started at 3 A.M., every one in Ismailia knew enough to furnish matter for something to telegraph. How is a poor correspondent, whose zeal has roused him in the middle of the night, who has been able to get no breakfast at such an hour in his hotel, to decide when to abandon the attempt to know the facts, and when to begin recording them? The probability is that the sooner he abandons the field where the fight is going on and rides back to telegraph from Ismailia, the better service he does, at least to the sale of his paper. The correspondent who conscientiously sees the day out, who endeavours to understand it, who rides about to the different parts of the field and finds out what has really taken place, probably discovers by the time he reaches the telegraph-office that a brother of the art, with a larger faith in the capacities of his own fancy, has anticipated him in obtaining the ear of the public in London, and has given an account of the facts with which his own will not conveniently tally, so that as a hundred people

will have read the first account for every ten who will take the trouble to read the second, he finds himself consigned to the position of an historian who conflicts with that great standard of truth—the current opinion of the British public.

It is no easy matter to get at the facts of the simplest incident of war. Patience, care, a determination to be just to every actor, to weigh fairly all evidence, a cautious comparison of hours, close examination of the ground, a realisation of the all-important difference that exists between fact and inference, and of the tendency of all men to confuse fact and inference, a rigid exclusion of the impressions formed by actors on one side of a large field of what was going on at some distant point when all their attention was absorbed by the work in hand—all these are needed to give to truth her scope and power to bring out that natural greatness, unity, and consistency of hers by which, for him who chooses to follow after her at all hazards, she will surely prevail, in the long run, over her counterfeits. But for the hot-hasters after news she never does and never will prevail. The blunder of the hasty correspondent, the bazaar rumour that has been telegraphed to-day to be contradicted to-morrow, these become the basis of an incredible number of stories that run current long afterwards throughout the country, all of which in the palace of truth, if it could be set up, would vanish, and, like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wrack behind.

Certainly in no campaign that I have known or been able to ascertain the facts of, have these baseless rumours been so numerous as they have in the case of this Egyptian expedition. It would be hopeless to take them in any specific order, chronological or other, but I propose to select, almost at hap-hazard, a few instances. Perhaps the most ludicrous and the most false stories owed their origin to the nervous fears and

fertile imaginations of the non-Mohammedan population of Cairo, acted upon by the ready credulity of the Mohammedans.

We had only been a few days in Cairo when some correspondent imagined, or found some one to imagine for him, a series of outrages upon our troops in the streets which never took place. Next, to redress the balance, he imagined that Sir Garnet had announced to Sultan Pacha that he would bombard the Arab quarter of the town if these outrages did not stop. It is amazing that so startling a statement should have passed without further inquiry, but that it would almost seem as if the world were beginning to realise that a correspondent's efforts to supply "news" do not necessarily result in anything on which even a further inquiry can be safely based.

When the procession of the holy carpet passed through the streets of Cairo, it was announced that so hostile was the feeling of the Mohammedan population that the camel and his guides had deserted the line of procession followed by the English troops and had taken a different route. Now the camel had strictly followed the line agreed upon and marked out beforehand, and the sole foundation for the rumour was that the camel-driver had said to Zohrab Bey, the officer of the Khedive's household attached to Sir Garnet's staff: "The camel does not like to go this way; he wants to go by another road, because there are so many infidels about!" To which Zohrab had replied by rebuking the man's impertinence, and the incident was over.

At the time when these and other stories of the overt hostility of the natives were being told, officers and men were continually riding or walking, singly, or in parties of two or three, through all the most densely crowded native parts of the town. I can answer for myself that the one inconvenience from which I suffered was the provoking tendency of the

native to imagine that he always knew exactly what you wanted to do better than you knew it yourself, and to anticipate your wishes by pointing out the road by which you were to go, or the article you wanted to buy. To any one who has a liking for riding or walking slowly through the streets of a town to watch the ways and habits of the inhabitants, Cairo is certainly a most provoking place. Scarcely is it possible to imagine a gathering of human beings which more tempts you to spend time in watching its ever-varied features—the tiny shops, the quaint bazaars, the stately mosques, the ever-moving strangely diversified colours of the streets, the stream of life that seems always on the jog. Yet, venture to walk, and you have not gone ten steps before half a dozen donkey-boys have surrounded you, half a dozen more with their donkeys have scented you their prey from afar, and are pouncing down on you with their "Want donkey, sar? Goot donkey! Donkey, sar? This *goot* donkey, sar?" the latter "*goot*" having become plaintively reproachful, as though your passing on were a personal insult to both donkey and donkey-boy. All through your walk, at every street corner, on passing every hotel, and at many other points, especially whenever you have settled down into quiet observation and want to be let alone, the same persecution to give employment awaits you. Disgusted with the attempt at walking, try to ride! Start on horseback! Instantly, before you have moved a hundred yards from your door, a dozen boys are upon you—"Want me, sar? Going to Shepherd's Hotel, sar? Hold your horse, sar?" The conviction seems to have seized every boy in Cairo and half the men that you must want to get off your horse as soon as you have begun your ride. In vain you repeat the rather prompt, emphatic, and not too courteous dismissal of "*Imshi!*" Get away! If—which by no means follows—your tormentors, for the moment, take their departure, directly your attention has

ceased to be upon them they are after you again, and the moment you pause for a second in your ride there is a violent rush from many sides at your unfortunate horse's head. It is all you can do to prevent a free fight for the right to snatch at his bridle, and your utmost efforts will not prevent a babbling squabble too loud for some time to permit your protest to be heard. You abuse and dismiss your resolute volunteer attendants. No matter! If you don't pay much attention for some time, and ride at all at a foot's pace, you find, as soon as you look over your shoulder, that a small crowd of volunteer horse-holders has gathered behind you. I have myself, I confess, after a time, been worried beyond expression by this persistency. It at first seems nothing; but the aggravation of it grows each time greater. You ride away at as brisk a trot as the crowded state of the roads will permit, you turn corners sharply, and try to become lost in the maze of streets. No sooner do you pull up and begin to watch a carpenter at his lathe working with the quaint bow-string that he plies so dexterously for the shaping of his turnery, than you become aware that one young urchin has sneaked up after you through the colonnade on the opposite side of the street, and another, seeing him follow, is in the shadow of the pillars. At last, fairly nettled, you charge after the boys and threaten them with your fly-whisk or riding-whip. They rush away for the moment in apparent terror, but in a few minutes the desire for possible *back-shish*, in case you should somewhere or other dismount, is too strong, and they are after you again.

When, after such experiences as these, you come home to find a correspondent reporting that the population of Cairo is so fanatical that they will have no dealings with officers or men, certainly it is "news" to you. When you find that almost at the same time another has reported that in the great University of Cairo,

the greatest or second greatest of the Mohammedan world, he saw on a recent visit no fanaticism there, one wonders where he expected to see it. On the walls? In the air? Or a sacred deposition in the professors' chairs? Certainly the necessities of "news" manufacture are wonderful!

We have just passed through the first campaign in which the telegraph wire has directly connected the headquarters of an English army in the field with Pall Mall. The effect of this has been that even our generals have been compelled to supply information about the events as they took place before they could by any possibility have sifted all the evidence that is necessary to determine the facts, under the embarrassing conditions which war presents. It is a most provoking thing to find how persistently engrained the belief in a story becomes after the first report of it has reached London, no matter how complete the evidence against it may be afterwards. Potent influences are enlisted against the truth—the vanity of numbers, who have staked their reputation upon "I told you so," upon "history repeating itself," and the like. These would be all upset if the truth of the real facts were established, and the fictions which have taken their place in the public mind dissipated. Able editors have composed leaders discussing the imaginary events. Political partisans have made the supposed facts subserve to the great end of proving either the absolute infallibility of her Majesty's present ministers, or their absolute incapacity for doing anything right. Whatever the facts had been, the people who drew from them the proof of infallibility would no doubt have drawn it all the same, and those who believe in the absolute incapacity of any Liberal Government would have deduced it from the report, whatever it had been; but we still retain in form a pretence of arguing political questions, not to a foregone conclusion, but from facts, so far as to be



annoyed when the very facts we have chosen to throw in the face of our opponents turn out to have no reality at all. Hence, the misfortune which our hot haste for news imposes on us, is, that the story which comes to be believed, in defence of which every prejudice is enlisted, is either the hasty message of some impetuous correspondent, or the scarcely more accurate telegraphic summary which a general is compelled to send off to satisfy the home craving for news, whilst his whole attention is taken up with the fresh events which are developing, and when he has to trust to hurried reports often based unconsciously on inference rather than on fact.

To take two striking instances of this. In the first telegraphic report of Tel-el-Kebir there can be no question that the services of the Highland Brigade were inadequately reported. It was at least a generous error. The general had himself passed completely through the position taken by the Highland Brigade. He was supposed in Ashantee to have shown an especial partiality for one of the regiments of Sir Archibald Alison's force, the Black Watch. He must have been surrounded by Highlanders at the time that he penned his despatch. It is very easy to do justice to services which you see. It is by no means so common to be able to attach due weight to the reports of others. A staff officer had seen the Royal Irish already cross the ditch whilst some of the Highland Brigade were still detained by a difficult part of the works they had to assail. The general commanding the division had reported warmly on the services of the Irish soldiers. To do justice, or a little more than justice, to the gallant soldiers of the island which, whatever its faults, has sent brave sons to stand shoulder to shoulder with Englishmen and Scotchmen on many a hard-fought field; to give to Englishmen and Scotchmen a cause of fellow-feeling and of kindness towards a race of fellow-countrymen who have

of late only too often given occasion to far different emotions; to give to Irishmen a cause of pride in sons serving in the English ranks—this seemed a chance at which any genuine patriot might clutch somewhat eagerly.

But to heal wounds one has to exclude the parasites that feed upon and fester them. If the germs of disease had a place in the British Parliament or the Dublin Corporation, it would be strange if they did not condemn the author of the antiseptic treatment. That Irish members should be furious with the general for doing ample justice to their countrymen and for leading them to victory is intelligible enough. It is not surprising that such a paper as the *Freeman's Journal* should in revenge make statements as to the feelings and desires of Sir Garnet Wolseley in relation to Ireland which, within the direct personal knowledge of the present writer, are the exact converse of what they actually were at the time referred to. But what is a little curious is the tone of grievance assumed in certain letters that have appeared, because the general's later and fuller despatch about Tel-el-Kebir did justice to the Highland Brigade and to the Marines as well as to the Irish Regiments. As a matter of fact, it is now certain that the Highland Brigade attack was delivered upon the works of Tel-el-Kebir at least ten minutes earlier than the attack of the 2nd Brigade; or, to put it another way, that at the time when fire was commenced upon the two Brigades, the Highlanders were 200 yards distant from the work, the 2nd Brigade at least 800 yards from it. To prohibit a general from correcting his reports as the evidence he receives becomes more complete, to treat the first impression which the English public have taken up as the infallible standard of truth, this is, indeed, to determine that England shall always be the place

"Where nothing is examined, tried,  
But as 'tis rumoured so believed" f

These are, doubtless, small matters, but the habit of putting prejudice up as the determining standard of truth is disastrous in itself, and must spread to more important questions.

The case, however, in which the most inveterate prejudice appears to have established itself is that of the fight at Kassassin, when General Graham was attacked by the Egyptian forces, and when, after repelling their attacks and ordering the cavalry to advance to his support, he advanced and drove the Egyptians before him at the time when the cavalry were working round the enemy's flank, and shortly before they delivered the splendid charge which has become historical.

Just as during the battle of Waterloo panic-stricken camp-followers, panic-stricken Dutch-Belgians and other fugitives carried alarm into Brussels, and even caused a heavy fall of stock in London before the issue of the battle was known, so it happens in almost every successful fight, great or small, that some of the less worthy members of a victorious force at the earliest stages of a fight make their way to the rear, and being, of course, the first people to reach those who are at the next post on the line, find it necessary to cover their own flight by the most high-flown statements of the utter ruin which they have seen to be impending, and from which they have escaped. Thus it constantly happens that the mere fact that a fight is going on in front produces the most alarming rumours among those who are not engaged. In the case of the fight at Kassassin, a cowardly interpreter and a soldier servant became panic-stricken, and deserted. They, I believe, conveyed their fears also to a cavalry soldier who happened to be sent to the rear. Thus, on the afternoon of the 28th, the most alarmist rumours reached the head-quarters of the cavalry division and of the 1st, General Willis's division, and thence passed down the line of posts. When men's minds are in the sort of state which these

rumours produce, the conviction that everything has gone wrong soon becomes so established that everything takes its colour from that belief.

Meantime, General Graham, seeing the opportunity which was open to the cavalry, and realising the importance of teaching the enemy a severe lesson for his temerity in attacking the post, used the authority which had been expressly put into his hands for that end, and sent a despatch ordering the cavalry to move round the enemy's flank and attack him. Never was order better carried out, but the credit of its conception is due to General Graham alone.

It is one of the most universal facts of war that to a young officer present at his first action, the slaughter which he sees taking place around him, though in reality trifling compared to that which is being inflicted upon the enemy—small, compared with that of most successful fights—and only representing a very small percentage of those present—appears to be appalling and overwhelming. I have heard young officers, after an action in which only a few of their men were wounded, and about which people at a distance were rather disposed to scoff as not a serious affair at all, confess that at the time they thought that their whole regiment was being destroyed—that no one was going to escape alive. It was not, therefore, surprising, and was only natural, that the young messenger whom General Graham sent back should not realise as clearly as his experienced and war-tried chief how perfectly the force at Kassassin was master of the situation. It was still more natural that when cross-examined by older soldiers, themselves possessed with the idea that General Graham was in great straits, he should answer that his general much needed the cavalry, for the general was barely able to hold his own, and that in the excitement of the time he should not make it as clear as he afterwards supposed that he had done at what point his general's

message ended and his own comment began. It was, under such circumstances, inevitable that General Drury Lowe should, in reporting the advance of his cavalry, report it as an advance made to save General Graham's force. Every word of General Drury Lowe's despatch was the straightforward report of a soldier speaking from the facts as they were before him. What is quite certain is, that no message saying in any way that he was in difficulties was ever sent by General Graham. What—to any one who immediately afterwards, and on the spot, spoke to, and talked with officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of General Graham's force as to the incidents of the day—is quite as certain is, that never was a body of troops more confident in their leader and in one another, or more sure of victory, than the force at Kassassin throughout the period of General Graham's command.

That there were in the force young officers who were infected by the tendency I have referred to, to imagine that everything was going wrong, I should take for granted; that not knowing that the cavalry had been ordered by General Graham to advance, or that that advance was part of his programme for the battle, they should also look upon General Drury Lowe as an accidental saviour from ruin is very natural. What is simply to be deplored is, that when two gallant soldiers have each admirably done their duty, and are each stating facts perfectly reconcilable with one another, an effort should be made by writers at home to invent contradictions when there are none, and to throw two excellent officers like Kilkenney cats over the rope to tear one another to pieces.

The order for the cavalry to advance was from every point of view wise and sound in a military sense, but it was an order for the employment of cavalry to perform their proper function in completing and following up a victory, in engaging from a favourable direc-

tion, and by surprise, troops already fully occupied with a force in their front—and was in no sense a cry of distress for help. The story of the day's fighting is admirably told in the retrospect of the war which has been republished from the *Times*. The single error in that account is due to the writer's having necessarily followed the statement in General Drury Lowe's despatch, that General Graham had stated that he was barely able to hold his own. The explanation of the error of the young messenger has only appeared since then, but any one who will read the *Times* writer's careful comparison of hours and times, will see that the message ordering a charge to secure and complete a victory was much more probable and more consistent with all the facts than any other. It is only fair to a soldier still in Egypt, who, as Sir Garnet says of him in mere justice, bore all the brunt of the fighting of the campaign, and who carried through this fight on the 28th with skill, firmness, and judgment, to a brilliantly successful issue, in which all parts of his force, infantry, artillery, and cavalry, bore their just share, that General Graham's services should have fair record. It is the more necessary because some of the second-rate Conservative penmen think it their duty, for some recondite party reason, to do their utmost to depreciate General Graham's work. If the leaders of the party would give the cue to their followers not to put the party into an essentially anti-English position, it would probably redound more to their party advantage, and certainly more to their credit, with all who value the name of Englishman above that of any partisan shibboleth.

Soldiers are the servants, not of a party, but of the nation, and there is something specially irritating to any fair mind in the attitude which certain writers take up of treating the successes of the army as though they should be considered as blows directed against the Conservatives

because it happens that a Liberal Government is in power.

For the croakings of a few weeks ago, for the misconceptions, misstatements, and misunderstandings of that time, the hot haste for news was directly responsible.

Every army necessarily moves forward, like a serpent, upon its stomach, and during the time that arrangements for getting the canal and railway transport into working order were being perfected, and the supplies pushed up along them, there was nothing dramatic or exciting for newspaper correspondents to telegraph. For them these were days of idleness; for the greater part of the army, and especially for the staff, they were the hardest working days of the campaign. But as the correspondents had nothing to do, they covered their difficulty partly by declaring that everybody was idling like themselves, and partly by grumbling and croaking. They did not understand what was going on, and so they said that nothing was going on.

Whilst the memory of all this folly is still present in the mind of England, and in a case where its exposure was dramatic and complete, it seems worth while to put forward a warning which, though it will certainly be forgotten by the greater part of the public before our next campaign, may yet be conveniently put on record. Whatever general you put in command of your next expedition, if he understands his

business, there must inevitably be a long period of delay before anything startling and dramatic takes place, or between one startling stroke and another. It will almost certainly be the case that the delays will be much longer and more serious than they have been in the Egyptian campaign.

As certainly as these delays occur, newspaper correspondents on the spot will begin to croak that nothing is going on. Whilst this particular form of croaking is taking place will be almost certainly the time when the hardest work is going on, and when the successes of the future are being assured. But unless people at home are much less mere news-hunters than they are at present, the croakers will be believed and the nation will suffer.

The telegraph exposes England to a far graver risk of disaster than any other country is exposed to, precisely because of the freedom of our institutions. If the nation must have its palate tickled with morsels of exciting news, and will not exercise any self-restraint in its crave for excitement, but will yet insist upon exercising a controlling voice, the sound of which is determined by all kinds of false impressions and false inferences—there is no doubt that it will be sated with exciting news, but it will be the news of dire disasters produced by this very recklessness.

A STAFF OFFICER.

## THE TOPOGRAPHY OF INTEMPERANCE

At the meeting of the Social Science Congress, held in September, papers were as usual read on the question of intemperance, and the whole tenor of the discussion which followed was an endeavour to show that increased facilities for obtaining alcoholic liquors led to their increased consumption. Nothing new was proposed as a remedy for the evils arising from drunkenness, and the only course of action suggested was the closing of public-houses wherever practicable. It is very questionable if this theory of the temperance reformer, with regard to the influence of public-houses, is the correct one; although we have long been accustomed to trace the misery, destitution, and crime in the country, as to a great extent due to the glare of the gin palace and the fascination of the tap-room. There are, however, some phases in connection with intemperance which seems to give a new aspect to it. Drunkenness is not, as is supposed, an evil spread all over the country. It is only an evil that has rooted itself in certain places, covering a small portion of England, and there it has remained for years without any material change. It is almost exclusively confined to the western side of the country, and if we were to trace a line from Northumberland downwards, so as to include Wales, we should have comparative intemperance on one side, and comparative sobriety on the other. The difference in the consumption of alcoholic liquors by those who live on one side of the country, and those who reside on the other, is most remarkable. The difference in some towns of the number of persons annually charged with drunkenness is as twenty to one, and in the rural districts the divergence is even greater; but there is also this singularity in

both towns and counties, that, generally, the larger number of public-houses will be found where there is the smallest amount of drunkenness. It would be an easy matter to show on a map the degrees of drunkenness in different parts of the country by deepening the shades of colour to indicate the intensity of the evil. The counties to the north and west would have to be painted in the darkest tints, while the tone of colour would become lighter and lighter towards the south and east; but if in the same way we had to indicate the number of public-houses to the population, the shade would have, generally, to diminish in the opposite direction.

Among the rural population of Durham drunkenness prevails to a far greater extent than among the rural population of any other county in England. Last year 9,124 persons were there charged by the county police with this offence; nearly fifteen out of every thousand of the population. Lancashire stands next, where the returns for last year were 16,661 persons so charged, or nearly eleven per thousand of the rural population. The returns for Northumberland gave 9·6 per thousand; Cumberland and Westmorland, 8·4 per thousand; Shropshire, 8·6 per thousand; Cheshire, 6 per thousand; Monmouth, 7·4 per thousand; and Stafford, 6·3 per thousand. Passing to the other side of the country we find a very different state of things. The returns for Norfolk show that 1·7 per thousand of the population were charged last year with drunkenness; Suffolk, 1·3 per thousand; Bedford, 1·7 per thousand; Hertford, 1·2 per thousand; Essex, 0·9 per thousand; and Cambridgeshire, 0·6 per thousand. This is the lowest return in the United

Kingdom. In all these counties the proportion of public-houses to the population is greater on the eastern side than on the western, where there is the greatest amount of drunkenness. In Huntingdonshire the proportion of public-houses to the population is 9·7 per thousand, the highest return in the whole country; but drunkenness here is only returned at 1·8 per thousand of the population. At Durham, where drunkenness is the highest, the proportion of public-houses to the population is only 3·8 per thousand. In Northumberland the proportion is still less. In Lancashire the proportion is 4·5 per thousand. In Stafford the number of public-houses to the population is the highest among the western counties, being 6 to every thousand of the population.

Another peculiarity may be found existing in the Principality. The Welsh people are admitted to have strong religious sympathies. Large sums of money have been spent—more especially by the working classes—in the erection of places of worship, and the proportion of church members to the congregation would be greater in Wales than in England. It would be hard to say that morally the Welsh people are not equal to the English. A very large number of them spend a good deal of time in the cultivation of sacred vocal music; but there is no county in the Principality where the inhabitants will at all approach in sobriety those of the eastern counties of England. In Carnarvonshire, where the population is sparse, the number of persons charged with drunkenness last year reached 8·9 per thousand of the population; while in the adjoining counties, Flintshire and Denbighshire, the returns are the lowest for Wales, viz. 4·3 per thousand of the population. Here again the number of public-houses have no reference to the extent of drunkenness. In Carnarvonshire, where the returns are the highest, the proportion of public-houses to the population is 4·6 per thousand; in Flintshire, where

the returns are the lowest, the proportion is 6·5 per thousand. In Breconshire the proportion of public-houses to the population is 8·3 per thousand, but the people of Breconshire are among the soberest in Wales.

A still further peculiarity will be found in the difference in the amount of drunkenness between persons of the same class following the same occupation, surrounded by similar circumstances, but residing in different towns. Newcastle-on-Tyne, South Shields, Tynemouth, and Sunderland, are the great coal-shipping ports of the north, all closely connected together, where the majority of the inhabitants are engaged in the shipment of coal, and the works connected with it. The same class of men would be found in all of them, and they are often observed removing from one place to another. The number of persons charged last year with drunkenness at Newcastle was 4,268, or 29 out of every thousand of the population. At South Shields the number was 1,083, or 19 per thousand. At Tynemouth the number was 760, or 17 per thousand; and at Sunderland the number was 1,314, or 11 per thousand. At Newcastle, South Shields, and Sunderland, the number of public-houses is about five to every thousand of the population, and at Tynemouth the number is six per thousand. Manchester, Stockport, Salford, Blackburn, Bolton, and Oldham, would be the great seats of cotton manufacture. At Manchester the number of persons last year charged with drunkenness was 9,297, equal to 27 out of every thousand of the population. At Stockport the number was 238, or 4 per thousand. At Salford the number was 2,480, or 14·3 of the population. At Blackburn, 1,018, or 9·7 per thousand of the population. At Bolton the number was 577, or 5·4 per thousand; and at Oldham the number was 709, or 6·4 per thousand. Here again it will be found that the cotton weavers of Manchester are

frequently "fitting" to Stockport, which is only six miles distant, and *vice versa*, and yet drunkenness is nearly seven times greater in one place than in the other. Bradford, Rochdale, Leeds, and Huddersfield would be the great centres for woollen and worsted manufacture. At Rochdale last year the number of persons charged with drunkenness was 839, equal to 9 per thousand of the population. At Bradford the number was 346, equal to 1·8 per thousand. At Leeds the number was 1,616, or 5·2 per thousand; and at Huddersfield the number was 395, or 4·8 per thousand. The chief towns for hardware manufacture would be Birmingham and Sheffield. At Birmingham last year the number of persons charged with drunkenness was 2,345, or 5·8 per thousand. At Sheffield, 782, or 2·7 per thousand. The chief towns engaged in the manufacture of small mixed textile fabrics would be Coventry, Derby, Nottingham, and Norwich. At Coventry the returns last year showed that 99, or 2·3 per thousand; at Derby, 818, or 10·1 per thousand; at Nottingham, 1,404, or 7·5 per thousand; and at Norwich, 206, or 2·3 per thousand of the population were charged with drunkenness. Hereford, Ipswich, Shrewsbury, and Reading would be towns dependent on agricultural districts. The returns from these places of the number of persons charged with drunkenness were—Hereford, 145, or 7·3 per thousand; Ipswich, 119, or 2·3 per thousand; Shrewsbury, 161, or 6·1 per thousand; and Reading, 87, or two per thousand of the population. Bath, Scarborough, Brighton, Gravesend, and Dover would be samples of pleasure towns. At Bath last year the number of persons charged with drunkenness was 94, or 1·8 per thousand; at Scarborough the number was 272, or 8·9 per thousand; at Brighton the number was 257, or 2·4 per thousand; at Gravesend, 185, or 7·4 per thousand; and at Dover, 76, or 2·6 per thousand of the population.

At Manchester the number of public-

houses to the population is high, being 7·2 per thousand of the population. At Stockport the number is 4·8 per thousand—a great difference, but not equal to the difference in the amount of drunkenness between the two places. At Bradford, where the amount of drunkenness is very low, the proportion of public-houses to the population is 6·1 per thousand; at Rochdale, where it is high, the proportion is 5·9 per thousand; at Birmingham the proportion is 5·3 per thousand; at Sheffield 6·6 per thousand; at Derby, where drunkenness is high, the proportion is 6·5 per thousand; at Norwich, where it is very low, the proportion is 7·2 per thousand; at Hereford, where drunkenness is high, the proportion is 6·2 per thousand; at Reading, where it is very low, the proportion is 6·4 per thousand. At Bath, Scarborough, Brighton, Gravesend, and Dover there is little difference in the proportion of public-houses to the population, the proportion being from 5 to 7 per thousand.

It seems almost impossible to account for or assign a reason why there should be so much more drunkenness among the same class of people in one town than in another, unless habit is admitted as a much more important factor in the spread of intemperance than is generally supposed. The great increase in the population of our commercial centres is due to the influx of the younger residents on the eastern side, where the inhabitants are remarkable for their sobriety; and the high rate of drunkenness in the commercial districts could not be maintained with but little change year after year, unless the new comers fell into the habits of those among whom they came to reside. It is also worthy of observation that people engaged in noxious and unhealthy employments consume more alcoholic drinks than those whose business pursuits are of a healthy character. There is also another coincidence. On the western side, where drunkenness prevails to the greatest extent, the rainfall is

much more considerable than on the eastern side. Noxious employment and a humid atmosphere may to some extent account for the large amount of drunkenness among the Welsh people. An enthusiastic Celtic temperament may perhaps also be a factor in the result.

Density of population may also be regarded as one of the causes. In nearly all towns where drunkenness runs high the people are closely packed together. At Newcastle, where the greatest amount of drunkenness prevails, the population, according to the last census, averages over seven persons to each house.

These points deserve some consideration from the temperance reformer, who it is evident has not yet attacked the real root of the evil. We know that last year unusual efforts were made to spread temperance principles. Reformers from America traversed the country, and whole armies of teetotalers were formed, who wear now blue ribbons in some towns and white ribbons in others. Many thousands of persons signed the temperance pledge. The Salvation Army, another temperance organisation, enrolled thousands more in its ranks, and yet the number of persons charged with drunkenness in 1881 exceeded those so charged in 1880 by 1,622. The num-

ber charged with this offence in 1880 was 172,859, and in 1881, 174,481. The excise returns also show that the consumption of beer in 1881 had increased 7·5 per cent over that of the preceding year. The total quantity consumed last year was 970,788,564 gallons among a population of 26,000,000. Those who signed the temperance pledge last year must necessarily have been consumers of alcoholic drinks before signing the pledge. The increase in the population of the country during the ten years 1871 to 1881 was 3,256,020, or about 13 per cent, or 1·3 per cent annually. The increase of drunkenness in one year is nearly 1 per cent, but subtracting from the population the thousands of persons, all over the country, who joined, during the temperance crusade, the ranks of total abstainers, then drunkenness has increased, as is proved by the consumption of beer and spirits increasing in a much greater ratio than the population; and if it has increased at a period when strenuous efforts were made everywhere to reclaim the drunkard, then it seems a natural inference that the labours of the temperance reformer have been hitherto, to a great extent at least, misdirected.

THOMAS GLYDE.



SOME POINTS IN "NATURAL RELIGION."<sup>1</sup>

It is sometimes said of certain poems, of *Lycidas*, for example, or of *Endymion*, that the power of appreciating them separates the man who has a real understanding of poetry from the man who has none. *Natural Religion* cannot yet claim to be a classical work, but this at any rate can be said of it,—that the appreciation of it is likely to furnish a decisive test, by which an interest in religion itself may be distinguished from an interest in some particular set of religious or anti-religious ideas. No one who has the cause of religion at heart, no one who, however orthodox or however unorthodox he may be, believes religion to be the best thing in the world, will fail to be affected by it or to learn something from it. And perhaps the imperfect sympathy of other readers will not be a worse compliment. Those who believe that they have done with religion will be rather displeased than otherwise to be told that, if their lives are worth anything, this cannot be so, and to hear from a man whose gifts and whose sincerity are undeniable, that "at the present moment everything depends on the question whether there is a natural religion" (p. 119). There are others, again, who have no serious interest in religion, but are much excited about the state of their opinions; and others again who, being quite satisfied with the state of their opinions, still like to hear burning questions discussed; and to both of these classes it will appear intolerable that they cannot discover for certain whether the author believes in the Gospel-miracles and in the immortality of the soul.

But the wish of the author has been, first and foremost, to consider, not at all whether such beliefs are well-

grounded or not, but whether, apart from them, apart from all supernaturalism, there may not still be religion; a question, surely, of surpassing interest to all who have their eyes open to the steadily progressive alienation of the cultivated classes from traditional beliefs. But if, apart from supernaturalism, there may still be religion, the current notions about religion must be in some way erroneous and confused; and the few criticisms I wish to make on the very different view taken in *Natural Religion* may therefore be usefully prefaced by some remarks which will save us from repetition later on.

Religion is not the same thing as religious ideas. Certainly it involves ideas; it is not an unconscious impulse or a perfectly inarticulate state of emotion. Certainly, again, these ideas make a great difference, and the religion connected with superstitious belief is likely to be lower than the religion connected with a spiritual view of the world. But the ideas, the belief, the view, are not by themselves religion. It is possible to be very busy with them, to possess them exceptionally clearly, to be unusually "orthodox" about them, and yet to be irreligious. They are little more than vehicles to the religious state of mind, the forms in which that state of mind expresses itself, and through which it can therefore revivify itself. In this they are like the lines and colours by which a painter gives shape to his ideal. These remain when the inner vision has passed away; and at the sight of them that vision may return to the painter, and may be awakened, more faintly, in other men. But they may also be gazed on for hours and yet yield nothing to the vacant eye; they may be prattled about, adored, and worshipped, they may be

<sup>1</sup> *Natural Religion*; by the author of *Ecce Homo*. Macmillan & Co. 1882.

questioned and criticised, without ever being seen as they really are. So it is with religious ideas detached from religion.

This distinction will throw some light on two important points, simple enough, but the subject of continual confusion. First, on the difference between religion and science.<sup>1</sup> Scientific ideas, scientific truths, are by themselves science. It is not possible to be busy with them, to possess them clearly, to be, in the best sense of the word, orthodox about them, and yet to be unscientific. They are not, as such, vehicles to a state of the soul other than themselves. They may be used in this way, doubtless they are often so used; but the end to which they are then used as vehicles is not science, whereas the end to which religious ideas are vehicles is religion. A man's emotions and his will may be affected by his scientific ideas, but the state of his emotion or will has no import for his science. That consists in ideas, and its essence is to be theoretical. Not so with religion. If a man's religion consists in ideas, if it is simply a set of beliefs or views, then it may be theology, it may be orthodoxy or heterodoxy, it may be true or false, but it is not religion. And, this being so, it follows that there cannot be such a thing as a direct conflict between religion and science, though there may very well be a conflict between religious ideas and science. It follows, also, that if in this conflict religious ideas are worsted, religion itself is not necessarily hurt.

For—this is the second point on which the distinction throws light—if religion is an attitude or act of the whole soul, not a set of ideas, it is easy to understand how it can be something general and permanent, although the beliefs men hold are so infinitely various and shifting. If we could really know men's minds in

their entirety, we should probably find that there are no two men in the world whose religious beliefs are exactly the same. Probably, when a certain stage of culture is reached, one and the same man's religious beliefs are never *exactly* the same for two years running; and yet he would not dream of saying that he had altered his religion. What is a considerable change in his beliefs need not carry with it any great change in his religion. And so we might see that when we are alarmed at criticism of our religious ideas, we often disquiet ourselves in vain. Again and again, times almost without number, the existence of religion has been declared to be bound up with a given belief. The history of Christianity is a road thick with the quiet and sunny dust of forgotten controversies; and the religion of Christians is still declared to be inextricably intertwined with beliefs of which the enormous majority never really thinks at all. Even when the threatened belief is dear to a man, and the conviction of its inadequacy painfully disturbs that total state of his soul which we call religion, he often finds that in a little time he is able to readjust the structure of his ideas, and that his religion, which alone gave a value to his belief, is untouched or stronger than before.

Comparisons are dangerous, because there are always many points of unlikeness in the things compared beside the one essential likeness; but, at the risk of being accused of calling religious beliefs mere imagination, we may recur to our first example. The time may come when the painter looks on his old picture with dissatisfied eyes. This line in it, that colour in it, are wrong; they do not express what he meant to express. Nay, there is something in the whole conception that displeases him; the vision that he sees now is not quite the vision that he saw then. He transforms his picture as best he can; and, probably, most of his critics like

<sup>1</sup> I do not mean natural science alone, but any science. It is one of the oddest delusions current that the field of belief is divided between theology and natural science.

it less than before. But it satisfies him; it is once more the body for his soul; it contains once more the meaning and worship of his life. He may outgrow it again, and yet again. He may, perhaps, look back on the whole series of his efforts with something like sadness. There was that to be painted, he feels, that has never glowed upon his canvas, and will never be revealed to mortal eyes. Like Reynolds, he is "always labouring to impart it," and "dies at last without imparting it." But, except in moments when he is unworthy of himself, he never doubts that his attempts to express the inexpressible have their value; that something of its light may pass through them into the eyes of others; and that his worship of it, his devotion to it, has been to him "life of life."

To say that religion is a different thing from the possession of religious ideas may seem very trivial; but, if it is true, we must admit that there is no reason *a priori* why a man should not be religious, although he shares, perhaps, not a single one of our religious beliefs. And this is not easily or gladly admitted. The Scotchwoman who doubted whether she did not constitute the whole body of the elect is, we may hope, no longer on the earth. Most people grant, in some sort of sense, that the members of other Protestant bodies beside their own may have a "saving faith"; they hope it of Roman Catholics; they do not deny it, they do not like to raise the question, of the "heathen." And yet, probably, most Christians would be startled at first to hear a Buddhist or a Mohammedan described as a very religious man. The belief of many devout Anglicans that a Non-conformist may be as religious as themselves comes to a dead stop at Unitarianism: and the notion that the same thing may be true of "infidels" seems strange beyond belief. It seems strange because of the fixed prejudice that religion means the

possession of certain ideas, and that the absence or denial of those ideas is "irreligion." And this prejudice is commonly shaken, if at all, not by reasoning, but by some personal experience. We are driven to ask ourselves, Is such and such a man, who lives in the habitual contemplation and action of noble things, not to be called religious simply because he never uses, or, perhaps, emphatically rejects, the religious language we use? If we say that he *is* religious, it will follow that religion may govern a man who disclaims the beliefs we hold most sacred. If we say he is *not* religious, what sort of a thing can religion be, when a man can be unswervingly devoted to ideal objects, and yet lack it?

The greatest service that the remarkable book before us will render to those who honestly and patiently study it, comes from the fact that in it, perhaps for the first time in England, the question is raised and answered in a way that must compel attention,—Granting the infinite value of religion, what kind of religion is possible apart from certain beliefs, apart from all "supernaturalism"?

It is a question that concerns every one interested in religion, and not those alone who are compelled to reject a part or the whole of the received theology. If it were recognised that every man who lives in the worship of truth, or of nature, or of beauty, or of justice and love, every man who really *worships* at all, in whatever intellectual form he apprehends the object of his worship, has an implicit religion which only needs reflection to make it explicit, then much of the irrational and uncharitable sense of severance between the orthodox and the unorthodox would disappear. For it would be felt that, however great and however important the difference in beliefs may be, there is a common basis of worship; since a man who tells us that he worships God as revealed in Christ, but does *not* worship either truth or beauty or goodness in one of

their many shapes, would be admitted to talk nonsense. A man may possess, *besides* a natural religion, a supernatural one; but *unless* he possesses the former he can possess none at all. This is one of the points on which the author of *Natural Religion* insists most, and most convincingly. Let us sketch very briefly some of the results at which he has arrived.

What is religion, and what is irreligion? Irreligion is described in this work as "secularity," as "conventionalism," or again, in words less open to misapprehension, as "life without worship" (p. 130). Religion is "worship," which is made up of love, awe, and admiration (p. 73); more fully, religion may be defined as "habitual and permanent admiration"<sup>1</sup> (p. 74). It is not a theory or proposition, but a condition of the feelings; so that "the *truth* of a religion is a phrase without meaning" (p. 222). These feelings may attach to a variety of objects; and according to the nature of the object the religion will be more or less adequate. But *any* habitual and regulated admiration, *any* worship which raises a man out of the low and slothful life, must be described as religious, whether the object worshipped be called natural beauty, or abstract natural laws, or purity, or justice, or a human being, or God.

If the essence of religion is not certain beliefs, but worship, what is the fruit of it? The fruits springing most naturally out of it are "art, science, and morality" (p. 158). The reader may be surprised, especially at the mention of art and science, but he will do well to consider carefully the pages devoted to this point. The fruit of religion is not morality alone; or, to put it conversely, art and science are not creations independent of religion. *Nothing* that is an element in the "higher life" is independent of religion. "Whatever in human activity is free, magnanimous, or elevated,

rests upon feelings of admiration or warm unselfish interest" (p. 161); that is, on religion.

If this is religion, *natural* religion will be "simply worship of whatever in the known universe appears worthy of worship" (p. 161). It will include the religions which lie at the basis of all morality, of all art, of all science. It will be the worship of ideal humanity, the worship of natural beauty, and the worship of truth, or again of the unity and eternity of the universe, or God. It will thus contain in a revived and purified form an element, the artistic element, taken from paganism; an element, the scientific, adopted from Jewish theism; and an element, that of morality, taken from Christianity, in virtue of which natural religion may be called natural Christianity.

Two further essentials of this natural religion must be mentioned. It is a worship of "whatever in the *known* universe appears worthy of worship." Therefore, "in laying it down," we must use "scientific method alone as our organ of discovery" (p. 211). The religion must be "founded upon science" (p. 229); and science will mean, unless we misunderstand the author, in the first place natural science, and in the second place history. For it is a special characteristic, not of course of any natural religion, but of the ideal form sketched in this book, that it should depend on and promote such an understanding of the world's history as may save us from false ideals and open our eyes to the future. "And thus, as science replaces the cosmogonies of old religion, history scientifically treated restores the ancient gift of prophecy" (p. 234).

It will be observed at once, even in this bald statement, that the author gives us an account of two natural religions,—one a natural religion that actually exists, and another a natural religion in an ideal form, the ideal religion being a development of the actual. In this brief notice little

<sup>1</sup> The feeling of terror of something outside ourselves should, we gather from p. 238, rather be called superstitious than religious.

can be said of the ideal sketched; nothing at all of one of its most distinctive features, the place taken in it by the interpretation of history; nothing again on the hints given of its relation to the existing Church and of its own possible organisation. The many admirable paragraphs also which illustrate the abstract argument and touch upon social conditions or on history, must be left without a word of recognition, although in some respects they contain what is most original in the book. Such things as the description of the various kinds of real atheism, the passage on Wordsworth and Goethe (against the latter and greater of which teachers the British Philistine will, whatever be said, continue to lift his heel and utter his solemn fatuities), the three Latter-Day Pamphlets *in nuce* on pp. 133-136, the passages on the Bible (pp. 169-176), on the connection of religion with nationality (pp. 194-199), on the connection of dogma with the idea of a Church (pp. 214-217), would, even if there were no argument running through the book, make it a book as remarkable for suggestiveness and thorough reality as it is for a style perfectly clear, full of suppressed feeling, and almost disquietingly pointed and incisive. Even if its main argument were unconvincing, it could not fail to do good. There are not many men of letters who join to brilliant literary gifts, and to a contempt for any unworthy use of them, an insight into the signs of the times undisturbed by party spirit of any kind and quickened by political faith.

In the remainder of this paper I wish to call attention to three or four points in which the ideas just sketched seem to be open to objections that may diminish the effect of the book. To a considerable extent these objections relate really only to the form of statement. The author has not intended to write a philosophical treatise; on the contrary, he wished that his work should "receive real atten-

tion" (preface to second edition). Hence, it seems to me, he has sometimes given to particular parts of his view an expression so marked and so unqualified that, taken by themselves, they are scarcely tenable; and their proper understanding depends on a comparison with other passages which too many readers will be apt to omit. Nor is it easy to feel sure that these defects are not in some measure due to a more serious cause, the lack of an adequate philosophical foundation. On this point it would be premature to judge, considering that the preface to the second edition leads us to hope that, so far, we have only the introduction to a more systematic discussion. And yet it is hard to repress a doubt. Some of the defects to be noticed presently do not strike one as merely the too popular expression of a view really thought out. When the author is speaking of science and of religious beliefs, there is a striking absence of any indication of two important facts. On the one hand he ignores the fact that to some beliefs philosophy is at the least as dangerous an antagonist as natural science. On the other hand he ignores the fact that, where common experience and the positive sciences end, there begins an intellectual function of the greatest moment to natural religion,—the function of converting their results into an intelligible view of the universe as a *whole*. And the few references that do occur, either to philosophy itself or to ideas like those of eternity and infinity, are strangely inadequate.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> For example, the statement (p. 6, &c.) that in metaphysics and moral and political philosophy "the principle of authority" has reigned hitherto with more or less exclusiveness" will surprise students of those subjects. Or, again, when the author waives aside, as on p. 45, the question how we are to define nature or man, and points to the fact that anyhow they are there and inspire certain feelings, it is impossible not to inquire whether these feelings are really *consistent* with both of the alternative definitions or only with one of them, and difficult to see how that inquiry can well be postponed. Or, again, how strange

The criticisms that follow will show whether there is any foundation for these doubts.

1. Objection might be taken at once to the collocation of the *scientific* element with Jewish theism, considering that Jewish literature shows remarkably few traces of that theoretical instinct which, on the other hand, distinguished the Greeks. Objection might be taken, conversely, to the tendency to restrict the worship of *beauty* to natural objects, and to ignore those important aspects of artistic enthusiasm which are strikingly un-Greek. But these objections will, to some extent, answer themselves with a little reflection. It is a more serious matter, when the author speaks of morality, art, and science, as though they were three distinct things, giving rise to three distinct forms of religion:—"According to the view here taken, too much is said by modern rationalists of morality, and too little of art and science, since these are related no less closely to religion, and must be taken with morality to make up the higher life" (p. 141). We see at once what is *meant*, and accept it heartily. Art and science must not be shut out from religion. If they are genuine, they have an element of religion in them, just as much as philanthropy has. The artist and the man of science, so far as they are true to their art and science, so far as they give their hearts to the object they pursue, do so in virtue of a *worship* of that object, in virtue, that is, of religion. But how can such self-devotion be separated from morality, as the author separates it? It can only be so separated, if we use "morality" in a popular and untrue sense; if we take it to mean simply (p. 140) that "we should pay our debts, keep our engagements, and

not be too hard on our enemies;" if we understand by it merely something that directly "shows itself in our relations to our fellow men" (p. 167). This outward social conduct is something that for practical purposes may be separated from art or science; but the reader will feel at the same time that morality is much more than this: that if the artist is true to his art, and the man of science to his science, it is because he is so far *moral*; that it is not simply the *object* of his worship that makes him religious, but the fact that his worship controls his whole life and will; that this control is nothing else but his morality; and that in this sense it is and remains true that religion is more closely connected with morality than with anything else.

We may illustrate this point more fully. It is owing to his peculiar—or rather to his too popular—use of the word morality that the brilliant passage describing the artistic and scientific ideals (pp. 120-123) misleads incautious or prejudiced readers. Every one feels that it expresses a truth, but it seems to admit a separation between morality and science or art, which, however grateful it may be to certain "religious" people, is not a fact. It is not the case that the true artist "becomes most seriously and unaffectedly sceptical about the unapproachable sovereignty of the law of duty." Very probably he dislikes that particular form of words; but, beyond this mere matter of words, the truth is that while he may be not specially careful about the application of the law of duty to social conduct, he is overwhelmingly impressed by its unapproachable sovereignty in application to his particular work. To "paint a really good picture" is not the *opposite* of "doing his duty under great temptations and at great sacrifices;" it is one and the same thing. In the same way, if morality, virtue, and vice are to have any but the roughest popular significance, it is most misleading to say of the man of science

the notion of regarding God "with fear and cold awe as in the days before the Gospel was published" (p. 67) must sound to any one who remembers the enthusiastic language of Plato or Aristotle, to say nothing of some of the Psalms.

that "he has little time for any tasks into which morality could possibly enter," or may live a life "almost entirely out of relation alike to virtue and to vice;" for, to say nothing of the fact that a man of science is also a social being, he cannot honestly and laboriously do his scientific task without so far doing what is moral, and all his scientific devotion is virtue, and all his indolence or insincerity is vice. These reflections are obvious enough, and the author himself is well aware of his meaning; but there is a sure vengeance for all phrases that dangerously (and, I may add, unnecessarily) descend to the popular mind—the popular mind misunderstands them.

So it is here, and it would be a great misfortune if this most valuable part of *Natural Religion* were misunderstood. The "religious" man who reads these paragraphs is confirmed in his unjust suspicion that the author means by religion anything and everything. Instead of finding his prejudices at all shaken, instead of beginning to realise that the artist and the man of science are men who, quite as much as himself, are ready to sacrifice anything to what they think right, he carries away the notion that, because they do not use that particular expression, they do not care at all for "right," but are willing or anxious to sacrifice it to some inhuman hobby of their own. Instead of seeing that they too are worshippers, instead of asking himself in what divine unity the objects of their worship come together and are fused with the object of his own, he is convinced that they are beings of another race, whose ideals can never in any way be his or modify his. What they count sacred is nothing to him, or worse than nothing; what he counts sacred seems to be nothing to them. Far from beginning to understand, he is only driven further away from, that great word of Goethe's, so profoundly true of the essence of religion, so piteously untrue of its appearance —

"Was ist das Heiligste? Das was heut und  
ewig die Geister,  
Tief und tiefer gefühlt, immer nur einiger  
macht."

2. We may pass to a second point. It concerns the relation of natural religion to natural science. It will be remembered that, at the beginning of his book, the author proposes to state "at their worst" the conclusions of modern science, and to inquire what elements of religion may nevertheless be discovered in these worst conclusions. Such elements will be common to naturalists and supernaturalists; they will form a natural religion based upon knowledge. What then is the "nature" which men of science worship, and which worshippers of God must also worship, since nature is to them an ordinance of God? It is "a number of co-existences and sequences" (p. 45), or "certain laws of co-existence and sequence in phenomena" (p. 17). To the man of science this nature is said to be an object of worship, a God. It is to him a power which he *knows* to be infinite and eternal; a power, further, which he recognises as giving him the law to which his life ought to be conformed; a power, again, which he can admire and love, not indeed as good, but as infinitely interesting to his reason and imagination, and infinitely beautiful and glorious; a power, lastly, with which he has a sense of personal relationship, because he lives and moves and has his being in it. This religion is not declared to be satisfying; but it is declared to be common to those who possess nothing but it, and to those who need something beyond it.

On this it may be remarked, in the first place, that this object, taken *alone*, is not at all the same thing as this object taken together with other ideas. To those who hold with the author that the highest religious ideas are those which come from *morality*, the object of worship is not this bare nature together with the *addition* of certain moral ideas; the idea of nature is essentially modified by the

other ideas. It is therefore scarcely true to say that they worship this nature, though they worship also something more. Remove from the object of their worship all but this "part" of it, this nature, and they will no longer worship it; or they will worship it only because they have not really cleared away the ideas associated with it in their minds, only because they have left much in it which is not really founded on scientific knowledge.

But, secondly, the same thing is in reality true of the man of science. If he worships nature, this nature is not the mere object of his natural science. It is this object modified by something else than the scientific intellect, and worshipped only because so modified. Let the reader listen to the account of nature as God.

"I say that man believes in a God who feels himself in the presence of a Power which is not himself and is immeasurably above himself, a Power in the contemplation of which he is absorbed, in the knowledge of which he finds safety and happiness. And such now is Nature to the scientific man. . . . The scientific man *knows* Him to be eternal; in astronomy, in geology, he becomes familiar with the countless millenniums of His life-time. The scientific man strains his mind actually to realise God's infinity. As far off as the fixed stars he traces Him, 'distance inexpressible by numbers that have name.' Meanwhile, to the theologian, infinity and eternity are very much of empty words when applied to the Object of his worship. He does not realise them in actual facts and definite computations" (pp. 19, 20).

Now is this object the object known by natural science? Does the man of science *know* a unity of phenomena, such as is implied in the words "Him" and "object"? Does he know a *Power* at all? In what sense, again, does he know this Power and unity to be infinite and eternal? All that he knows is "actual facts" which are certainly finite, and "definite computations" which seem a strange mode of realising the eternal. If he knew that there was a unity at all, and called it God, the most he could say would be, "He spreads further and lasts longer than I can

imagine." The theologian may use empty words, but at any rate does not attempt to worship the self-contradiction of an infinite quantity. When we go further, we fare no better. Is it true that the man of science recognises the nature that he knows as a power giving him "the law to which his life ought to be conformed"? Scarcely; for, in the first place, he does not adopt *all* nature's laws; he does not apply the law of the struggle for existence to his fellow men. If he worships a nature which manifests that law, it is because, on the strength of something other than natural science, he believes that law and similar laws to be subordinated to some higher end, or at least some higher effect. And, in the second place, the very idea that there *is* "a law to which his life ought to be conformed," he brings with him to nature, instead of deriving it from nature. Finally, the question might be raised whether he could worship the regularity and beauty in nature, if he considered each apart from the other qualities of the universe, and took them, each by itself, as bare regularity or mere beautiful appearance. If he were intellect alone he might make the former the object of his worship; if he were a mere sense of beauty he might worship the latter; a mathematical theorem or a tiger might be his deity. But since he is a man, and since religion is the act of his whole soul, before he can worship the order and the beauty he must more or less consciously regard them as the qualities of a whole which appears to him in these aspects, but in itself is more than these aspects. When he does so, those natural phenomena which in themselves are repellent, and which, as the author is well aware, suggest pessimism rather than worship, may be lost in the whole, and he may worship. But what he worships is no longer the mere object of his science.

This is most clearly seen in an interesting phenomenon which the author has not mentioned. The point



of view which now most readily suggests religious feelings to men of science is that of evolution. Indeed, this worship frequently shows strong signs of the characteristic of all vital religions; it is creating a mythology. In the almost lyrical glorification of some writers, evolution has long ceased to be the name for a string of events explained in a certain way; it has become a force, and a power, and something very like a person. But the reason for this religious feeling towards evolution is not a scientific reason; it is not the mere fact that homogeneity gives place to heterogeneity that inspires it. The course of events is to us no mere course of events, but the manifestation of a Power, and a Power with a meaning. That the same elements which once appeared as gas or as mud should, in the lapse of ages, have built up the body of men and the brain whose functions are thought and will, this, stated thus in the rough, is what moves us. And the reason why it moves us is that we attach a supreme value to these final products, and unconsciously regard the course of events as tending to an end in them. But this assignment of value, and its results on our view of the course of events, are something not derived from science, something with which natural science as such has nothing to do. To natural science it can make no difference whether my brain some years hence will nourish the grass of the field, or whether the grass of the field, by help of the sheep, will nourish my brain. Apart from considerations of value, these two changes stand on one level. And if we strictly kept to this point of view, if we entirely excluded all teleological influences from our view of evolution, we should soon cease to speak of it with religious feeling.

I am not complaining that the author himself supposes nature, in the ordinary sense of the word, to be an adequate object of worship. He insists at a later stage on the superiority of moral ideas, and tells us

that "the natural religion of which we are in search will certainly include a religion of [ideal] humanity as well as a religion of material things" (p. 78). He tells us also that "the worship of God, not as we believe Him, but as we see Him in non-human nature, would be likely, taken by itself, to lead to pitiless fanaticism" (p. 167), and he insists that nature must be taken to include man (p. 68). He considers that the possibility of a natural religion depends on the relation which the Power above us bears to our ideals, and that if this relation prove to be so unfavourable that this Power not only denies precisely *what* we hope for, but gives us something much below what we expect, humanity will lose its vigour, and pessimism will be all that is left to us. All this and much more shows very clearly that the author has not too high an opinion of the nature of which he speaks in his first chapter. Our objection is, first, that this nature is not only an inadequate object of religion, but is not, until it is thoroughly modified by other ideas, even a *part* of an adequate object; and, secondly, that these other ideas are not *scientific*, and that therefore the idea of a religion, the object of which shall be *known* in the scientific sense, is illusory, and can only lead to needless and harmful disappointment.

That the religion of cultivated men, by whatever name it calls itself, is bound, and imperatively bound, to be in harmony with the certain results of natural science; that (to put it more correctly) the religious ideas of such men must, if they are to be of permanent use, be consonant with scientific ideas; that the attitude of the religious mind towards science ought to be one of confidence and more than confidence; and that in any dispute about the scientific truth of cosmological ideas connected with any religion there is one arbiter and only one, scientific analysis—this seems to be a perfectly sound position. But that the ideas which define the

object of such men's religion can be *drawn from* natural science; that that object can be *known*, in the sense in which a natural occurrence or a natural element is known; that it is possible, "using scientific method alone as our organ of discovery, to lay down," I will not say "such a natural religion as may be a sustaining principle to the civilisation of the world" (p. 211), but a natural religion which can satisfy educated men—this is a very different position, and not a sound one.

The central conviction from which such a religion must start, the author will I think agree, is the conviction of the supreme value of certain ideal human activities; which activities we may be content to divide roughly, in the spirit of our author, into the pursuit of truth, of goodness, and of beauty. The object we worship must, then, be conceived, if not as absolute truth, goodness, and beauty, yet at any rate as a power which stands in a real and essential relation to the pursuit of them, and such a relation that these ideals are not mere cobwebs of our brain, but are the meaning of the universe, or the best way we have of expressing that meaning to ourselves. It is hard to think that anything short of this can be an adequate object of religion here and now. A man can only worship the intensification of that which he most values, reveres, and loves; that is, he can only worship his ideal realised, or that whole of which he believes his ideal to be the meaning. If in his inmost heart his ideal is strength, his God may be simply the supreme power. If what he secretly most admires is cunning, he may adore the being who can outwit any possible opponent. If his inmost desire is to be rid of vain longings and ambitions, he may make a deity definable merely as a positive existence in which these are laid to rest. If he really worships money, or pleasure, or power, but abstains from pursuing them out of the mere fear of penalties, then money, pleasure, or power is God to

him, and though he may pride himself on what he calls a belief in "a God," that God is not the object of his religion. If, finally, the things to which he attaches a supreme value are, under one form or another, truth, beauty, and goodness, his religion will mean the complete identification of heart and will with the object which he believes either to be or to include these ideals realised. And, it may be added, again, I am sure, in agreement with our author, that to a civilisation which has been educated by Christianity the last of these three qualities must seem, if possible, more essential than the others.

But, if this is so, how strange an idea it is that natural religion can be based on natural science, in the sense that it is scientific knowledge which is to yield the conception of the worshipped being. The very basis of the whole structure, the attribution of a supreme value to certain ideal activities or qualities, is something entirely independent of science, an independent deliverance of that total mind of which science is a single function. Not only that; but the further steps by which these ideal qualities are regarded as having a real and absolute existence in the principle of the universe, or at least as standing in an essential relation to that principle (and all modern theologies, from the simplest to the most complicated, may be regarded as attempts to give an adequate account of this existence or this relation)—these further steps are not made by the methods of natural science, and, I venture to add, never can be. Nor except in isolated passages does it appear that the author believes that they can be. For though he makes the hazardous assertion that "a science of the relation of the universe to human ideals is constructing itself fast" (p. 66), he appears in his final pages to consider that ideal humanity, the admittedly most important element in the object of the natural religion supposed to be based on natural science, is left by science

utterly unconnected with eternity and infinity. That this is so seems quite certain and natural; nor is there any reason to regret that the wisest men of science have abstained from an enterprise that must have taken them out of their province. What I cannot help regretting is that so powerful a writer should have given any help to the growing delusion that, because science has done wonders in the exercise of her proper function, she may be expected to perform all the other functions of the human soul, and that we are to wait disconsolate and inactive until she does so.

In this point then we must conclude that the author makes for his natural religion a demand which cannot be satisfied by it or by any religion. It is one thing to require that our religious ideas should be in harmony with the results of natural science; it is a very different thing to require that our religious ideas should be obtained by the methods of natural science. In what way they are or should be obtained is a further question on which it is obviously impossible to enter here. It will be answered on the one hand that they are due to a direct revelation given in the Bible and continued in some way in the Church—a revelation accepted by a unique and special organ of apprehension called faith. It will be answered on the other hand that they are the results of mere imagination, which, after science has accurately investigated the whole knowable world, proceeds to build in the void of the unknown certain airy structures of its own, creations which have no claim to truth, no claim on our belief, but which are still to be cherished as a source of valuable emotions.<sup>1</sup> Such, if I understand it aright, is the now rather fashionable doctrine, due to the distorted vulgarisation of Kant's

doctrine of Ideas contained in Lange's *History of Materialism*, and adopted by popular writers on natural science. Only one remark can be ventured on the subject here. If anything more satisfactory than these views is to be obtained, it must be by an examination of religious experience itself, an attempt to determine what view of the world will account for this experience, and a testing of this view by comparison with the results arrived at by the analysis of all other forms of human experience. This is almost entirely the work of philosophy. One such test is furnished by the certain results of natural science. Tests certainly not less important are furnished, or ought to be furnished, by historical criticism, by psychology, and by metaphysics; and I venture to say that the insularity of our psychology and would-be unmetaphysical metaphysics has had no result more deplorable than the dearth of attempts to give an adequate scientific account of the fact called religion.<sup>2</sup>

3. These remarks on the possibility of basing religion on natural science lead naturally to a further question. When we say, with the author of this book, that the artist who worships beauty and the man of science or the philosopher who worship truth, do so in virtue of religion, just as those who worship justice and love do so in virtue of religion, it is clear that the religion of these men is, as compared with that of the "religious" man in the ordinary sense, *unconscious*. If they were told that they were religious they might answer that what they care for is beauty, truth, goodness; and that they do not care for religion. They have a religion without knowing it; or, if we prefer to say so, they are religious but they have no theology. The question naturally suggests itself, then, whether it is desirable that this unconscious religion should become

<sup>1</sup> I wish the author of *Natural Religion*, who certainly cannot hold this view, had not seemed to give some support to it by his dangerously unqualified statement that religion is "a condition of the feelings" (p. 222).

<sup>2</sup> The most valuable recent works on the subject, Principal Caird's and Professor Max Müller's, stand quite apart from the course of specifically British philosophising.

conscious. It would be easy to maintain that this is not desirable, and that it might even be fatal to the unconscious religion. An absorbing worship would tend to express itself in statements; and as soon as the implicit principle of action became a statement, it would become liable to all the assaults of doubt, whether from without or from the man's own mind. He who had possessed an absolute faith in the object of his worship would begin to find his faith weakened; his creative energy would diminish, for it is born of faith alone. He could scarcely fall back on his unconscious religion; he might gradually sink into the practical atheism so admirably described in this book. If we are to begin to turn all the unconscious faiths on which we act into objects of reflection, we shall only end by losing them. As Carlyle so often warns us, the maxim, "The healthy are not conscious of their health, but only the sick," may be true of the soul. So far the objection.

On this point the author of *Natural Religion* seems to have no misgivings. He tells us in a striking passage of recapitulation that—

"Though religion runs shallow, or scarcely runs at all in its old channel, this is only because the stream has been drawn off in other directions. We have found the substance of religion still existing, but outside its old organisation, broken up and distributed under other names or under no name. Man has still grand spiritual interests, which are all-important to him, and which he partly feels to be so; *only to his misfortune he has ceased to think of them together in the whole which they constitute.* If he could view them thus they would affect him with the same solemn anxiety which we trace in ancient utterances concerning religion" (p. 218).

In this passage, and especially in the sentence I have italicised, we have one of the fundamental ideas of the book, an idea which has inspired some of the greatest men of the century, and which, in the latter part of *Natural Religion*, receives a new and peculiar development. The idea is that religion is not something apart from man's other spiritual interests, scientific, artistic,

social, political, domestic, but the unity of them all, and more, the *conscious* unity of them all; so that in this unity the worshipper of beauty and the worshipper of an active intelligent public spirit would not only *have* their religion, but would be aware of their religion, and be aware that it was something that bound them together.

Now, though it is impossible to deny some weight to the argument in favour of an unconscious religion mentioned above, I certainly do not wish to press it against a doctrine which seems to me most true and most important. It is an argument, we may further observe, which, pushed to its logical extreme, is fatal to *all* conscious religion; and in answer to it it may perhaps suffice to remember that we cannot have good things without running a risk for them. But there are two remarks about the doctrine itself which it may be worth while to make, in spite of their being, like most of this paper, of the disagreeable nature of warnings against false hopes. In the first place we ought not to expect that this conscious religion or faith can be, when it is put into words, something scientifically certain. I have tried already to explain that it *cannot* be so, because neither the primary conviction of the supreme value of certain spiritual activities, nor the conviction that this value has its place in the "scheme of the world," or is an objective value, can be vouched for simply by scientific inferences based upon the observation of matters of fact. If we add to these elements of the faith in question the belief in "successive revelations of Himself made by the Eternal" (p. 250), the case is still more clear. All that we can expect, therefore, is that (1) this faith, when put into words, shall not be in conflict with any known truths; and (2) that, though not matter of certain knowledge, it may make our notion of the universe a notion more intelligible, more satisfactory to the demands

our reason, than a purely scientific notion of the universe can—owing to the limitations of exact knowledge—possibly be. If so much as this can be said of natural religion, a very great deal can be said of it. And I cannot believe that the author of the book would, in spite of some expressions, really claim for it a more scientific character than this.

And next, it is a vain idea (which I have no reason to attribute to the author, but which does much mischief) that the believers in this or any other faith will be able to dispense with mythology; that their statements, when they make statements, will all be strictly true. By mythology, thus loosely used, I mean merely ideas and expressions which, owing to their imaginative character, cannot be considered exact or adequate descriptions of the facts they represent. There is no religion in the world which is not full of such ideas and expressions, and which is not, by its more cultivated adherents, known to be full of them. The speech of daily life is full of them: we continually use them about the things we see and touch; and here nobody objects to them, or expects a person who disbelieves (say) in the independent reality of space to avoid language which presupposes it. To give them up would be absurd pedantry, and would condemn us to almost perpetual silence. These are the only ideas and expressions which, to the enormous majority of men, have any emotional force. Before we can *realise* a philosophical truth most of us have to turn it into imagination. Nor is there any reason why we should regret this, so long as in our religion we can avoid two evils which grow out of it. One is the evil which lies at the root of more than half the pain and anger of theological discussions. The metaphorical expression is identified by the believer with the truth behind it—a truth which may be known, but has more probably only reached expression in its metaphorical form; and when this form is criticised

and its claim to theoretical accuracy is disputed or disproved, the truth itself is supposed to be attacked or overthrown. This evil cannot possibly be avoided altogether by any church, no, nor (I venture to say) by any individual; but it is certainly our own fault if, living in such a time as this, we have not learned to be on our guard against it.

This, then, is one evil which comes of the imaginative element in religious ideas. The other can be more fully guarded against. It is not of such consequence as it is often assumed to be that the imaginative ideas which are vehicles to our religion should be *true*; it is of the utmost consequence that they should be *good*. They must be *inadequate* to the object of worship, but they need not be unworthy. To pray "Our Father, which art in heaven," is to attribute to the Divine Being a human relationship and a local habitation, attributions which we know, if we reflect, to be metaphorical. As a theoretical expression the words are therefore inadequate, but no one could find them unworthy, unspiritual. On the other hand to represent the Divine Being as erotic or revengeful, as the early Greeks and early Jews did, is to use language which not only darkens knowledge but corrupts the will. It is unworthy as well as false. And this evil, we may hope, is more likely to be avoided in our own day and in the future than it has been in the past, if at least we are determined to allow no element to enter into our idea of God which is not consonant with our own highest ideals.

4. It remains to add a few words on the conclusion of *Natural Religion*. All through the book warnings have occurred at intervals that, if we cannot have a natural religion, we must fall back on pessimism; that is, on the conviction that the universe is fundamentally opposed to our ultimate wishes. In the last three pages, after the account of natural religion is finished, the question is raised whether

a supernatural religion, over and above the natural, may not be "precious, nay, perhaps indispensable?" Without it, we are told, pessimism raises its head; and a vivid description is given of the ghastliness of a world "where everything great and enduring is cold," where "everything widens and deepens except our own duration, and that remains as pitiful as ever." "Supernatural religion," the author goes on, "met the want by connecting love and righteousness with eternity. If it is shaken, how shall its place be supplied? and what would natural religion avail then?" He answers: "But still if religion fails us it is only when human life itself is proved to be worthless. It may be doubtful whether life is worth living, but if religion be what it has been described in this book . . . can it be doubtful that if we are to live at all we must live—and civilisation can only live—by religion?"

This passage has been variously interpreted. Into one question raised by it it is quite impossible to enter here, and perhaps useless to enter anywhere except by the aid of philosophy. The question is this: Supposing we reject, or wholly suspend our judgment about, personal immortality in the ordinary sense of the words (for this seems to be the gist of the supernaturalism the author has in view), does it not become doubtful to us whether our ideals are not mere imaginations of our own—so doubtful as to make natural religion impossible to us, and to make us despair? In other words, how can we believe truth, goodness, and beauty to be really of supreme value, when the persons in whom they are realised pass away after a few years and are no more? This is a legitimate question, on which I will only say that those who discuss it would do well to pay more attention than English theologians commonly pay, to the great religions of the East. But my present object is to call attention to some ambiguity in the passage quoted from *Natural Religion*. A

contrast is drawn between natural and supernatural religion. The first is supposed to rest on knowledge, but to be, perhaps, discouraging; the second is supposed to rest on something else, and to be encouraging. But, unless the second means *simply* a religion based on belief in a future life, the antithesis will not hold. And it does not mean simply this. "We are all supernaturalists thus far that we all believe in the existence of a world beyond our present knowledge. It is practical supernaturalism when we allow this world beyond our science to influence us in thought, feeling or action" (p. 260). If so, natural religion is supernatural. Surely this need not be repeated. If a man is influenced by the belief in a unity of all phenomena, a Power infinite, eternal, and rational (since laws are its expression), not separate from the ideal qualities of human nature, but including that ideal humanity which is said to be the object of Christian worship, he is most assuredly influenced by something "beyond our science." We cannot too clearly recognise that the question is not between supernaturalism and positive knowledge or something based on positive knowledge, but between two forms of faith; that a natural religion differs from a supernatural only in its determination to admit nothing contrary to reason, whatever authority it may plead; but that there is no such thing as a natural religion, or any religion, that rests simply on knowledge, and does not involve faith. It might be added, as an argument *ad hominem*, that the natural religion described in this book does "connect love and righteousness with eternity," just as much as the supernatural; for the object of its worship is declared again and again to be eternal, and also to include human qualities, among which love and righteousness must certainly be counted.

It seems, then, that the antithesis of natural and supernatural religion implied in the passage will not hold.

But, further, what is the meaning of the words, "What would natural religion avail then?" If I understand the author's argument, they can scarcely express his meaning. Surely, the only question is whether, in the absence of what is described as supernaturalism, natural religion can *exist*; whether a certain disbelief or a certain want of belief, *e.g.*, in a future life, may not destroy the conviction on which natural religion rests—the conviction that there are real grounds for the value we attach to the truth, beauty, and goodness we worship. This may be a question; but surely there is no question that—if natural religion can and does exist under the condition mentioned—it *avails*. If it is there, there it is, as it is described throughout the book, the very salt of life, the "principle by which alone life is redeemed from secularity and animalism." What should we add to the idea of its existence, if we said that it not only existed, but "availed"?

Some one will answer, but not, I think, the author: "Its availing means that it would make us happy, as supernatural religion does. That is what is wanting to it, however much it exists. It is all very well to say that if we reverence human worth and worship the Object described in the book, life must have a value for us—that, in fact, these are only different ways of saying the same thing. But however much we worship thus, it is not a happy thing to be in the dark as to what will happen to us when we die." Certainly, as it seems to me, it is not; but it is a large assumption, and one of which the author certainly is not guilty, that the object of religion is to make us happy. If that is what we mean in speaking of belief in the "supernatural," let us say so. Let us admit clearly that we do *not* regard the object of our worship as an end in itself, as something that has an absolute value. Let us say plainly that we value it merely on the condition that it brings us happiness. Let us

realise that the great mass of our desire to be sure about a future life has no *religious* significance whatever, but is an anxiety about "earthly things," about things the renunciation of which, however good they are, is, to Christianity at any rate, the *entrance* to religion. Let us confess that, when we write and talk so vehemently about religion disappearing with the disappearance of certainty about a future life, the root of our desire is not to find the ideal will, to find God and to make His will ours, but to use Him as a means to the attainment of a life of our own, which, parodying words that should mean something, we describe as a life in His presence, but which we really picture to ourselves, and really desire, as a life of unalloyed domestic and social felicity.<sup>1</sup>

I cannot believe that the view here protested against is the author's view; it is merely a view which an unfortunate phrase of his seems to suggest. It is against the whole drift of *Natural Religion* to suppose, as is continually assumed, that the business of religion is to make us happy, and that it is a relevant argument against any particular belief or disbelief that it diminishes happiness. Such a notion is one of the striking signs of the weakness of our time, and may lead to another of the possible false hopes about a natural religion. That such a religion as that described by the author would bring its happiness with it is clear enough. In the moments when religious feeling is strong, undoubtedly "the weariness, the fever, and the fret" pass away; the discords of life are resolved: we are at peace, and experience a happiness so great and so

<sup>1</sup> It will not be thought that I am saying anything whatever against a hope and wish which is natural and dear to every one; but it is high time that we asked ourselves what claim it has to be called *religious*. There is a desire for immortality, or eternal life, which is in its very essence religious; but this is a different desire, and (I may add, with reference to the use of the words "eternity" and "infinity" in this book) it is more than questionable whether its object can be defined simply as endless duration.

different from ordinary happiness that it is commonly called by a different name—"joy," or "blessedness." And the light of such moments sheds itself more faintly on the rest of our hours. But it by no means follows that religion can make the world seem to us on the whole a very bright place. Who does not know that, apart from his private fortunes or misfortunes, the growth of insight into things and of reverence for what is worthy of worship brings him almost as much sadness as joy; that every new and higher peak he catches sight of in the clouds makes the distance seem more hopeless between the new glory and the masses who swarm about the mountain's foot and can scarcely raise their eyes from the earth; that the best things that come to him have a background of grey, and sometimes of black; and that of these things themselves, even of the experience of truth or beauty or goodness, even of religion itself, that saying of George Eliot is and will remain true—"this sort of happiness often brings so much pain with it that we can only tell it from pain by its being what we would choose before everything else, because our souls see it is good"<sup>1</sup>? Who does not know, again, that it is not the great men, the men who had the deepest insight and the widest outlook, that find the world a merry place and are much pleased with life? Is there any great religious leader whose experience was this? Or was it the experience of Sophocles, of Dante, of Shakespeare, of Michael Angelo or Beethoven, of Cromwell or Mazzini? Not so. It is the experience of children, and grown-up children, and some of the selfish rich, and a few peculiarly happy natures. Nor will any one who reflects make the answer that all this is changed when the world is looked at under the light of Christian revelation. He must have a strange kind of heart who, with his eyes open, can be constantly very happy in a world which he believes to be, for the most

part, wretched and unblessed—so wretched, indeed, that sorrow enters into the nature of God Himself.

The essence of religion is not at all the wish to be happy, in the general meaning of that word. Its essence is the entire devotion of personal will and personal happiness to the object of worship, a devotion which brings its own joy, but has not that joy for its motive. The essence of the object of worship, again, is ideal truth, beauty, and goodness; and if the conviction of the absolute value of these fails us, then, as the last paragraph of the book tells us, religion fails us—not natural religion only, the reader will observe, but *all* religion. This object may be conceived in many different ways. It may be worshipped merely as it is seen here in the world, in its separate appearances. Or we may find such a conception of it quite insufficient to satisfy our intelligence, our desire to understand; and that, as well as other motives, will lead us to seek for some unifying idea, something more philosophically adequate than can be found in *Natural Religion* or than the author undertakes to furnish. And, again, the worship of this object may be connected with a further belief in various "supernatural" occurrences. But however great the variety of the theoretical ways in which we conceive what we worship, and however great the theoretical superiority of some to others, these differences do not or need not greatly affect the state of the soul, the total and not merely theoretical state, called religion. A man may be deeply religious, though his religious ideas are meagre and inconsistent on the one side, or superstitious and redundant on the other. Two men may worship what is essentially the same object, though they cannot bring their ways of conceiving it into any kind of agreement. But what is fatal to all forms of religion alike is the loss of that primary and indemonstrable certainty which is not merely theoretical, which lies at the root both of "natural"

<sup>1</sup> Epilogue to *Romola*.



and "supernatural" worship, and without which any creed, orthodox or heterodox, simple or complicated, becomes a mere cant or a mere attempt at magic—the certainty of the supreme value of ideal human activities, the direct experience that a soul capable of these activities can be satisfied only by self-devotion to their objects.

Such self-devotion is faith, or religion; for the two words describe one thing. It is that which is common to all those who identify themselves in intellect, emotion, and will with the ideal they worship, whether they connect that ideal with a complicated system of dogma and can only make it plain to themselves by aid of "supernatural" ideas, or whether, never speaking of religion at all or framing a proposition that can be called theological, they labour, without a thought of reward here or elsewhere, for the "good cause of the world." In a form more conscious or less conscious, this is the natural religion that lies at the root of all noble endeavour, however obscure or however brilliant—the devotion of nameless women to a family or a district, a man's disinterested devotion to the work of his life, the devotion of the artist to the production of beauty seen or heard, of the man of science or philosopher to the advancement of truth, of the statesman to his country, of the minister to his people. The question whether life is worth living should mean the question whether this self-devotion governs life, and whether, the value attached to its objects being a real value, it is therefore rational. But the question is one which commonly con-

ceals an appeal to a different standard of worth, and is commonly raised at times when, the energy of this devotion sinking low, we begin to ask ourselves if we are as *happy* as we should like to be. To which question, if more need be added on it, and if in the midst of a detraction coming chiefly from mean motives it is still allowable to quote a great seer, Carlyle may answer for us: "Man's unhappiness comes of his greatness; it is because there is an Infinite in him, which with all his cunning he cannot quite bury under the Finite" (*Sartor Resartus: the Everlasting Yea*). "The only happiness a brave man ever troubled himself with asking much about was, happiness enough to get his work done" (*Past and Present*).

In closing these notes, I feel painfully that some readers may think them out of sympathy with *Natural Religion*. But I am not afraid that the author will think this; or that, whether he finds any truth in the objections urged against particular points or not, he will consider the purport of these objections to be foreign to the purport of the book. In any case they are intended simply to guard against possible misapprehensions, likely to interfere with the right understanding and the good effect of a work which, more than any published in England for a long time, should induce us to pass, like the author, from the atmosphere of burning questions, and to fix our attention upon that essence of all religion which, "felt deeply and ever more deeply, unites men more and more."

A. C. BRADLEY.

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## THE WIZARD'S SON.

### CHAPTER VII.

WALTER arrived in Edinburgh on a wintry morning white and chill. A sort of woolly shroud wrapped all the fine features of the landscape. He thought the dingy turrets of the Calton Jail were the Castle, and was much disappointed, as was natural. Arthur's Seat and the Craggs were as entirely invisible as if they had been a hundred miles away, and the cold crept into his very bones after his night's journey, although it had been made luxuriously, in a way very different from his former journeyings. Also it struck him as strange and uncomfortable that nobody was aware of the change in his position, and that even the railway porter, to whom he gave a shilling (as a commoner he would have been contented with sixpence), only called him "Sir," and could not perceive that it would have been appropriate to say my lord. He went to an hotel, as it was so early, and found only a dingy little room to repose himself in, the more important part of the house being still in the hands of the housemaids. And when he gave his name as Lord Erradeen, the attendants stared at him with a sort of suspicion. They looked at his baggage curiously, and evidently asked each other if it was possible he could be what he claimed to be. Walter had a half consciousness of being an im-

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postor, and trying to take these surprised people in. He thawed, however, as he eat his breakfast, and the mist began to rise, revealing the outline of the Old Town. He had never been in Edinburgh before; he had rarely been anywhere before. It was all new to him, even the sense of living in an inn. There was a curious freedom about it, and independence of all restraint which pleased him. But it was very strange to be absolutely unknown, to meet the gaze of faces he had never seen before, and to be obliged always to explain who he was. It was clear that a servant was a thing quite necessary to a man who called himself by a title, a servant not so much to attend upon him as to answer for him, and be a sort of guarantee to the world. Now that he was here in Edinburgh, he was not quite sure what to do with himself. It was too early to do anything. He could not disturb old Milnathort at such an hour. He must let the old man get to his office, and read his letters before he could descend upon him. So that on the whole Walter, though sustained by the excitement of his new position, was altogether chilled and not at all comfortable, feeling those early hours of grim daylight hang very heavily on his hands. He went out after he had refreshed and dressed—and strolled about the fine but foreign street. It looked quite

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foreign to his inexperienced eyes. The Castle soared vaguely through the grey mist; the irregular line of roofs and spires crowning the ridge threw itself up vaguely against a darker grey behind. There was a river of mist between him and that ridge, running deep in the hollow, underneath the nearer bank which was tufted with spectral bushes and trees, and with still more spectral white statues glimmering through. On the other side of the street, more cheerful and apparent, were the jewellers' shops full of glistening pebbles and national ornaments. Everybody knows that it is not these shops alone, but others of every luxurious kind that form the glory of Prince's Street. But Walter was a stranger and foreigner; and in the morning mists the shining store of cairngorms was the most cheerful sight that met his eye.

Mr. Milnathort's office was in a handsome square, with a garden in the centre of it, and another statue holding possession of the garden. For the first time since he left home, Walter felt a little thrill of his new importance when he perceived the respectful curiosity produced among the clerks by the statement of his name. They asked his lordship to step in with an evident sensation. And for Walter himself to look into that office where his mother had so strongly desired that he should find a place, had the most curious effect. He felt for the moment as if he were one of the serious young men peeping from beyond the wooden railing that inclosed the office, at the fortunate youth whose circumstances were so different from their own. He did not realise at that moment the unfailing human complacency which would have come to his aid in such circumstances, and persuaded him that the gifts of fortune had nothing to do with real superiority. He thought of the possible reflections upon himself of the other young fellows in their lowly estate as if he had himself been making them. He was sorry for them all, for the contrast they must draw, and the

strange sense of human inequality that they must feel. He was no better than they were—who could tell? perhaps not half as good. He felt that to feel this was a due tribute from Lord Erradeen in his good fortune to those who might have been Walter Methven's fellow clerks, but who had never had any chance of being Lord Erradeen. And then he thought what a good thing it was that he had never written that letter to Mr. Milnathort, offering himself for a desk in the office. He had felt really guilty on the subject at the time. He had felt that it was miserable of him to neglect the occasion thus put before him of gaining a livelihood. Self-reproach, real and unmistakable, had been in his mind; and yet what a good thing he had not done it: and how little one knows what is going to happen! These were very ordinary reflections, not showing much depth; but it must be recollected that Walter was still in a sort of primary state of feeling, and had not had time to reach a profounder level.

Mr. Milnathort made haste to receive him, coming out of his own room on purpose, and giving him the warmest welcome.

"I might have thought you would come by the night train. You are not old enough to dislike night travelling as I do; but I will take it ill, and so will my sister, if you stay in an hotel, and your room ready for you in our little place. I think you will be more comfortable with us, though we have no grandeur to surround you with. My sister has a great wish to make your acquaintance, my Lord Erradeen. She has just a wonderful acquaintance with the family, and it was more through her than any one that I knew just where to put my hand upon you, when the time came."

"I did not like to disturb you so early," Walter said.

"Well, perhaps there is something in that. We are not very early birds: and as a matter of fact, Alison did not expect you till about seven o'clock at night. And here am I in the midst

of my day's work. But I'll tell you what I'll do for you. We'll go round to the club, and there your young lordship will make acquaintance with somebody that can show you something of Edinburgh. You have never been here before? It is a great pity that there's an easterly haer, which is bad both for you and the objects you are wanting to see. However, it is lifting, and we'll get some luncheon, and then I will put you in the way. That is the best thing I can do for you. Malcolm, you will send down all the documents relative to his lordship's affairs to Moray Place, this afternoon; and you can tell old Symington to be in attendance in case Lord Erradeen should wish to see him. That is your cousin, the late lord's body servant. He is a man of great experience, and you might wish—; but all that can be settled later on. If Drysdales should send over about that case of theirs, ye will say, Malcolm, that I shall be here not later than three in the afternoon; and if old Blairallan comes fyking, ye can say I am giving the case my best attention; and if it's that big north-country fellow about his manse and his augmentation——”

“I fear that I am unpardonable,” said Walter, “in interfering with your valuable time.”

“Nothing of the sort. It is not every day that a Lord Erradeen comes into his inheritance; and as there are, may be, things not over cheerful to tell you at night, we may as well make the best of it in the morning,” said the old lawyer. He got himself into his coat as he spoke, slowly, not without an effort. The sun was struggling through the mist as they went out again into the streets, and the mid-day gun from the Castle helped for a moment to disperse the haer, and show the noble cliff on which it rears its head aloft. Mr. Milnathort paused to look with tender pride along the line—the houses and spires lifting out of the clouds, the sunshine breaking through, the crown of St. Giles's hovering like a visible sign of rank

over the head of the throned city, awakened in him that keen pleasure and elation in the beauty of his native place which is nowhere more warmly felt than in Edinburgh. He waved his hand towards the Old Town in triumph. “You may have seen a great deal, but ye will never have seen anything finer than that,” he said.

“I have seen very little,” said Walter; “but everybody has heard of Edinburgh, so that it does not take one by surprise.”

“Ay, that is very wisely said. it took you by surprise, and you had never heard of it before, the world would just go daft over it. However, it is a drawback of a great reputation that ye never come near it with your mind clear.” Having said this the old gentleman dismissed the subject with a wave of his hand, and said, in a different tone, “You will be very curious about the family secrets you are coming into, Lord Erradeen.”

Walter laughed.

“I am coming to them with my mind clear,” he said. “I know nothing about them. But I don't believe much in family secrets. They belong to the middle ages. Nowadays we have nothing to conceal.”

Mr. Milnathort listened to this blasphemy with a countenance in which displeasure struggled with that supreme sense that the rash young man would soon know better, which disarms reproof. He shook his head.

“You may say we can conceal but little,” he said, “which is true enough, but not altogether true either. Courage is a fine thing, Lord Erradeen, and I am always glad to see it; and if you have your imagination under control, that will do ye still better service. In most cases it is not only what we see, but what we think we are going to see, that daunts us. Keep you your head cool, that is your best defence in all emergencies. It is better to be too bold than not to be bold enough, notwithstanding the poet's warning to yon warrior-maid of his.”

These last words made Walter stare.

for he was not very learned in poetry at the best, and was totally unprepared to hear Spenser from the lips of the old Scottish lawyer. He was silent for a little in mere perplexity, and then he said, with a laugh—

"You speak of danger as if we were on the eve of a battle. Are there giants to encounter or magicians? One would think we were living in the dark ages," Walter cried with a little impatience.

Mr. Milnathort said nothing more. He led the young man into one of the great stone palaces which form the line of Prince's Street, and which was then the seat of the old original club of Edinburgh society. Here Walter found himself in the midst of a collection of men with marked and individual faces, each one of whom ought to be somebody, he thought. Many of them were bound about the throat with white ties, like clergymen, but they did not belong to that profession. It gave the young man a sense of his own importance, which generally deserted him in Mr. Milnathort's presence, and of which he felt himself to stand in need, to perceive that he excited a great deal of interest among these grave and potent signors. There was a certain desire visible to make his acquaintance and to ascertain his political opinions, of which Walter was scarcely aware as yet whether he had any. It was suggested at once that he should be put up for the club, and invitations to dinner began to be showered upon him. He was stopped short in his replies to those cordial beginnings of acquaintance by Mr. Milnathort, who calmly assumed the guidance of his movements. "Lord Erradeen," he said, "is on his way West. Business will not permit him to tarry at this moment. We hope he will be back ere long, and perhaps stay a while in Edinburgh, and see what is to be seen in the way of society." This summary way of taking all control of his own movements from him astounded Walter so much that he merely stared at his old tyrant or vizier,

and in his confusion of surprise and anger did not feel capable of saying anything, which, after all, was the most dignified way; for, he said to himself, it was not necessary to yield implicit obedience even if he refrained from open protest upon these encroachments on his liberty. In the meantime it was evident that the old lawyer did not intend him to have any liberty at all. He produced out of the recesses of the club library a beaming little man in spectacles, to whom he committed the charge of the young stranger.

"Mr. Bannatyne," he said, "knows Edinburgh as well as I know my chambers, and he will just take you round what is most worth seeing."

When Walter attempted to escape with a civil regret to give his new acquaintance trouble he was put down by both with eagerness.

"The Old Town is just the breath of my nostrils," said the little anti-quary.

"It cannot be said that it's a fragrant breath," said old Milnathort; "but since that is so, Lord Erradeen, you would not deprive our friend of such a pleasure: and we'll look for you by five or six at Moray Place, or earlier if you weary, for it's soon dark at this time of the year."

To find himself thus arrested in the first day of his emancipation and put into the hands of a conductor was so annoying yet so comic that Walter's resentment evaporated in the ludicrous nature of the situation and his consciousness that otherwise he would not know what to do with himself. But sight-seeing requires a warmer inspiration than this, and even the amusement of beholding his companion's enthusiasm over all the dark entries and worn-out inscriptions was not enough to keep Walter's interest alive. His own life at this moment was so much more interesting than anything else, so much more important than those relics of a past which had gone away altogether out of mortal ken. When the blood is at high pressure in

our veins, and the future lying all before us, it is very difficult to turn back, and force our eager eyes into contemplation of scenes with which we ourselves have little or no connection. The antiquary, however, was not to be baulked. He looked at his young companion with his head on one side like a critical bird. "You are paying no attention to me," he said half pathetically; "but 'cod, man (I beg your pardon, my lord!), ye *shall* be interested before I'm done." With this threat he hurried Walter along to the noisiest and most squalid part of that noble but miserable street which is the pride of Edinburgh, and stopped short before a small but deep doorway, entering from a short flight of outside stairs. The door was black with age and neglect, and showed a sort of black cave within, out of which all kind of dingy figures were fluttering. The aspect of the muddy stairs and ragged wayfarers was miserable enough, but the mouldings of the lintel, and the spiral staircase half visible at one side, were of a grim antiquity, and so was the lofty tenement above, with its many rows of windows and high-stepped gable.

"Now just look here," said Mr. Bannatyne, "these arms will tell their own story."

There was a projecting boss of rude, half-obliterated carving on the door.

"I cannot make head nor tail of it," said the young man; his patience was beginning to give way.

"Lord Erradeen," cried the other with enthusiasm, "this is worth your fattest farm; it is of more interest than half your inheritance; it is as historical as Holyrood. You are just awfully insensible you young men, and think as little of the relics that gave you your consequences in the world—!" He paused a little in the fervour of his indignation, then added—"But there are allowances to be made for you as you were bred in England, and perhaps are little acquainted—My lord, this is Me'even's Close, bearing the name even now in its decay.

It was my Lord Methven's lodging in the old time. Bless me! can your young eyes not read the motto that many people have found so significant? Look here," cried Walter's cicerone, tracing with his stick the half-effaced letters, "Baithe Sune and Syne."

Young Lord Erradeen began, as was natural, to feel ashamed of himself. He felt a pang of discomfort too, for this certainly bore no resemblance to the trim piece of modern Latin about the conquering power of virtue which was on his father's seal. The old possibility that he might turn out an impostor after all gleamed across his mind. "Does this belong to me?" he added with some eagerness, to veil these other and less easy sentiments.

"I know nothing about that," said Mr. Bannatyne with a slight tone of contempt. "But it was the Lord of Methven's lodging in the days when Scots lords lived in the Canongate of Edinburgh." Then he added, "There is a fine mantelpiece up stairs which you had better see. Oh nobody will have any objection, a silver key opens every door hereabout. If it should happen to be yours, my lord, and I were you," said the eager little man, "I would clear out the whole clan-jamfry and have it thoroughly cleaned, and make a museum of the place. You would pick up many a curious bit as the auld houses go down. This way, to the right, and mind the hole in the wall. The doors are all carved, if you can see them for the dirt, and you'll not often see a handsomer room."

It was confusing at first to emerge out of the gloom of the stairs into the light of the great room, with its row of windows guiltless of either blind or curtain, which was in possession of a group of ragged children, squatting about in front of the deep, old-fashioned chimney, over which a series of elaborate carvings rose to the roof. The room had once been panelled, but half of the woodwork had been dragged down, and the rest was in a deplorable state. The contrast of the squalor and wretchedness

about him, with the framework of the ancient, half-ruined grandeur, at once excited and distressed Walter. There was a bed, or rather a heap of something covered with the bright patches of an old quilt, in one corner, in another an old corner cupboard fixed into the wall, a rickety table and two chairs in the middle of the room. The solemn, unsheltered windows, like so many hollow, staring eyes, gazed out through the cold veil of the mist upon the many windows of an equally tall house on the other side of the street, the view being broken by a projecting pole thrust forth from the middle one, upon which some dingy clothes were hanging to dry. The children hung together, getting behind the biggest of them, a ragged, handsome girl, with wild, elf locks, who confronted the visitors with an air of defiance. The flooring was broken in many places, and dirty beyond description. Walter felt it intolerable to be here, to breathe the stifling atmosphere, to contemplate this hideous form of decay. He thought some one was looking at him from behind the torn panels. "This is horrible," he said. "I hope I have nothing to do with it." Disgust and a shivering, visionary dread was in his voice.

"Your race has had plenty to do with it," said the antiquary. "It was here, they say, that the warlock-lord played most of his pliskies. It was his 'warm study of deals' like that they made for John Knox on the other side of the street. These walls have seen strange sights: and if you believe in witchcraft, as one of your name ought——"

"Why should one of my name believe in witchcraft? It appears," he said, with petulance, "that I know very little about my name."

"So I should have said," said the antiquary, dryly. "But no doubt you have heard of your great ancestor, the warlock-lord? I am not saying that I admire the character in the abstract; but an ancestor like that is

fine for a family. He was mixed up in all the doings of the time, and he made his own out of every one of them. And then he's a grand historical problem to the present day, which is no small distinction. You never heard of that? Oh, my lord, that's just not possible! He was the one whose death was never proved nor nothing about him, where he was buried, or the nature of his end, or if he ever came to an end at all; his son would never take the title, and forbade *his* son to do it: but by the time you have got to the second generation you are not minding so much. I noticed that the late lord would never enter into conversation on the subject. The family has always been touchy about it. It was the most complete disappearance I can recollect hearing of. Most historical puzzles clear themselves up in time: but this never was cleared up. Of course it has given rise to legends. You will perhaps be more interested in the family legends, Lord Erradeen?"

"Not at all," said Walter, abruptly. "I have told you I know very little about the family. What is it we came to see?—not this wretched place which makes me sick. The past should carry off its shell with it, and not leave these old clothes to rot here."

"Oh!" cried little Mr. Bannatyne, with a shudder. "I never suspected I was bringing in an iconoclast. That mantelpiece is a grand work of art, Lord Erradeen. Look at that serpent twisted about among the drapery—you'll not see such work now; and the ermine on that mantle just stands out in every hair, for all the grime and the smoke. It is the legend beneath the shield that is most interesting in the point of view of the family. It's a sort of rhyming slogan, or rather it's an addition to the old slogan, 'Live, Me'even,' which everybody knows."

Walter felt a mingled attraction and repulsion which held him there undecided in front of the great, old fireplace, like Hercules or any other hero between the symbolical good and

evil. He had a great curiosity to know what all this meant mingled with an angry disinclination impossible to put into words. Mr. Bannatyne, who of course knew nothing of what was going on in his mind, took upon himself the congenial task of tracing the inscription out. It was doggerel, bad enough to satisfy every aspiration of an antiquary. It was as follows :—

“Né fleyt atte Helle, né fond for Heeven,  
Live, Me’even.”

“You will see how it fits in with the other motto,” cried the enthusiast. “‘Baithe Sune and Synne,’ which has a grand kind of indifference to time and all its changes that just delights me. And the other has the same sentiment, ‘Neither frightened for hell nor keen about heaven.’ It is the height of impiety,” he said, with a subdued chuckle; “but that’s not inappropriate—it’s far from inappropriate; it is just in fact, what might have been expected. The warlock lord——”

“I hope you won’t think me ungrateful,” cried Walter, “but I don’t think I want to know any more about that old ruffian. There is something in the place that oppresses me.” He took out from his pocket a handful of coins. (It was with the pleasure of novelty that he shook them together, gold and silver in one shining heap, and threw half a dozen of them to the little group before the fire.) “For Heaven’s sake let us get out of this!” he said, nervously. He could not have explained the sentiment of horror, almost of fear, that was in his mind. “If it is mine,” he said, as they went down the spiral stair, groping against the black humid wall, “I shall pull it down and let in some air and clear the filth away.”

“God bless me!” cried the antiquary in horror and distress, “you will never do that. The finest street in Christendom, and one of the best houses! No, no, Lord Erradeen, you will never do that!”

When Mr. Bannatyne got back to

the club, he expressed an opinion of Lord Erradeen, which we are glad to believe further experience induced him to modify. He declared that old Bob Milnathort had given him such a handful as he had not undertaken for years. “Just a young Cockney!” he said, “a stupid Englishman! with no more understanding of history, or even of the share his own race has had in it than that collie dog—indeed, Yarrow is far more intelligent, and a brute that is conscious of a fine descent. I am not saying that there are not fine lads among some of those English-bred young men, and some that have the sense to like old-fashioned things. But this young fellow is just a Cockney, he is just a young cynic. Pull down the house, said he! Spoil the first street in Europe! We’ll see what the Town Council—not to say the Woods and Forests—will say to that, my young man! And I hope I have Bailie Brown under my thumb!” the enraged antiquary cried.

Meantime Walter made his way through the dark streets in a tremor of excitement and dislike of which he could give no explanation to himself. Why should the old house have affected him so strongly? There was no reason for it that he knew. Perhaps there was something in the suddenness of the transition from the comfortable English prose of Sloebury to all these old world scenes and suggestions which had a disenchanting effect upon him. He had not been aware that he was more matter of fact than another, less likely to be affected by romance and historical associations. But so it had turned out. The grimy squalor of the place, the bad atmosphere, the odious associations, had either destroyed for him all the more attractive prejudices of long family descent, and a name which had descended through many generations—or else, something more subtle still, some internal influence had communicated that loathing and sickness of the heart. Which was it? He could not tell. He said



to himself, with a sort of scorn at himself, that probably the bourgeois atmosphere of Sloebury had made him incapable of those imaginative flights for which the highest and the lowest classes have a mutual aptitude. The atmosphere of comfort and respectability was against it. This idea rather exasperated him, and he dwelt upon it with a natural perversity because he hated to identify himself as one of that stolid middle class which is above or beneath fanciful impulses. Then he began to wonder whether all this might not be part of a deep-laid scheme on the part of old Milnathort to get him, Walter, under his power. No doubt it was arranged that he should be brought to that intolerable place, and all the spells of the past called forth to subdue him by his imagination if never through his intellect. What did they take him for? He was no credulous Celt, but a sober-minded Englishman, not likely to let his imagination run away with him, or to be led by the nose by any *diablerie*, however skilful. They might make up their minds to it, that their wiles of this kind would meet with no success. Walter was by no means sure who he meant by *they*, or why they should endeavour to get him into their power; but he wanted something to find fault with—some way of shaking off the burden of a mental weight which he did not understand, which filled him with discomfort and new sensations which he could not explain. He could almost have supposed (had he believed in mesmerism, according to the description given of it in fiction—) that he was under some mesmeric influence, and that some expert, some adept, was trying to decoy him within some fatal circle of impression. But he set his teeth and all his power of resistance against it. They should not find him an easy prey.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

THE drawing-room in Moray Place seemed in the partial gloom very large

and lofty. It must be remembered that Walter was accustomed only to the comparatively small rooms of an English country town where there was nobody who was very rich—and the solid, tall Edinburgh houses were imposing to him. There was no light but that which came from a blazing fire, and which threw an irregular ruddy illumination upon everything, but no distinct vision. He saw the tall windows indefinitely draped, and looking not unlike three colossal women in abundant vague robes standing against the wall. In a smaller room behind, which opened from this, the firelight was still brighter, but still only partially lit up the darkness. It showed, however, a table placed near the fire, and glowing with bright reflections from its silver and china; and just beyond that, out of the depths of what looked like an elongated easy chair, a piece of whiteness, which was a female countenance. Walter, confused at his entrance, made out after a moment that it was a lady, half reclining on a sort of invalid *chaise longue*, who raised herself slightly to receive him, with a flicker of a pair of white, attenuated hands. "You are very welcome, Lord Erradeen," she said, in a sweet, feeble voice. "Will you excuse my rising—for I'm a great invalid—and come and sit down here beside me? I have been looking for you this half-hour past." The hand which she held out to him was so thin that he scarcely felt its light pressure. "If you have no objection," said Miss Milnathort, "we will do with the firelight for a little longer. It is my favourite light. My brother sent me word I was to expect you, and after your cold walk you will be glad of a cup of tea." She did not pause for any reply, but went on, drawing the table towards her, and arranging everything with the skill of an accustomed hand. "I am just a cripple creature," she said. "I have had to learn to serve myself in this way, and Robert is extraordinarily thoughtful. There is not a mechanical

convenience invented but I have it before it is well out of the brain that devised it; and that is how I get on so well with no backbone to speak of. All this is quite new to you," she said, quickly shaking off one subject and taking up another, with a little swift movement of her head.

"Do you mean—Edinburgh, or——"

"I mean everything," said the lady. "Edinburgh will be just a bit of scenery in the drama that is opening upon you, and here am I just another tableau. I can see it all myself with your young eyes. You can scarcely tell if it is real."

"That is true enough," said Walter, "and the scenery all turns upon the plot so far: which is what it does not always do upon the stage."

"Ay!" said Miss Milnathort, with a tone of surprise, "and how may that be? I don't see any particular significance in Holyrood. It is where all you English strangers go, as if Edinburgh had no meaning but Queen Mary."

"We did not go to Holyrood. We went to Lord Methven's Lodging, as I hear it is called: which was highly appropriate."

"Dear me," said the lady, "do you mean to tell me that John Bannatyne had that sense in him? I will remember that the next time Robert calls him an auld foozle. And so you saw the lodging of Methven? I have never seen it myself. Did it not make your heart sick to see all the poverty and misery in that awful street? Oh yes, I'm told it's a grand street: but I never have the heart to go into it. I think the place should die with the age that gave it birth."

This was a sentiment so entirely unlike what Walter had expected to hear, that for the moment it took from him all power of reply. "That would be hard upon antiquity," he said at length, "and I don't know what the artists would say, or our friend Mr. Bannatyne."

"He would have me burnt for a witch," the invalid said with a sweet

little laugh; and then she added, "Ah, it is very well to talk about art; but there was great sense in that saying of the old Reformers, 'Ding down the nest, and the crows will flee away.'"

"I expected," said Walter, "to find you full of reverence for the past, and faith in mysteries and family secrets, and—how can I tell?—ghosts perhaps." He laughed, but the invalid did not echo his laugh. And this brought a little chill and check to his satisfaction. The sense that one has suddenly struck a jarring note is highly uncomfortable when one is young. Walter put back his chair a little, not reflecting that the fire-light revealed very little of his sudden blush.

"I have had no experience in what you call ghosts," she said, gravely. "I cannot, to tell the truth, see any argument against them, except just that we don't see them; and I think that's a pity for my part."

To this, as it was a view of the subject equally new to him, Walter made no reply.

"Take you care, Lord Erradeen," she resumed hastily, "not to let yourself be persuaded to adopt that sort of nomenclature." There was a touch of Scotch in her accent that naturalised the long word, and made it quite in keeping. "Conclude nothing to be a ghost till you cannot account for it in any other way. There are many things that are far more surprising," she said; then, shaking off the subject once more with that little movement of her head, "You are not taking your tea. You must have had a tiring day after travelling all night. That is one of the modern fashions I cannot make up my mind to. They tell me the railway is not so wearying as the long coach journeys we used to make in the old time."

"But you—can scarcely remember the old coach journeys? Why, my mother——"

"Very likely I am older than your mother; and I rarely budge out of this corner. I have never seen your

mother, but I remember Captain Methven long long ago, who was not unlike the general outline of you, so far as I can make out. When the light comes you will see I am an old woman. It is just possible that this is why I am so fond of the firelight," she said with a laugh; "for I'm really very young though I was born long ago. Robert and me, we remember all our games and plays in a way that people that have had children of their own never do. We are just boy and girl still, and I've known us after a long talk, forget ourselves altogether, and talk of papa and mamma!" She clapped her hands together at this, and went into a peal of genuine laughter, such as is always infectious. Walter laughed too, but in a half-embarrassed, half-unreal way. All was so strange to him, and this curious introduction into a half-seen, uncomprehended world the most curious of all.

"I would like to know a little about yourself," she resumed, after a moment. "You were not in the secret that it was you who were the kin? It was strange your father should have left you in the dark."

"I can't remember my father," said Walter, hastily.

"That makes little difference; but you were always a strange family. Now you, Robert tells me, you're not so very much of an Erradeen—you take after your mother's side. And I'm very very glad to hear it. It will perhaps be you, if you have the courage, that will put a stop to—many things. There are old rhymes upon that subject, but you will put little faith in old rhymes; I none at all. I believe they are just made up long after the occasion, just for the sake of the fun, or perhaps because some one is pleased with himself to have found a rhyme. Now that one that they tell me is in the Canongate—that about 'Live, Me'even—'"

"I thought you said you didn't know it?"

"I have never seen it; but you

don't suppose I am ignorant of the subject, Lord Erradeen? Do you know I have been here stretched out in my chair these thirty years? and what else could I give my attention to, considering all things? Well, I do not believe in that. Oh, it's far too pat! When a thing is true it is not just so terribly in keeping. I believe it was made up by somebody that knew the story just as we do; probably a hundred years or more after the event."

Walter did not say that he was quite unacquainted with the event. His interest perhaps, though he was not aware of it, was a little less warm since he knew that Miss Milnathort was his mother's contemporary rather than his own; but he had come to the conclusion that it was better not to ask any direct questions. The light had faded much, and was now nothing more than a steady red glow in place of the leaping and blazing of the flames. He scarcely saw his entertainer at all. There were two spots of brightness which moved occasionally, and which represented her face and the hands which she had clasped together (when they were not flickering about in incessant gesture) in her lap. But there was something altogether quaint and strange in the situation. It did not irritate him as the men had done. And then she had the good sense to agree with him in some respects, though the *mélange* of opinions in her was remarkable, and he did not understand what she would be at. There was an interval of quiet in which neither of them said anything, and then a large step was audible coming slowly up stairs, and through the other drawing-room.

"Here is Robert," the invalid said with a smile in her voice. It was nothing but a tall shadow that appeared, looming huge in the ruddy light.

"Have you got Lord Erradeen with you, Alison? and how are you and he getting on together?" said old Milnathort's voice.

Walter rose hastily to his feet with

a feeling that other elements less agreeable were at once introduced, and that his pride was affronted by being discussed in this easy manner over his head.

"We are getting on fine, Robert. He is just as agreeable as you say, and I have great hopes will be the man. But you are late, and it will soon be time for dinner. I would advise you to show our young gentleman to his room, and see that he's comfortable. And after dinner, when you have had your good meal, we'll have it all out with him."

"I am thinking, Alison, that there is a good deal we must go over that will be best between him and me."

"That must be as you please, Robert, my man," said the lady, and Walter felt like a small child who is being discussed over his head by grown up persons, whom he feels to be his natural enemies. He rose willingly, yet with unconscious offence, and followed his host to his room, inwardly indignant with himself for having thus impaired his own liberty by forsaking his inn. The room however was luxuriously comfortable, shining with firelight, and a grave and respectable servant in mourning, was arranging his evening clothes upon the bed.

"This is Symington," said Mr. Milnathort, "he was your late cousin's body-servant. The late Lord Erradeen gave him a very warm recommendation. There might be things perhaps in which he would be of use."

"Thanks," said Walter, impulsively. "I have a man coming. I am afraid the recommendation is a little too late."

This unfortunately was not true; but the young man felt that to allow himself to be saddled with a sort of governor in the shape of the late lord's servant was more than could be required of him; and that he must assert himself before it was too late.

"You will settle that at your pleasure, my lord," said old Milnathort, and he went away, shutting the door

carefully, his steady, slow step echoing along the passage. The man was not apparently in the least daunted by Walter's irritation. He went on mechanically, lightly brushing out a crease, and unfolding the coat with that affectionate care which a good servant bestows upon good clothes. Walter longed to have brought his old coat with him that everything should not have been so distressingly new.

"That will do," he said, "that will do. It is a pity to give you so much trouble when, as I tell you, I have another man engaged."

"It is no trouble, my lord; it is a pleasure. I came out of attachment to the family. I've been many years about my late lord. And however ye may remind yourself that you are but a servant, and service is no heritage, yet it's not easy to keep yourself from becoming attached."

"My good man," said Walter, half impatient, half touched. "You never saw me in your life before. I can't see how you can have any attachment to me."

Symington had a long face, with a somewhat lugubrious expression, contradicted by the twinkle of a pair of humorous, deep-set eyes. He gave a glance up at Walter from where he stood fondling the lappels of the new coat.

"There are many kinds of attachments, my lord," he said oracularly; "some to the person and some to the race. For a number of years past I have, so to speak, just identified myself with the Erradeens. It's not common in England, so far as I can hear, but it's just our old Scots way. I will take no other service. So, being free, if your lordship pleases, I will just look after your lordship's things till the other man comes."

Walter perceived in a moment by the way Symington said these words that he had no faith whatever in the other man. He submitted accordingly to the ministrations of the family retainer, with a great deal of his old impatience, tempered by a sense of the

humour of the situation. It seemed that he was never to have any control over himself. He had barely escaped from the tutelage of home when he fell into this other which was much more rigid. "Poor mother!" he said to himself, with an affectionate recollection of her many cares, her anxious watchfulness; and laughed to himself at the thought that she was being avenged.

Mr. Milnathort's table was handsome and liberal; the meal even too abundant for the solitary pair who sat alone at a corner of the large table, amid a blaze of light. Miss Milnathort did not appear.

"She never comes down. She has never sat down at table since she had her accident, and that is thirty years since."

There was something in Mr. Milnathort's tone as he said this that made Walter believe that her accident too had something to do with the family. Everything tended towards that, or sprang from it. Had he been to the manner born, this would no doubt have seemed to him natural enough; but as it was he could not keep himself from the idea either that he was being laughed at, or that some design was hidden beneath this constant reference. The dinner, however, went off very quietly. It was impossible to discuss anything of a private character in the presence of Milnathort's serious butler, and of the doubly grave apparition of Symington, who helped the other to wait.

Walter had never dined so solemnly before. It must be added, however, that he had seldom dined so well. It was a pity that he was so little knowing in this particular. Mr. Milnathort encouraged him through the repast by judicious words of advice and recommendation. He was very genial and expansive at this most generous moment of the day. Fond of good fare himself he liked to communicate and recommend it, and Walter's appetite was excellent, if perhaps his taste was uncultivated. The two noiseless attendants circulating about the table served them

with a gravity in perfect keeping with the importance of the event, which was to the old lawyer the most interesting of the day.

When they were left alone finally, the aspect of affairs changed a little. Mr. Milnathort cleared his throat, and laid aside his napkin. He said—

"We must not forget, Lord Erradeen, that we have a great deal of business to get through. But you have had a fatiguing day, and probably very little sleep last night"—

"I slept very well, I assure you," Walter replied, cheerfully.

"Ay, ay, you are young," said Mr. Milnathort, with a half sigh. "Still all the financial statements, and to give you a just view of all that's coming to you, will take time. With your permission we'll keep that till to-morrow. But there's just a thing or two—. Lord save us!" he cried suddenly, "you're not the kind of person for this. There is many a one I know that would have liked it all the better—till they knew—for what's attached to it. I thought as much when I first set eyes upon you. This will be one that will not take it all for gospel, I said to myself—one that will set up his own judgment, and demand the reason why."

Walter, a little uncertain at first how to take this, ended by being gratified with such an estimate of himself. It showed, he felt, more perception than he had looked for, and he answered, with a little complacency, "I hope you think that is the right way of approaching a new subject."

"I am not unbiased myself," said the lawyer, "and I have had to do with it all my life. There are conditions connected with your inheritance, Lord Erradeen, that may seem out of the way to a stranger. If you had succeeded in the way of nature, as your father's son, they would not have been new to you, and you would have been prepared. In that way it is hard upon you. There was one of your ancestors that laid certain conditions, as I was saying, upon every heir.

He was one that had, as you may say, a good right to do that, or whatever else he pleased, seeing he was the making of the family. In old days it was no more than a bit small highland lairdship. It was he that gave it consequence; but he has held a heavy hand upon his successors ever since."

"Would it be he by any chance of whom Mr. Bannatyne was discoursing to me," said Walter, "under the title of the warlock-lord?"

"Ah! John Bannatyne took that upon him?" cried Mr. Milnathort, with vivacity. His eyes gleamed from under his deep-set brows. "The less a man knows the more ready he is to instruct the world: but I never thought he would take that upon him. So you see, as I was saying, there are certain formalities to go through. It is understood that once a year, wherever he may be, Lord Erradeen should pass, say a week, say two or three days, in the old castle of Kinloch Houran, which is the old seat of the family, the original of the Methven race."

Walter had been listening with some anxiety. He drew a long breath as Mr. Milnathort came to a pause. "Is that all?" he cried, with a voice of relief. Then he laughed. "I was winding myself up to something heroic, but if it is only a periodical retirement to an old castle—to think, I suppose, upon one's sins and examine one's conscience——"

"Something very like that," said the old man, somewhat grimly.

"Well! It might be a great inconvenience; but there is nothing very appalling in the prospect, if that is all."

"It is all, Lord Erradeen—if ye except what passes there, a thing that is your own concern, and that I have never pried into for my part. And just this beside, that you are expected there at once and without delay."

"Expected—at once and without delay." Walter grew red with anger at these peremptory words. "This sounds a little arbitrary," he said. "Expected? by whom? and to what purpose? I don't understand——"

"Nor do I, my young lord. But it's so in the documents, and so has it been with every Lord of Erradeen up to this period. It is the first thing to be done. Before you come into enjoyment of anything, or take your place in the country, there is this visit—if you like to call it a visit: this—sojourn: not a long one, at least, you may be thankful—to be made——"

"To what purpose?" Walter repeated, almost mechanically. He could not, himself, understand the sudden tempest of resistance, of anger, of alarm that got up within him. "There is reason in everything," he said, growing pale. "What is it for? What am I to do?"

"Lord Erradeen, a minute since you said, was that all? And now you change colour: you ask why, and wherefore——"

Walter made a great effort to regain command of himself. "It is inconsistent, I allow," he said. "Somehow, the order to go now is irritating and unpleasant. I suppose it's simple enough, a piece of tyranny such as people seem to think they may indulge in after they're dead. But it is abominably arbitrary and tyrannical. What good does the old beggar think——"

"Hold your peace," cried Mr. Milnathort, with a little trepidation. "We have no right to call names, and I would not like it to be thought——"

Here he paused with a sort of uneasy smile, and added, "I am speaking nonsense," with a vague glance about him. "I think we might join my sister up stairs; and, as she knows just as much as I do, or, maybe, more, you can speak as freely as you please before her—oh, quite freely. But, my dear young lord, call no names!" cried Mr. Milnathort. He got up hurriedly, leaving his wine which he had just filled out, a demonstration of sincerity which made a great impression upon Walter: and threw open the door. "Putting off the business details till to-morrow, I know nothing else that we cannot discuss before Alison," he said.

Walter was much startled when he went back to the inner drawing-room and found it lighted. Miss Milnathort did not employ any of those devices by which light is softened to suit the exigencies of beauty which has passed its prime. The light (alas for the prejudices of the æsthetic reader) was gas; and, though it was slightly disguised by means of opal glass, it still poured down in a brilliant flood, and the little room was almost as light as day. She lay in her *chaise longue* placed under this illumination. Her face was preternaturally young, almost childish, small, and full of colour, her hair snow-white. She seemed to have been exempted from the weight of years, in compensation, perhaps, for other sufferings; her skin was smooth and unwrinkled, her eyes full of dewy brightness like those of a girl. Her dress, so far as it was visible, was white, made of cashmere or some other woollen material, solid and warm, but with lace at the neck, and pretty ribbons breaking the monotony of the tint. She looked like a girl dressed for some simple party, who had lain there waiting for the little festivity to begin, for no one could imagine how many years. Her hands were soft and round and young like her face. The wind had not been allowed to visit her cheek too roughly for a lifetime. What had happened before the event which she and her brother had both referred to as her "accident" belonged to a period which had evidently nothing to do with the present. Walter saw at a glance that every possible convenience which could be invented for an invalid surrounded her. She had a set of bookshelves at one side with vacant spaces where she could place the book she was reading. Tables that wheeled towards her at a touch, with needlework, with knitting, with drawing materials, were arranged within reach. One of these made into a desk and put itself across her couch by another adaptation. It was evident that the tenderest affection and care had made this prison of hers into a sort of museum of every in-

genuity that had ever been called to the help of the suffering. She lay, or rather sat, for that was her general position, with an air of pleasant expectation on her face, and received them with smiles and hands held out. "Come away, come away," she said in her soft Scotch. "I have been wearying for you." Walter thought there was something of age in her voice, but that might have been only the Scotch, and the unusual form of her salutation. She pointed out a chair to him carefully placed for her convenience in seeing and hearing. "Come and tell me what you think about it all," she said.

"I have not heard much," said Walter, "to think about: except that I am to go away directly, which does not please me at all, Miss Milnathort."

"Oh, you will come back, you will come back," she said.

"I hope so: but the reason why I should go doesn't seem very plain. What would happen, I wonder, if I didn't?" Walter said, lightly. He was surprised to see how much effect was produced upon his companions by this very simple utterance. Miss Milnathort put her hands together, as if to clasp them in triumph. Her brother stood looking down upon the others, with his back to the light, and an air of alarmed displeasure.

"One result would be that certain of the lands would pass to the next heir," he said; "besides, perhaps—other penalties: that I would not incur, Lord Erradeen, if I were you."

"What penalties? But do you think at this time of day," said Walter, "that ridiculous conditions of this kind that can mean nothing could really be upheld by the law—now that bequests of all kinds are being interfered with, and even charities?"

"Robert, that is true. There was the Melville mortification that you had so much trouble about, and that was a charity. How much more, as young Lord Erradeen is saying, when it is just entirely out of reason."

"You should hold your peace on legal subjects, Alison. What can you know about them? I disapprove of all interference with the will of a testator, Lord Erradeen. I hold it to be against the law, and against that honour and honesty that we owe to the dead as well as the living. But there has always been a license allowed in respect to charities. So far as they are intended to be for the good of the poor, we have a right to see that the testator's meaning is carried out, even if it be contrary to his stipulations. But in a private case there is no such latitude. And you must always respect the testator's meaning, which is very clear in this case, as even you will allow, Alison."

"Ay, clear enough," cried the young-old lady, shaking her white head. "But I'm on your side, Lord Erradeen. I would just let them try their worst, and see what would come of it, if, instead of a lame woman, I was a young man, lively and strong like you."

"The question is," said Walter, "for I have become prudent since I have had property—whether for such an insignificant affair it is worth while losing a substantial advantage as Mr. Milnathort says? And then, perhaps, a new man like myself, coming into an antiquated routine, there would be a sort of discourtesy, a want of politeness—" He laughed. "One ought, I suppose, to be on one's best behaviour in such circumstances," he said.

Miss Milnathort's countenance fell a little. She did not make any reply; but she had been listening with an air so eager and full of vivacity, anxious to speak, that the young man at once perceived the disappointment in her expressive little face. He said quickly—

"That does not please you? What would you have me do?" with an involuntary sense that she had a right to an opinion.

Mr. Milnathort at this moment sat heavily down on the other side, giving great emphasis to his interruption by the sound of his chair drawn forward,

a sound which she protested against with a sudden contraction of her forehead, putting up a delicate hand.

"I beg your pardon, my dear, for making a noise. You must not consult Alison, Lord Erradeen; she is prejudiced on one side—and I—perhaps I am, if not prejudiced, yet biased, on the other. You must act on your own instinct, which, as far as I can judge, is a just one. It would be a great incivility, as you say, for a far-away collateral, that is really no more than a stranger, to set himself against the traditions of a house."

Walter did not much like to hear himself described as a far-away collateral. It sounded like a term of reproach, and as he did not choose to say anything more on this matter, he made the best change of subject he could.

"I wonder," he said, "what would happen with any of the fantastic old feudal tenures if a new heir, a new man like myself, should simply refuse to fulfil them."

"Mostly they take a pride and a pleasure in fulfilling them," said the old lawyer.

"But suppose," cried Walter, "for the sake of argument, that a new Duke of Marlborough should say, 'What rubbish! Why should I send that obsolete old flag to Windsor?' That is a modern instance; for suppose——"

"Just that," cried Miss Milnathort, striking in with a flicker of her pretty hands. "Suppose young Glenearn should refuse when he comes of age to hear a word about that secret cha'mer——"

"What would happen?" said Walter, with the laugh of profane and irreverent youth.

Mr. Milnathort rose to his full height; he pushed back his chair with an indignant movement.

"You may as well ask me," he said, "what would happen if the pillars of the earth should give way. It is a thing that cannot be, at least till the end of all things is at hand. I will ring for



prayers, Alison. My Lord Erradeen is young; he knows little; but this kind of profane talk is not to be justified from you and me."

Then the bell was rung; the servants came trooping up stairs, and Symington gave Walter a sidelong look as he took his seat behind their backs. It seemed to assert a demure claim of proprietorship, along with a total want of faith in the "other man." Young Lord Erradeen found that it was all he could do to restrain an irreverent laugh. The position was so comic, that his original sense of angry resistance disappeared before it. He was going off against his will to pass through a mysterious ordeal in an old ruined house, under charge of a servant whom he did not want, and in obedience to a stipulation which he disowned. He was not half so free an agent as he had been when he was poor Walter Methven, knocking about the streets of Sloebury and doing much what he liked, though he thought himself in bondage. Bondage! he did not know in the old days what the word would mean.

#### CHAPTER IX.

THE day on which Walter set out for Kinloch Houran was fine and bright, the sky very clear, the sun shining, the hills standing out against the blue, and every line of the tall trees clearly marked upon the transparent atmosphere. It was not till two days after the conversation above recorded—for there had been much to explain, and Walter was so little acquainted with business that instructions of various kinds were necessary. Miss Milnathort was visible much earlier than usual on the morning of his departure, and he was admitted to see her. She was paler than before, and her little soft face was full of agitation; the corners of her mouth turned down, and her upper lip, which was a trifle too long, quivering. This added rather than took away from her ap-

pearance of youth. She was like a child who had exhausted itself with crying, and still trembled with an occasional sob. She stretched up her arms to him as if she would have put them round his neck, and bade God bless him with a tremulous voice.

"You must have plenty of courage," she said; "and you must never, never give up your own way."

Walter was touched to the heart by this look of trouble on the innocent, young-old face.

"I thought it was always right to give up one's own way," he said, in the light tone which he had come to employ with her.

She made an effort to smile in response.

"Oh yes, oh yes, it's the fashion to say so. You are a self-denying race to believe yourselves; but this time you must not yield."

"To whom am I supposed to be about to yield?" he asked. "You may be sure I sha'n't unless I can't help myself."

The tears overflowed her bright, old eyes; her hands shook as they held his.

"God bless you! God bless you!" she said. "I will do nothing but pray for you, and you will tell me when you come back."

He left her lying back upon her cushions sobbing under her breath. All this half-perplexed, half-amused the young man. She was a very strange little creature, he felt, neither old nor young; there was no telling the reason of her emotion. She was so much indulged in all her whims, like a spoiled child, that perhaps these tears were only her regrets for a lost playmate. At the same time Walter knew that this was not so, and was angry with himself for the thought. But how find his way out of the perplexity? He shook it off, which is always the easiest way; and soon the landscape began to attract his attention, and he forgot by degrees that there was anything very unusual in the circumstances of his journey. It was not till the first long stage of this

journey was over that he was suddenly roused to a recollection of everything involved, by the appearance of Symington at the carriage window, respectfully requesting to know whether he had wanted anything. Walter had not remembered, or if he had remembered had thought no more of it, that this quietly officious retainer had taken all trouble from him at the beginning of his journey, as he had done during his stay in Mr. Milnarthort's house.

"What! are you here?" he said, with surprise, and a mixture of amusement and offence.

"I beg your pardon, my lord," said Symington, with profound and serious respect, yet always a twinkle in his eye, "but as the other man did not turn up—and your lordship could scarcely travel without some attendance——"

He had to rush behind to get his place in the train in the midst of his sentence, and Walter was left to think it over alone. In the balance between anger and amusement the latter fortunately won the day. The comic side of the matter came uppermost. It seemed to him very droll that he should be taken possession of, against his will, by the valet who professed an attachment to the race, not to the individual members of it, whose head was garlanded with crape in the quaint Scotch way for Walter's predecessor, and who had "identified himself with the Erradeens." He reminded himself that he was in the country of Caleb Balderstone and Ritchie Moniplies, and he resigned himself to necessity. Symington's comic yet so respectful consciousness that "the other man" was a mere imagination, was joke enough to secure his pardon, and Walter felt that though the need of attendance was quite new in his life, that it might be well on his arrival in a strange country and a lonely ruined house, to have some one with him who was not ignorant either of the locality or the household.

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The country increased in interest as he went on, and by and by he forgot himself in gazing at the mountains which appeared in glimpses upon the horizon, then seemed to draw nearer, closing in upon the road, which led along by the head of one loch after another, each encompassed by its circle of hills. Walter knew very little about Scotland. He thought it a barren and wild country, all bleak and gloomy, and the lavish vegetation of the west filled him with surprise and admiration. The sun was near its setting when the railway journey came to an end, and he found himself at a village station, from which a coach ran to Kinloch Houran. It appeared that there was no other vehicle to be had, and though it was cold there was nothing else for it but to clamber up on the top of the rude coach, which was a sort of *char-à-banc* without any interior. Walter felt that it would become him ill, notwithstanding his new rank, to grumble at the conveyance, upon which there mounted nimbly a girl whom he had remarked when leaving Edinburgh, and whom he had watched for at all the pauses of the journey. He thought her the very impersonation of all he had ever heard of Scotch beauty, and so would most observers to whom Scotland is a new country. The native Scot is aware that there are as many brown locks as golden, and as many dark maidens as fair ones in his own country; but notwithstanding, to the stranger it is the fair who is the type. This young lady was warmly clothed in dark tweed, of the ruddy heathery hue which is now so general, not long enough to conceal her well-shod feet, closely fitting, and adapted for constant walking and movement. She seemed to be met by friends all along the route. From the carriage window Walter saw her look out with little cries of pleasure. "Oh, is that you, Jack?" "Oh, Nelly, where are you going?" "Oh, come in here, there is room in this carriage," and such like. She was always leaning

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out to say a word to somebody, either of farewell or welcome. "You will remember me to your mother," old gentlemen would call to her, as the train went on. Walter was greatly in want of amusement, and he was at the age when a girl is always interesting. She became to him the heroine of the journey. He felt that he was collecting a great deal of information about her as they travelled on, and had begun to wonder whether he should ever find out who she was, or see any more of her, when he perceived her, to his delight, getting out, as he himself did, at Baldally. She was met by a respectable woman servant, who took possession of her baggage, while the young lady herself ran across the road to the coach, and with a hearty greeting to John the coachman darted up to the seat immediately behind him, where her maid presently joined her. Walter, and a personage of the commercial traveller class, shared the coachman's seat in front, and Symington and some other humbler passengers sat behind. The coach was adapted for summer traffic, so that there were several lines of empty seats between the two sets of travellers. It gave Walter a great deal of pleasure to hear the soft voice of his fellow traveller pouring forth, low yet quite audible, an account of her journey to her maid, who was evidently on the most confidential terms with her young mistress.

"Has mamma missed me—much?" she asked, after the little *Odyssey* was over.

"Oh, Miss Oona, to ask that," cried the woman; "how should we not miss you?" and then there ensued a number of details on the home side. The girl had been on a visit in Edinburgh, had gone to balls, and "seen everything." On the other hand many small matters faithfully reported, had filled up the time of separation. Walter listened to all this innocent interchange with great amusement and interest as the coach made its way slowly up the ascents of the hilly road.

It was not in itself an agreeable mode of progression: the wind was icy cold, and swept through and through the unfortunates who faced it in front, sharpening into almost absolute needle points of ice when the pace quickened, and the noisy, jolting vehicle lumbered down the further side of a hill, threatening every moment to pitch the passengers into the heathery bog on one side or the other. He tried to diminish his own discomfort by the thought that he took off the icy edge of the gale and sheltered the little slim creature in her close ulster behind, about whose shoulders the maid had wound the snowy mass of a great white knitted shawl. The low sun was in their faces as they toiled and rattled along, and the clear wintry blue of the sky was already strewn with radiant rosy masses of cloud. When they reached the highest point of the road the dazzling gleam of the great loch lying at their feet and made into a mirror of steel by the last blaze of the sun before it disappeared, dazzled the young man, who could see nothing except the cold intolerable brightness; but in a moment more the scene disclosed itself. Hills all purple in the sunset, clothed with that ineffable velvet down which softens every outline, opened out on either side, showing long lines of indistinct green valleys and narrower ravines that ran between, all converging towards the broad and noble inland sea fringed with dark woods and broken with feathery islands, which was the centre of the landscape. The wonderful colour of the sky reflected in the loch, where everything found a reflection, and every knoll and island floated double, changed the character of the scene and neutralised the dazzling coldness of the great water-mirror. Walter's involuntary exclamation at this sight stopped for a moment all the conversation going on "By Jove," he said, "how glorious!" They all stopped talking, the coachman, the traveller, the woman behind, and looked at him. Big John the driver, who knew everybody, eyed him with a

slightly supercilious air, as one who felt that the new comer could not be otherwise than contemptible, more or less, even though his sentiments were irreproachable. "Ay, sir—so that's your opinion? most folk have been beforehand with ye," said John.

The commercial traveller added, condescendingly, "It is cold weather for touring, sir; but it's a grand country, as ye say." And then they resumed their conversation.

The young lady behind was far more sympathetic. She made a distinct pause, and when she spoke again it was with a flattering adoption of Walter's tone to point out to her companion how beautiful the scene was.

"The isle is floating too, Mysie—look! If we could get there soon enough we might land upon one of those rosy clouds."

Walter gave a grateful glance behind him, and felt that he was understood.

"That is just your poetry, Miss Oona," said the maid; "but, bless me, I have never told ye: there has been the light lighted in the castle these two nights past. We have just thought upon you all the time, and how much taken up you would be about it, your mamma and me."

"The light on the castle!" cried the young lady; and at this the coachman, turning slightly round, entered into the conversation.

"That has it," he said; "I can back her up in that; just as clear and as steady as a star. There are many that say they never can see it; but they would be clever that had not seen it these two past nights."

"Who says they cannot see it?" said the girl, indignantly.

John gave a little flick to his leader, which made the whole machine vibrate and roll.

"Persons of the newfangled kind that believe in nothing," he said. "They will tell ye it cannot be—so how can ye see it? though it is glinting in their faces all the time."

"You are meaning me, John," said the traveller on the box-seat; "and there's truth in what you say. I've seen what you call the light, and no doubt it has the appearance of a light; but if ye tell me it's something supernatural, there can be no doubt I will answer ye that there's nothing supernatural. If you were to tell me ye had seen a ghost, I would just reply in the same way. No, my man, I'm not impeachin' your veracity. You saw something, I'll allow; but no' a ghost, for there are no ghosts to see."

"That's just an awfu' easy way of settlin' the question," said the maid from behind—and then she went on in a lower tone: "This will be the third night since it began, and we've a' seen it on the Isle. Hamish, he says the new lord maun be of a dour kind to need so many warnings. And he's feared ill will come of it; but I say the new lord, no' bein' here away nor of this country at all, how is he to ken?"

The girl's voice was now quite low, almost a whisper: but Walter being immediately in front of her could still hear. "Has anything been heard," she said, "of the new lord?"

"Very little, Miss Oona, only that he's a young lad from the south with no experience, and didna even know that he was the heir; so how could he ken, as I say to Hamish? But Hamish he insists that it's in the blood, and that he would ken by instinct; and that it shows an ill will, and ill will come of it."

"If I were he," cried the girl, "I would do the same. I would not be called like that from the end of the world wherever I was."

"Oh, whisht, Miss Oona. It is such an auld, auld story; how can the like of you say what should be done?"

"I would like myself," said the traveller, "to come to the bottom of this business. What is it for, and who has the doing of it? The moment you speak of a light ye presuppose a person that lights it and

mainy adjuncts and accessories. Now there's nobody, or next to nobody, living in that auld ruin. It's some rendevvours, I can easily understand that. The days of conspiracies are gone by, or I would say it was something against the state; but whatever it is, it must have a purpose, and mortal hands must do it, seeing there are no other. I have heard since ever I began to travel this country of the Kinloch Houran light, but I never heard a reason assigned."

"It's the living lord," cried the maid, "as everybody knows! that is called to meet with——"

Here the young lady interfered audibly—

"Mysie, not a word!" The woman's voice continued, stifled as if a hand had been laid on her mouth.

"With them that are—with ane that is— I'm saying nothing, Miss Oona, but what all the loch is well aware——"

"It's just a ferlie of this part of the world," said John the driver; "nae need of entering into it with them that believe naething. I'm no what ye call credulous mysel'; but when it comes to the evidence of a man's ain senses——"

"And what have your senses said to ye, my fine fellow? that there's a queer kind of a glimmer up upon the auld tower? So are there corpse-candles, if I'm not mistaken, seen by the initiated upon your burial isle—what do you call it?"

"And wha has a word to say gainst that?" cried the driver angrily; whilst Mysie behind murmured—"It's well seen, ye have naething to do with any grave there."

Now Walter was as entirely free from superstition as any young man need be; but when he heard the laugh with which the sceptic greeted these protests, he had the greatest mind in the world to seize him by the collar and pitch him into the bog below. Why? but the impulse was quite unreasonable and defied explanation.

He had as little faith in corpse-candles as any bagman ever had, and the embarrassed and uneasy consciousness he had that the end of his journey was inexplicable, and its purpose ridiculous, led him much more to the conclusion that he was being placed in a ludicrous position, than that there was anything solemnly or awfully mysterious in it. Nevertheless, so far from ranging himself upon the side of the enlightened modern who took the common-sense view of these Highland traditions, his scorn and impatience of him was beyond words. For his own part he had not been sufficiently self-possessed to join in the discussion; but at this moment he ventured a question—

"Is this old castle you speak of—" here he paused not knowing how to shape his inquiry; then added, "uninhabited?" for want of anything better to say.

"Not altogether," said John; "there is auld Macalister and his wife that live half in the water, half out of the water. And it's the story in the parish that there are good rooms; aye ready for my lord. But I can tell ye naething about that, for I'm always on the road, and I see nothing but a wheen tourists in the summer, that are seeking information, and have none to give puir creatures. There's a new lord just come to the title; ye will may be have met with him if ye're from the south, for he's just an English lad."

"England, my man John, is a wide road," said the traveller; "there are too many for us all to know each other as ye do in a parish; this gentleman will tell ye that."

John's satirical explanation that he had not suspected Mr. Smith, whose northern accent was undoubted, of being an Englishman, saved Walter from any necessity of making a reply; and by this time the coach was rattling down upon a little homely inn, red-roofed and white-walled, which stood upon a knoll, overlooking the loch, and was reflected in all its brightness

of colour in that mirror. The ground shelved rapidly down to the water-side, and there were several boats lying ready to put out into the loch—one a ponderous ferry boat, another a smaller, but still substantial and heavy cobble, in which a man with a red shirt and shaggy locks was standing up relieved against the light. Walter jumped down hurriedly with the hope of being in time to give his hand to the young lady, who perhaps had divined his purpose, for she managed to alight on the other side and so balk him. The landlady of the little inn had come out to the door, and there was a great sound of salutations and exclamations of welcome. "But I mustna keep you, Miss Oona, and your mamma countin' the moments; and there's two or three parcels," the woman said. The air had begun to grow a little brown, as the Italians say, that faint veil of gathering shade which is still not darkness, was putting out by degrees the radiance of the sky, and as Walter stood listening all the mingled sounds of the arrival rose together in a similar mist of sound, through which he sought for the soft little accents of the young lady's voice amid the noises of the unharnessing, the horses' hoofs and ostler's pails, and louder tones. Presently he saw her emerge from the group with her maid, laden with baskets and small parcels, and embarking under the conduct of the man in the red shirt, whom she greeted affectionately as Hamish, assume her place in the stern, and the ropes of the rudder, with evident use and wont. To watch her steer out into the darkening loch, into the dimness and cold, gave the young man a vague sensation of pain. It seemed to him as if the last possible link with the human and sympathetic was detaching itself from him. He did not know her indeed, but it does not take a long time or much personal knowledge to weave this mystic thread between one young creature and another. Most likely, he thought, she had not so

much as noticed him: but she had come into the half-real dream of his existence, and touched his hand, as it were, in the vague atmosphere which separates one being from another. Now he was left with nothing around him but the darkening landscape and the noisy little crowd about the coach; no one who could give him any fellowship or encouragement in the further contact which lay before him with the mysterious and unknown.

After a few moments the landlady came towards him, smoothing down her white apron, which made a great point in the landscape, so broad was it and so white. She smiled upon him with ingratiating looks.

"Will you be going north, sir?" she said; "or will you be biding for the night? Before we dish up the dinner and put the sheets on the beds we like to know."

"Who is that young lady that has just gone away?" said Walter, not paying much attention; "and where is she going? It is late and cold for the water. Do you ever get frozen here?"

"That is Miss Oona of the Isle," said the landlady; "but, as I was saying, sir, about the beds——"

"Are the islands inhabited then?" said Walter; "and where is Kinloch Houran? Does one go there by water too?"

"No, Mistress Macgregor," said Symington's voice on the other side; "my lord will not bide here to-night. I've been down to the beach, and there is a boat there, but not your lordship's own, any more than there was a carriage waiting at Baldally. We must just put our pride in our pockets, my lord, and put up with what we can get. When your lordship's ready we're all ready."

By this time Big John and all the others were standing in a group staring at Lord Erradeen with all their eyes. John explained himself in a loud voice, but with an evident secret sense of shame.

"Hoo was I to ken? A lord has nae business to scour the country

like that, like ony gangrel body—sitting on the seat just like the rest of us—Mr. Smith and him and me. Lord! hoo was I to ken? If you hear nae good of yourself, it is just your ain blame. I was thinking of no lord or any such cattle. I was just thinking upon my beasts. As for a lord that gangs about like yon, deceiving honest folk, I wouldna give that for him,” John said, snapping his finger and thumb. His voice sank at the end, and the conclusion of the speech was but half audible. Mrs. Macgregor interposing her round, soft intonation between the speaker and the stranger.

“Eh, my lord, I just beg your pardon! I had no notion—and I hope your lordship found them a’ civil. Big John is certainly a little quick with his tongue—”

“I hope you’re not supposing, Mistress Macgregor, that his lordship would fash himself about Big John,” said Symington, who had now taken the direction of affairs. Walter, to tell the truth, did not feel much inclination to enter into the discussion. The gathering chill of the night had got into his inner man. He went down towards the beach slowly pondering, taking every step with a certain hesitation. It seemed to him that he stood on the boundary between the even ground of reality and some wild world of fiction which he did not comprehend, but had a mingled terror and hatred of. Behind him everything was homely and poor enough; the light streamed out of the open doors and uncovered windows, the red roof had a subdued glow of cheerfulness in the brown air, the sounds about were cheerful, full of human bustle and movement, and mutual good offices. The men led the horses away with a certain kindness; the landlady, with her white apron, stopped to say a friendly word to Big John, and interchanged civilities with the other humble passengers who were bringing her no custom, but merely passing her door to the ferry-boat that waited to take them across the loch. Every-

where there was a friendly interchange, a gleam of human warmth and mutual consolation. But before him lay the dark water, with a dark shadow of mingled towers and trees lying upon it at some distance. He understood vaguely that this was Kinloch Houran, and the sight of it was not inviting. He did not know what it might be that should meet him there, but whatever it was it repelled and revolted him. He seemed to be about to overpass some invisible boundary of truth and to venture into the false, into regions in which folly and trickery reigned. There was in Walter’s mind all the sentiment of his century towards the supernatural. He had an angry disbelief in his mind, not the tranquil contempt of the indifferent. His annoyed and irritated scorn perhaps was nearer faith than he supposed; but he was impatient of being called upon to give any of his attention to those fables of the past which imposture only could keep up in the present. He felt that he was going to be made the victim of some trick or other. The country people evidently believed, indeed, as was natural enough to their simplicity; but Walter felt too certain that he would see the mechanism behind the most artful veil to believe it possible that he himself could be taken in, even for a moment. And he had no desire to find out the contemptible imposture. He felt the whole business contemptible; the secluded spot, the falling night, the uninhabited place, were all part of the jugglery. Should he voluntarily make himself a party to it, and walk into the snare with his eyes open? He felt sure, indeed, that he would remain with his eyes open all the time, and was not in the least likely to submit to any black art that might be exercised upon him. But he paused, and asked himself was it consistent with the dignity of a reasonable creature, a full-grown man, to allow himself to be drawn into any degrading contact with this jugglery at all?

The boat lay on the beach with his baggage already in it, and Symington standing respectful awaiting his master's pleasure. Symington, no doubt, was the god out of the machinery who had the *fin mot* of everything and all the strings in his hand. What if he broke the spell peremptorily and retired to the ruddy fireside of the inn and defied family tradition? He asked himself again what would come of it? and replied to himself scornfully that nothing could come of it. What law could force him to observe an antiquated superstition? It was folly to threaten him with impossible penalties. And even if a thing so absurd could happen as that he should be punished in purse or property for acting like a man of sense instead of a fool, what then? The mere possibility of the risk made Walter more disposed to incur it. It was monstrous and insufferable that he should be made to carry out a tyrannical, antiquated stipulation by any penalty of the law. It would be better to fight it out once for all. All the sense of the kingdom would be with him, and he did not believe that any judge could pronounce against him. Here Symington called, with a slight tone of anxiety, "We are all ready, my lord, and waiting." This almost decided Walter. He turned from the beach, and made a few hasty steps up the slope. "But then he paused again, and turning round faced once more the darkening water, the boat lying like a shadow upon the beach, the vague figures of the men about it. The ferry-boat had pushed off and was lumbering over the water with great oars going like bats' wings,

and a noisy human load. The other little vessel with that girl had almost disappeared. He thought he could see in the darkness a white speck like a bird, which was the white shawl that wrapped her throat and shoulders. Her home lay somewhere in the centre of these dark waters, a curious nest for such a creature. And his? He turned again towards the dark, half-seen towers and gables. Some of them were so irregular in outline that they could be nothing but ruins. He began to think of the past, mute, out of date, harmless to affect the life that had replaced it, which had taken refuge there. And he remembered his own argument about the courtesy that the living owed to the dead. Well! if it was so, if it was as a politeness, a courtesy to the past, it might be unworthy a gentleman to refuse it. And perhaps when all was said it was just a little cowardly to turn one's back upon a possible danger, upon what at least the vulgar thought a danger. This decided him. He turned once more, and with a few rapid steps reached the boat. Next moment they were afloat upon the dark loch. There had been no wind to speak of on shore, but the boat was soon struggling against a strong running current, and a breeze which was like ice. The boatmen showed dark against the gleaming loch, the rude little vessel rolled, the wind blew. In front of them rose the dark towers and woods all black without a sign of human habitation. Walter felt his heart rise at last with the sense of adventure. It was the strangest way of entering upon a fine inheritance.

*To be continued.*



## THE STORY OF A LITTLE PIG.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

He was the sweetest lamb—no, pig—that ever perished in infant bloom. As he lay on my kitchen table, white as milk from head to tail, his poor little pink eyes half open, and his tiny feet—let us say at once his petti-toes—stretched out as if in helpless submission to destiny, my heart melted. So did the hearts of all my women servants, who gathered round him, contemplating him with an air of mild melancholy.

"He does look so like a baby!" said one. (So he did—the Duchess's baby in *Alice's Adventures*, which is by turns an infant and a little pig.)

"I don't think I *could* cook him," remarked the cook, a matronly and tender-hearted person, who had had a good deal to do with babies.

"And I'm sure I couldn't eat him," added, with dignity, the parlour-maid.

"We none of us could eat him," was the general chorus. And they all looked at me as if I were a sort of female Herod. Evidently they had never read Charles Lamb, and were unappreciative of their blessings.

As for me, I slowly took in the difficulties of the position, and as I gazed down on the martyred innocent lying on the table—to quote a line from an old drama—I "knew how murderers feel."

Yet I was only an accessory after the fact. Thus it happened. A much-valued old friend, who is always ready to do a kindness to anybody, one day offered my husband a sucking-pig, which was refused and given to somebody else. Immediately afterwards, I happened to say I was sorry for this, as I liked pig.

"Then," answered my friend, "you shall have one—the very next that arrives. I shall not forget. It is a promise." Which, after an interval of several months, during which I myself had entirely forgotten it, was thus faithfully kept.

A special messenger brought the

present to my door, with the injunction that he was to be cooked that day for dinner (the pig, not the messenger). And—there he lay! with the sympathetic domestic circle at once admiring and lamenting him.

I went out and gathered the collective opinion of the drawing-room. It was much the same as that of the kitchen. Several other members of the family protested that they "didn't care for pig," and one even went so far as to say that if poor piggie-wiggie appeared on the table, she should be obliged to dine out.

Was ever a luckless house-mother in such a quandary! What was I to do? Even though—in common with Elia—I must own to the soft impeachment!—even though I like pig—how could I have one cooked exclusively for my own eating? and, further, how could I eat him up all myself? And he required, like all sucking-pigs, to be cooked and eaten immediately.

Between the dread of annoying my whole family, or the kindly friend who had wished to give me pleasure, I was in despair, till a bright idea struck me. Near at hand was a household of mutual friends—a large household, who could easily consume even two pigs, and to whom my friend would, I knew, have been as glad to give pleasure as to myself.

"Pack the pig up again very carefully," said I, "and let him be taken at once to Eden Cottage. They are sure to enjoy him."

"Oh yes, ma'am." And a smile of relief overspread the countenances of my domestics, especially the cook, as piggie disappeared in great dignity, for, to save time, I sent him in the carriage. So he departed, followed by much admiration but no regrets—save mine.

But I had reckoned without my host. Half an hour afterwards, my parlour-maid presented herself with a long face.

"He has come back, ma'am."

"Who?"

"The little pig. They say they are very much obliged, but none of the family like pork."

"He is not pork," I cried indignantly. A sweet, tender, lovely sucking-pig, embalmed in all classic memories, to call him common "pork!" It was profanity.

Still, nothing could be done, and the moments were flying. I turned to a benevolent lady visitor and told her my grief. She laughed, but sympathised.

"Will you take him?" I said hopefully. "Indeed he is a great beauty, and I am sorry to part with him, but if you would take him—"

"I don't think my brother cares for pig, but some of the rest might like it," answered the benign woman. "So, if you are quite sure you don't want him—"

"If I wanted him ever so, I couldn't keep him. Do take him. And I hope that at least your visitors will enjoy him."

Not until they had departed—little pig and all—did I recollect, and felt hot to the very end of my fingers, that to the remote ancestors of these my dear and excellent friends, the ancestors of my little pig must have been the most obnoxious of food! But when one has "put one's foot into it" the best thing is to let it stop there, without any attempt to draw it out. So I rested content. My pig was safely disposed of.

At his usual hour my husband entered looking pleased and amused.

"So you've got your little pig at last. M—— was so delighted about it, and so kind. It was kept on purpose for you, till we came home from the north. He put it in his carriage, drove to town with it himself, and sent it by messenger in full time to be cooked for dinner to-day. And the last word he said to me was—'Now be sure there's plenty of apple sauce, and tell me to-morrow morning how you all liked your pig.'"

I listened in blank dismay. Then I told the whole story.

My husband's countenance was a sight to behold. "Given him away! Given away your little pig! What will M—— say, after all his kindness and the trouble he took! How shall I ever face him to-morrow morning!"

In truth it was a most perplexing position.

"There is only one thing to be done," said my husband decisively. "You must send and fetch the pig back immediately."

I explained with great contrition that this was difficult, if not impossible, as he was probably just then in the very act of being roasted, six miles off.

"But we must have him somehow or other. We *must* eat him—or at least be able to say we have eaten him. M—— will be so disappointed—quite hurt in his feelings—and no wonder. How could you do such a thing?"

I felt very guilty; but still if I had had to do it all over again, I did not see I could have done differently. And the pig was safe to be eaten and enjoyed—by somebody.

"But not by you; which was what M—— wished. Couldn't you manage it somehow? Why not invite yourself to dine with your friends—and the pig?"

Alas! it was, as I said, six miles off, and there was only half-an-hour to spare, and we had a houseful of friends ourselves that day.

"But the day after? Couldn't we drive over, fetch him back—at least what remains of him—and eat him cold the day after?"

This was too bright an idea to lose. But still one difficulty remained. What was to be said to our kindly friend when he asked "How we had enjoyed our pig?" to-morrow morning.

"I declare I don't know how to face him," said my husband, mournfully. "After all his kindness, and the trouble he took, and the pleasure he had in pleasing you. The first question he is sure to ask is, 'How did your wife like her pig?' What in the world am I to say to him?"

Crushed with remorse, I yet suggested that "the plain truth," as people call it, is usually found not only

the right thing but the most convenient. However, this merely feminine wisdom was negated by the higher powers, and it was agreed that our donor should only be told that the pig was not to be eaten till to-morrow; on which to-morrow we should drive over and fetch what remained of him, so as to be able to say, with accuracy, that we had eaten him and found him good.

This was accordingly done. The fatal moment passed—how, I did not venture to inquire—my husband reappeared at home, and we took a pleasant drive, and presented ourselves for afternoon tea at our friends' house. They were too hospitable to look surprised or to wonder what we had come for.

After a few minutes' polite conversation, we looked at one another to see which should make the confession and put the request.

"The—the little pig?" said I at last in great humility.

"Oh, the little pig has been cooked and eaten. He turned out a great success. Some of the family enjoyed him immensely."

"Then—is he quite finished?" I asked with meek despondency.

"I will ring and inquire. No, I think there is a fragment left of him, because my brother thought you ought to be asked to dinner to-day to eat it."

"Well, if I might take it home with me, were it only a few mouthfuls. We have a special reason. My husband will explain."

Which he did, pouring out the whole story of my sins—first, in being so foolish as to say I liked pig, then in accepting it, and lastly in giving it away.

"And if you had seen how pleased M—— was, and the trouble he took about it all," was always the burthen of the story, till I felt as if I never could lift my head again.

But my friends only saw the comic phase of the thing. They burst into a chorus of laughter.

"It is as good as a play. You ought to write a second 'Essay on Roast Pig,' to transcend Elia's. Comfort

yourself. You shall still have your pig, or, at least, what is left of him."

She rang the bell, and gave her orders to the politely astonished footman, who, after a few minutes, brought back a most Medea-like message.

"Please, ma'am, cook says there's his head left, and one of his legs, and a small portion of him still remains uncooked, if the lady would like to take that home—"

"No, no, no," said my husband, hastily. "The least little bit will do—a mere fragment, just to enable her to say she has eaten it. She likes it; she was once heard to say that a little pig tasted exactly like a baby!"

Under the shout of laughter which followed this unlucky communication, (which was, alas, quite true,) I made my retreat. But just as I was getting into the carriage, one of the family came running hastily out.

"Stop a minute; you have forgotten something. You have left behind you your little pig."

What a narrow escape! Not until the basket was safely deposited at my feet did I feel that I had conquered fate, gained my end—and my pig; and, what was the most important element in the matter, had avoided wounding the feelings of my friend.

So we ate him—the pig, I mean—at least one of his members. Very delicious he was, fully justifying Elia's commendation of him, or rather of his race. He was also fully appreciated by a mutual friend of the donor and ourselves, who happened to dine with us that day, and upon whom we impressed the necessity of stating publicly that she had eaten this identical pig in our house.

Peace to his manes! Let him not perish unchronicled, for he was a beauty; but let his history be recorded here—a story without a plot, or a purpose, or a moral. Except, perhaps, the trite one, that truth is best. How much or how little of it has reached my friend I know not, but when he reads this in print, perhaps he will feel that his kindly gift was not altogether thrown away.

## AN ADVENTURE AT PETRA.

WE were a party of six bound for Petra; three ladies, two gentlemen, and a servant, known among our Arabs as Sit Ida, Sit Maryam, Sit Soffia, El Hawagis (*the traveller*) the head of the party, Hawagis Schwoyerer (*the younger traveller*), and Rousel. In Cairo we were told that some Americans had started for Petra *via* Akabah, the ordinary and direct route, but that no certain information could be had until we should reach Sinai. Arrived there, we could only learn that the Americans had not been heard of, and that as the Alawin (*the Akabah tribe*) were still at enmity with the Fellahin of Petra, we should probably have the pleasure of paying the Alawin without their being able to take us into the valley of our desires. Rather than run the risk of having to retrace our steps and go the longer route after all, we made up our minds to a fortnight of unmitigated desert, and determined to go by Nakhl, Beersheba, and Hebron. Of this part of our journey suffice it to say that we had the usual experience of sandstorms and of Bedoween tongues. Night after night did the Bedoween distract us with their gossip round their thorn-fires, and their parliaments were even worse. At Sinai, and before Nakhl and Gaza, they were two and three nights in session, discussing the endless subject of "bakshish," and whether they should or should not go on with us to the next station. We were so well pleased with our camels and men that we begged to keep them instead of changing them as is usual. Now not only was this "not the custom," not only did this infringe on the rights of the Teyahah tribe in general, and of the several Sheiks at Sinai and Nakhl

in particular, but as each camel engaged and disengaged had many owners, the subject had to be discussed by many, many tongues! Relations came to assist proprietors, and those who were neither relations nor proprietors came to assist for sympathy's sake! To the uninitiated these discussions sounded of so fierce and excited a character as to suggest at least a stand-up fight; and when we were longing for sleep after a hard day, and with the prospect of an early start, it was trying to hear the storm rising over a matter which had been discussed early and late, late and early, for two and three days previously; all re-opened because some new arrival had brought the weight of his interest, and the terrible weight of an additional tongue, to bear on the subject of perhaps *one camel*! However, we gained our day, as probably it was always intended that we should, and arrived at Hebron about the middle of April, well content with our escort; and experience proved how superior are the Arabs of the Towarah (Sinai district) to the others. My Bedawí lad had never before left the Tûr, and great was his astonishment and delight as we approached Gaza, and still more at the country between Gaza and Hebron. We were forced to make a *détour* by Gaza, as we learnt on the way that fighting was going on between certain tribes round Beersheba, and nothing would induce our Arabs to go on unless we would change our plans.

At Hebron we said good-bye to our friends of a month, and entered into treaty with Sheiks Hamzeh and Abbás of the Jehalín, after one of those curious preludes without which apparently no business is transacted in

the East. We were solemnly enjoined not to let it be supposed that we wished to go to Wady Mûsa (Petra), but to answer "El Khuds," Jerusalem (to which place we were eventually bound. I add this as a conscience clause!) "Then," explained our dragoman, "they will say—pray your masters to go to Wady Mûsa—and I can arrange on better terms." So this diplomacy was adopted; our dragoman expressed himself extremely doubtful as to our going to Petra, but promised to use his influence! He was successful; the Sheiks were charmed, thanked Allah, and sent for their camels; but their position was that of Kish—the camels were on the hills and could not be found! We waited three days; and then, our time being limited, our Palestine horses and mules were sent for from Jerusalem, and on the 23rd of April our cavalcade set out from Hebron, consisting of ourselves, the dragoman, servants, muleteers, and camel-driver, two camels, three donkeys, eleven horses, and eleven mules, altogether sixteen souls and twenty-seven beasts, under the escort of the two Hebron Sheiks, eleven Bedoween, and Sheik Salim Abu-d-ahook. Abbás was the real leader; his father insisted upon accompanying us, probably to secure his share in the bakshish, but he was rather a burden than a protector, being a cripple from gout and feeble from age. However, go old Hamzeh would, and, despite his illness and his hundred years, he did not fulfil our dragoman's prophecy, that "Old Hamzeh and his horse will both die in one day, before we are in Wady Mûsa," but lived to return to Hebron, to be resplendent in Jerusalem in new clothes, and may be will live to revisit Petra, should any travellers be found willing to go.

Our company was swelled by two countrymen with eight mules for sale in Elji, the modern village in Wady Mûsa, who took advantage of our protection; the which beasts, known among ourselves as the wild mules,

were always in the way. In the most critical part of a pass one or all would come bumping along and tumbling about, and increasing the general confusion. On the second day we were joined by a fine young Sheik, with a head like Marcus Aurelius, and carrying a spear of imposing appearance. He announced himself as Sheik Sulieman Abu Sa'id, said he had come from Kerak; reported himself as on the most friendly terms with the Fellahin of Petra, and offered his company and services. Hamzeh, Abbás, and Salim believed in the new comer (or pretended to do so); our dragoman did entirely; and we therefore gladly closed with the offer, and El Hawagis promised to take Sulieman to Jerusalem, to rig him out in magnificent attire, and to speak for him and his tribe to the consuls, should he fulfil his word and befriend us in Petra, and bring us peaceably out. A very pleasant companion we found him, and no one was more willing to lend arms and legs in emergencies than was our new friend Sheik Sulieman Abu Sa'id.

We so successfully impressed the Sheiks with the idea that we wished to go the shortest way to Petra that, leaving the ordinary route, Abbás led us into the Arabah by a pass memorable for its difficulty and for the magnificence of its views. A sorry time it was for our horses and mules, and even the plucky little donkeys were occasionally nonplussed; but at last, by heads and tails, all were safely hauled over the worst places, and the camels were made to pay for the superiority of their spongy feet, and were sent up again for the canteens and some bedding, which, with the medicine-chest, had been deposited on a rock by a poor mule as he tumbled over; fortunately the only sufferer was the medicine-chest; and soon our beasts were eagerly slaking their thirst in some rain-pools down below. We lost two hours by this *short* cut, and were obliged to encamp early, as men and animals were utterly done.

From Ain Zeiyebah we went the next day to Ain el Weibeh, and here Sheik Sulieman, to our great regret, took leave of us. He said he had just learnt that during his absence an Arregāt had been killed by one of his tribe, and so, until the vendetta had been accomplished, he dared not enter Wady Mûsa where the Arregāt abounded. He looked as disappointed as he expressed himself, and we took a touching farewell; one only of our party, who had mistrusted him from the beginning, muttered her doubts and repudiated our regrets. "I do not trust him: he *may* be like Marcus Aurelius in face, but I don't trust him!"

As early as 6 A.M. the heat of the sun was great, and we would gladly have gone straight to the foot of the pass, the key of Petra, but here we experienced the disadvantage of horses and mules. It was important to find water before ascending the pass, for the poor mules were heavily laden and the day excessively hot. Often had we been tried by the Eastern ignorance of distance and time, but never so sorely tried as on this day. "Soon, soon," proved perpetually hope deferred, and finally in despair we turned back to the mouth of the dry stream-bed leading to Nagb Ruba'i, and from one Dutch oven to another we went, until a steep ascent brought us to the head of the pass. We had intended to camp in Wady Mûsa, but this proved quite impossible. Ten hours without an atom of shade was trying work for ourselves and our horses, but it was far worse for the baggage animals, which could not arrive for another two hours; so we chose our camping-ground, a grass plateau just over the pass, and joyfully hailed the news of water close by. How we drank! how voraciously our horses drank! and by the evening the mules had absolutely drained the pool. Not a drop was left for even hands and face washing; and as our Arabs had stolen the water from our pigskins, our allowance was short. A very

noisy night had we, men and animals in close quarters, and sleep about as possible as if we were in the middle of very noisy stables and a mob raging outside, added to which the donkeys brayed more vigorously than ever!

While the packing up was going on the next morning, we stood watching the sunrise reflected over the mountains and plain below; the mountains, sweeping along over the plain in a succession of waves narrowing into tongues that cut far into the Arabah, were of an amethyst colouring, only deepened where the shadows fell. After an hour and a half's riding over the mountain sides, greened with scanty herbage and dappled here and there with yews, the bare stone heads, red or grey, rising out of the green, we passed under Mount Hor.

Soon our way led through a valley, now broad, now narrow, shut in by grand cliffs and rocks; red, chocolate, blue-grey, and yellow, in continual variety of form and combination of colour, with oleanders, herbs, flowers, and grasses perfecting the beauty of the way. The sandstone markings have been well compared to raw beef, watered silk, Sicilian jasper, agate, &c. On one side you may see the most delicate stippling, and further on, it is as though Dame Nature had recklessly dashed her colours, so rich is the effect of great boulders of unbroken red, or may be dull purple. And these rocks, thus remarkable in colour, marking, and form, were used by the Nabatheans more than 2,000 years ago for a procession of sepulchres, as strange as the rocks themselves. No two are exactly the same. Considered individually, they have little beauty—Greek architecture in its decadence; but looked at as a whole, worked into and out of these wonderful rocks, they present a most striking effect.

So we rode on, tombs around and at our feet, until we came to the site of the old city, overlooked by temples, and the amphitheatre close at hand. Here we chose our camping ground, and then made for the Sik, where the

valley contracts into a gorge. Brushing through oleanders, and cool in the delicious shadows of the rocks, our admiration increased at every step, at the markings, giant or delicate and intricate, and the gorgeous colouring. Standing in a very narrow part, we looked back at the Khazneh or Treasury, as the Corinthian temple is called—and very striking it is, wrenched from the rocks, in uninjured majesty, a temple of pale vermillion stone. But I am not writing a description of Petra; that has been done as far as is possible by others. We visited tombs, and speculated over their history; looked at the amphitheatre, and finally, leaving all photographing, sketching, and climbing to the morrow, we gave ourselves up to the luxury of a rest away from noise, sand, and glare, and stretched at full length on the grass in a corner off the track, in, as we believed, entire and undisturbed possession of the land of Edom! As the day wore on, and no Fellahin appeared, our vague expectations changed to secure content; we heard no sounds, and only two passers-by stopped, joined us, and of course asked for money; but after a time they left us, and our sense of security increased, until at last some were of the opinion that there was no foundation for the evil reports of Petra. "Where are the crowds of Fellahin?" we asked; only Sit Maryam, the Cassandra of our party, urged that we were still in Petra, in a voice suggestive of the proverbial warning, "Do not holloa until you are out of the wood!"

Towards sunset, the cravings of nature roused us from our retreat, and as soon as we neared the camp we perceived that our arrival had become known, and that a Bedoween séance had begun. Visitor after visitor arrived, to get what they could by asking, and to steal all they could on the sly. White coffee, *i.e.* sugar and water, was being largely called for; also, dinner! dinner! Joseph Hake, dragoman, and the servants,

had for days past groaned and sighed and wished that Wady Mûsa was over; and when we had declared our intention of a three days' visit, they groaned still more, and vainly urged that Petra could be seen in a day; and on this Saturday evening Joseph again begged to leave early on the morrow, for more Fellahin would come, and no one could say what would happen. At last a compromise was arrived at; we were to start on horseback at five A.M., ride through the valley, revisit temple and tomb—and the tents should also be struck, and all packed; then, if on our return at ten o'clock we should find occasion to leave, we would ascend the pass, and encamp again at Nagb Ruba'i; if not, we would remain in Wady Mûsa for Sunday and Monday. With this resolution we went to bed, and what a night we had! Row, row, row; compared with which all former experiences were as child's play.

Very early on Sunday the day's orders rang out in the camp, "We go to-day;" the chief reason being that our rations were getting low, and the wholesale entertaining of these vultures was a very serious tax. We breakfasted in tolerable peace, only rather anxious, as we heard the voices rising louder and louder, and glimpses of Joseph showed his face more and more anxious. He closed the tent and begged us to remain inside. "Money! money!" was the cry. In vain did El Hawagis declare by interpretation that he had no more, and show empty pockets and purse, excepting for a few *bishliks* (base coin) which they contemptuously refused. Money they would have. The evening before 125 medjidies (22*l.*) had been paid to Sheik Abdullah of the Fellahin as poll tax; twenty-five more as dinner money (*pour manger!*) for the same worthy, his horses and men; and yet another twenty for *guida*, as they call scenery—an expensive view, suggesting a high state of culture! All this might be considered as lawful charge in the way of black mail.

But this was by no means all. Five skins of water were forced upon us, price ten medjities. The money paid, the water was carried off, and given to the Sheik's horses! Next a sheep and two lambs were offered for twelve napoleons; and there was nothing for it but to take them.

"Give us tobacco! more, more, for us and our men," urged Abdullah, as soon as the sheep were paid for.

"We have none left," we answered.

"Then here is some" (offering about half a pound); "pay for it, ten medjities, it will do for us."

"Ten medjities for only that tobacco!" remonstrated our dragoman.

Again he had to yield, and away stalked the vulture with the money and the handful of tobacco. By and by a boy stole four eggs from our kitchen and handed them to another noble Sheik, Arteesh by name, whom the servants called "chief robber." He kindly offered these eggs at a medjidy apiece.

"We have enough; we want no more," said Joseph.

"You *must* buy them, you *must* take them;" and, after another long argument, the force of power prevailed, and Joseph paid four medjities for his own eggs!

Time went by, the numbers swelled, the cook was distracted, and the dragoman driven nearly wild. Butter was brought—bad oil rather!

"Here are three pounds of butter," quoth Mohammed; "we do not want it. It is a present; take it, we know one another" (embracing Joseph), "take it."

"We do not want it," again answered Joseph, who could hardly believe his senses, when the butter man slipped away, apparently pacified; but in another second the cook turned round to see Mohammed coolly emptying his butter into a saucepan and adding water! And when he had by his rising fury won the four medjities, he took away half of the

watered butter "to cook my own dinner."

And yet another *present* had we. Ibrahim, a Fellahin, the most evil-looking man I have ever seen, brought four pomegranates. He recommended himself to our notice by a testimonial, signed "Wilfred Scawen Blunt," to this effect: "I have travelled several days with Ibrahim Abu Mohammed; he is 'a merry fellow, and one of the best poets I have met.'" He might be Apollo himself for all we knew (not outwardly; in that respect an "old clo'" man, with every evil passion concentrated in his expression, would best represent him!); but as to his merriness, our future experience made us realise forcibly the truth that tastes differ. Mr. Blunt may have enjoyed Ibrahim Eltish's society for several days. We found as many hours much more than enough! But to return to the pomegranates.

"A present!" cried he, after again falling upon Joseph's neck, with many epithets expressing his tender and fraternal affection.

"We do not want——"

"A present—two medjities!"

So Joseph offered a quarter, a half, and of course ended by having to pay the old wretch the two medjities. All this 56% was in Saturday's budget; and Sunday morning had dawned to fresh demands and added complications, for Sheik Sulieman Eben Diab of the Haweitah, ally of the Petra Fellahin, had arrived with his party, his claims, and his grievances.

"Who told you to come here? We do not want you!"

To which Joseph answered that we had come peaceably with Sheiks Hamzeh, Abbas, and Salim; and that, as other visitors came, so had we.

"You must pay four dollars for each horse and mule," was the first demand.

In vain it was urged that the poll tax had been paid, and that no rule existed concerning horses and mules.

"It is a new rule," was the retort;



"we have made it ourselves. Give it me; four dollars each."

"I have not money enough," answered Joseph.

"Ask your master."

"He has no more."

Joseph then appealed to El Haggis, who for the hundredth time showed his empty pockets, and explained that it was even so.

"Why has he no money? Give four dollars for each."

"I have not the money—my master has not the money. I have paid the old rules; all besides Sheik Abbás said he would pay, and told my master to bring no more, for all beyond he would pay."

At this Abbás was attacked; but I need hardly say he had no money, and urged that all taxes had been paid.

"Why did you tell the dog of a Christian to bring no more? You should have made him bring much—very much money!" and thereupon they fell on poor Abbás and beat him about, while Sheik Sulieman persevered in his demands.

"You must stay until you pay, or fetch it; and we will keep your people here."

Then in despair the dragoman answered, "I will see if I have any," and to our surprise sent one Abu Nakhleh—that is to say Father of the Palm-tree—a waiter, to his store, deep within his girdle in the canteen in our tent. We held the door fast, and crouched behind the box; Abu Nakhleh counted out ten napoleons. They were paid, and the tents were struck, all except the dining one in which we ladies were.

"Why is this?" asked Sulieman.

"We want to leave."

"You must pay first for spending three days here."

"Well, Sheik, we have not money enough."

"Don't come to Wady Mûsa without much money; we keep your party until you pay money," and, after another wearisome dispute, there was

no alternative but to yield; and again was Abu Nakhleh sent to the treasury for fifteen napoleons more. This is the bill:—

For seeing Wady Mûsa Sunday and Monday ... ..	20 medjities.
Water, Sunday and Monday ...	10 "
Three Watchers! ... ..	10 "
More tobacco for Sheiks ... ..	5 "
Five sheep to feed fifteen men (why?) ... ..	25 "
Dinners for Sheiks and men for two days ... ..	60 "

TOTAL ... .. 130 medjities.

That is, 23*l*.

"How much pay for horses from Hebron?"

"3*l*. 10*s*. each."

"Then you must pay 10*l*. 10*s*. more for three riders riding round the valley with you for three days."

"We have no riders, we go to-day."

"Give 10*l*. 10*s*. more."

And so our little bill rose to 43*l*. 10*s*. each item being the cause of much discussion, Joseph doing his very best, but being forced to yield, as the robbers were more than ten to one; and whereas hitherto there had been a fixed black mail and *some* honour among thieves, now (owing it seems to the feud among the controlling tribes), there is not even the rule there was. "We are all Sheiks," cried one man; "give all a share;" and besides Joseph was alarmed by the fanatical spirit shown in the abusive language regarding us. Quoth Sheik Sulieman, "We do not want any Christians here; you all ought to be killed; we do not want you; we take enough from the pilgrims to Mecca; we want no Christian devils here; we do not care for any consul, or sultan, or king; we are enough for ourselves; no more Christians here."

Meantime the cook had a sorry time of it, besieged on all sides, punched and threatened by these club-armed men. Abdullah brought him a skin of milk. As usual—"We do not want any," was the answer. "You *must* buy it. We have had no breakfast; give us bread to soak, and pay us. We will

have it." The instant the money was paid, the skin was coolly emptied on the ground, and water with a colouring of milk, not apparently worth the drinking, thrown away. Abu Nakhleh was clearing up and packing the canteen in our tent; and we kept guard on one side, while the gentlemen and servants did their best without. Again and again we heard, "No, no; ladies!" as attempts were made to push in. Twice entrances were repulsed; and the third time Abdullah in sheepskin and scarlet, took up his abode with us, and soon a second crept in; and grinning hideously in our faces they asked for money. As we remained silent, they, to assist our intelligence, advanced to us acting the gruesome pantomime of cutting throats! Our guard being outnumbered, we were told to leave the tent by the back, as more were pressing in; and we stood outside by our water-bottles and saddlebags, while our horses were being saddled; and soon, in a lull we instinctively felt to be a false calm, we rode slowly away, Sheik Salim leading, followed by the luncheon mule, ourselves in single file, the gentlemen and dragoman bringing up the rear. The great object being to get away, we left the muleteers and Abbās to follow as soon as possible with the baggage.

Suddenly, as we were passing a cave (which we had noticed on our entry as a capital luncheon place) Sheik Sulieman, our nemy, tore past us, and ordered Salim to stop; they exchanged words, and then, as if by a spell, we were all drawn into the cave, and the canteen mule was unladen to order. There we waited, watching the scene in growing, unconfessed anxiety; the mule and his burden beside him, Ibrahim (waiter) and a few Fellahin in the van on one side, and opposite, keeping the mouth of the cave, the insatiable Sheik of the Haweitāt and a dozen of his fellows, Arteesh, &c., looking worse than a cat does with a mouse, literally grinning with the power of their position, caring for nothing but money, and ready to ex-

plode with passion at the least provocation. Joseph's face was enough to trouble us, so full was it of real anguish; and we saw that he was keeping a tight rein over himself. As he has since told us: "Believe me, sir, I made myself so low, I went on the ground, I put myself under their feet, I was as dirt, as a worm, as an old woman, as a little child. I begged and prayed them not to touch you. I said, 'For God's sake do what you will with me, but leave them alone!'" I was black in my heart, I wished to fight them, I told many lies, I promised many things; for I saw that if I said one cross word, they would all fight, and they would not care what they did to you. They said they would carry off the ladies to the mountains, if we did not pay; they said so many things, so bad I cannot tell you." Fortunately we did not understand; the few words we caught here and there did not tend to relieve our anxiety; and "more money" was the changeless burden of the song. At last Sulieman demanded 25% as payment for their attention in coming to bid us farewell.

"We have no money; we say good-bye here; but there is no charge; it never has been," said Joseph.

"It is changed—I must have it. If you do not pay, you all go back into Wady Mûsa."

He then bade Arteesh secure our horses, while the canteen was searched, and twelve napoleons, the last of the dragoman's store, were taken.

"This is not enough! We want twenty-two napoleons more."

"We have no more anywhere," we repeated; whereat threats were renewed, and El Hawagis declared that he would not leave us, so if we ladies were carried off no more money could be fetched from Jerusalem; but he suggested as a happy thought that one or more of the Sheiks of Petra should accompany us to Jerusalem; where he would pay them 50%. and give them a safe conduct back with an escort of soldiers! This proposal, however, did

not seem to commend itself to our enemies, who laughed their refusal in our faces, and renewed their clamour for more money. But there was no more, and at last Sheik Sulieman rose, broke up the conference, and said magnanimously, "I forgive you this time; you may go on."

So on again went we, old Hamzeh the leader this time, a most deplorable bundle of rags, with gouty feet on a very Rozinante of a steed. Every moment we felt we might be surprised, and the old Afghan stories haunted us as we realised the power of these mountain passes, and the innumerable ambushes they offered. Looking back from time to time, we saw Joseph followed by six men sent after him, as Sulieman did not believe he had no money. They laid hold of Joseph, unhorsed him, and when he reiterated that he had indeed no more, they took his pistol, saying they would keep his horse.

"I do not mind," said he; "you will not gain much."

"We will take the others too if you do not pay."

"I *have* paid four times over what we used to pay."

"You paid Sheik Abdullah and Sheik Sulieman; but we are all Sheiks; pay us like them."

And they drew their scimitars, and one man pointed the pistol.

"We swear we have no more," cried Joseph.

"Then be kept here until your master sends for more."

But they let the horse go; and Joseph rode on, still surrounded by men.

At the top of the pass it was ordered that we must instantly water our horses at the spring (our camping ground of two nights ago); and then ride with all possible speed to Ain el Bawedey. Joseph said no harm would happen to the muleteers and servants; and as to our luggage we had not a thought, so anxious were we to get away.

The horses satisfied, we hastened

back to Joseph, as the increasing babel above made us fear that more of the enemy had arrived; and there they were, Ibrahim Eltish and Mohammed, his son, and many others.

"You shall not go," grinned Ibrahim; "you have not paid for the sheep; they are mine; you paid the wrong man. Pay me."

"You do wrong, we *have* paid," answered the dragoman.

"If you speak we will not let you out; we will kill you all. Pay! ask your master—pay!"

"Take the baggage, but we have no more money."

Unconvinced, the old ruffian sat himself down cross-legged, grinning; and there were we at his mercy! for not only were our enemies armed with knives, scimitars, and clubs, but we knew that in an instant they could by a call people the rocks with Fellahin; and when you consider that they are as nimble as wild goats, and have every man his club, you will agree that discretion was very much the better part of valour. El Hawagis protested. Sit Ida offered her watch, which they refused; and we had another prolonged cat and mouse experience, with much wearisome altercation and protestation, and a repetition of the pantomime of the tent by Ibrahim Eltish, who gracefully waved his scimitar in front of Sit Ida's throat. At last El Hawagis said—

"They won't believe us; we must go; every moment makes our position worse."

Further delay was caused by Hassan, muleteer, refusing to move until the other mule should arrive.

"Then I will take the mule; for go without the canteen and water I will not," said El Hawagis. However, he gained the day, and Hassan yielded. Next, Joseph declared he must stay for the baggage. El Hawagis was nearly desperate; but nothing would shake Joseph's resolution; and for the third time our procession moved along. Instead of the caravan of fifty-three, counting men and beasts, which had

entered Petra, there now went back into the Arabah plain, our six selves, Ibrahim Waiter, little Hassan, Sheik Salim, and four of our Bedoween body guard; the other valiant seven had vanished in the hour of difficulty. It was wretched leaving Joseph alone with the Fellahin; we afterwards learnt that he thought to keep them off by staying behind, and was quite prepared to die. For six hours we rode down the rocks to the foot of the pass; once we asked Salim if we were safe; he only made a gesture of silence and looked anxiously around. We halted under a sunt tree in the Arabah, had some water and over-looked our stores—three chickens, five eggs, half a cheese, some coffee, two loaves of bread, and a few biscuits; and this possibly to feed thirteen people for four days. Our position was grave, and every morsel of food must be jealously guarded; as, should Joseph and our mules be detained, we had, travelling at utmost speed, a four days' journey before we could reach Jerusalem and organise a rescue; and there was the additional anxiety as to our horses; for with no barley, and only such rank grass as grew at the two springs, Ain el Bawedy and Ain Zeiyebah, it was too probable that they would fail us before the journey's end. On we went again, as soon as El Hawagis had persuaded the Bedoween, much against their will, to do so; they were afraid of crossing the desert in our reduced numbers; and now we were only twelve, one Arab having been bribed by the promise of a pistol to stay and wait for Joseph, to tell him our destination.

About six o'clock our Bedoween began to whisper and to make signs; and we strained our eyes for the few camels and men, said to be moving far away on the horizon. We just discerned something moving against the dying sun; and half doubtful rode on. The moon and the stars were beautiful, and whenever there was any uncertainty about the way, Salim sent his men as scouts to look for footmarks.

Once we were almost done, but a strip of sand, with its guiding prints, saved us; and joyfully we all exclaimed, "Camels' feet!"

Instantly the Bedoween stooped down and felt the marks, to know which way they were turned. "Right, right," and so on we rode.

The way in which these men disappeared and reappeared in the desert, with only a shrub or two scattered about for cover, was quite uncanny; and their alertness and acuteness this evening struck us as a curious contrast to their ordinary indifference and lack of observation when travelling. I was next to Salim, and, whenever he galloped off for a personal scout, El Hawagis called out to me, "Keep the Sheik in sight;" thus at about 9.30 he cried "Wararáh!" and away flew his Arab until I could only see him, a faint white spot, in the distance. I followed him, not daring to move my eyes: he paused on the border of a sort of jungle we recognised as the entry to our spring; and, as I came up, I saw the three Bedoween crouched in an attitude of intense attention, and Salim also levelling his ear. The horse even seemed to be listening—for what? I could hear nothing, but Salim turned for a second, and said, "Hush!" which I handed on to my friends, who, one by one, were riding up. Sit Maryam's horse was almost done; and she and Rousel brought up the rear. There we all stood: once more Salim made a sign of imperative silence, and, waving us back, stole into the thicket. We now heard voices, and Ibrahim Waiter said, "Stay here; I will go and see," and also disappeared. My ardent steed would not be still, and but for Rousel's help, who dismounted and came to me, I could not have kept my Pegasus from following; and every movement and rustle were to be avoided. We heard voices again, and then two shots in quick succession, then deathly silence. It was really awful, and for the first time that day my heart sank, and I thought, "We are done for!" It was all over

in another moment, but it seemed hours; and I shall never forget the faces of my friends, as we stood close together among the tamarisks, waiting for we knew not what. "El Hawagis! El Hawagis!" rang out in Ibrahim's voice, and the joyfulness of his tone prepared us for his next words—"Come on! All right! Here is Joseph!" Sit Ida dashed on, and we all followed; and Sulieman, the faithful messenger, sprang forward, crying, "Sit Ida! Sit Ida! *marhabā! marhabā!* (welcome! welcome!) Is it well with thee?" He covered her hands with kisses, and ran from horse to horse with salutations and hand-kissings; and in another second there was Joseph himself, seizing our hands, pouring out his inquiries, and repeating over and over again, "Thank God you are safe!" and with all our hearts we re-echoed, "Yes, Joseph: thank God!"

He had escaped at last, and, with the baggage, had made his way to the sunt tree, and, fearing we might suffer, had left the weary camels and mules to follow early the next day, and himself pressed on with a tent and rugs. He did not know the way, so he sent a mule ahead, who guided him straight to Ain el Bawedy, water proving a sure bait. He told us that the barley had been taken, saddle-bags out, and our store of coffee, dates, tinned meat, &c., had suffered seriously in consequence. They had also robbed the servants and muleteers of some money and clothes, but apparently scorned our small wardrobes; and Joseph explained their refusal of Sit Ida's watch, by saying that they did not understand it, and could not dispose of it.

We awoke on Monday morning to hear that the baggage had come, and there, under one tent-head, lay the servants and muleteers; in the full sun, the Bedoween deserters and their chiefs; and around, donkeys, horses, camels, and mules—all sound asleep. By 5 p.m., the worst heat was over; and, rested and refreshed, we all set

out for an eight hours' march in brilliant moonlight, showing the sky blue, and the cliffs red and yellow, as we remembered in Nubia. Sheik Abbās recited a passage from the Koran, which is usual in journeys of danger, or after misfortune. Poor Abbās! he looked like a dog with its tail between its legs. He and Salim had both wished to fight, but Joseph restrained them; "For what," said he, "would be the good?"

Our adventure was discussed again and again, and we learnt to our indignation that Sheik Sulieman Abu Sa'id (he with the head of Marcus Aurelius!) had been a traitor, had fabricated his excuse for leaving us, had sent word to Eljī of the arrival of a large English party, and himself made straight for Kerak, possibly intending to sally thence into Petra with a party of his own. Sit Maryam never trusted this hero of mine, and was triumphant in her penetration! I tried to discover mistakes, and to suggest other sources of information, but alas! the evidence was too good; it came from the robbers themselves. Base Sulieman had not a leg to stand on, and if a rumour that reached us in Jerusalem was true, he suffered for his treachery. The story ran that he and other men of Kerak arrived in Wady Mûsa after we had left, and, asking where the strangers were, were directed to Nagb Ruba', and, when they found themselves deceived, returned to Eljī, and demanded a share of the spoil. This was refused, a fight ensued, and several, Sulieman among the number, were killed. Arteesh and the other Sulieman and his brother were also said to be dead; but, as we had no means of verifying the story, we could only consider it as a rumour, at least likely to be true.

The third day of our march, as we reached the western shores of the Dead Sea, our Bedoween began to shout and to sing. "They are happy now," said Joseph; "they are in their own country again." And our anxieties were also over; for we now knew ourselves to be

near to plenty of food and abundance of water, the olive groves of Hebron, and rest and our friends in Jerusalem.

I have told my tale, such as it is, and nothing remains but to advise other travellers to content themselves with Sinai and the Holy Land, and not to flatter themselves that any precautions can make a visit to Petra absolutely safe. You may take only one tent, and surround yourself with a bodyguard, ten times more numerous than was ours, but there will still be the hope of Frankish money, and the bodyguard may disappear just when needed.

True, the last night of our journey, when we were far away from Petra, our Arabs favoured us with a war-

dance, and extemporised songs, vowing vengeance on Wady Mûsa, praising us up to the skies, and declaring themselves our slaves and defenders for ever. But, "humbug," said Ibrahim Waiter; "what would they do? Run away!"

No, Petra, as Petra is at present, is no safe place for ordinary travellers, and one must look on, hoping for future days, when "the strong city," "the city of stone," "the red land," may become the Friendly Valley instead of the Land of the Enemy.

SOPHIA M. PALMER.

*September, 1882.*

## THE CHRISTMAS ROSE.

Unto the cradle of the Wondrous Child,  
 Heaven brought its star, and man his gold and myrrh ;  
 But nature brings each year a living gift  
 To halo the Divine event ; a star  
 Of earth, that once came from the East, and sheds  
 Its silver radiance round our common homes.  
 It comes, like Him whose birth it celebrates,  
 To cheer the winter of the world, and make  
 The very snow to blossom into life.  
 When earth has reached its darkest hour, this gleam  
 Of coming dawn appears. We seem to see  
 The snowdrop's mystic presence on the lawn ;  
 The crocus kindle where its light went out ;  
 The copse grow dense with purple haze of buds ;  
 And willows deck their wands with silken plumes.  
 Long mute, the birds, whene'er they see this sign,  
 Take heart to twitter ; and the sunbeams pale  
 Grow warmer as they shine upon its flowers ;  
 And where it breathes its subtle fragrance round,  
 The very air seems conscious of the Spring.  
 Last child of the old year, first of the new—  
 Ghost of the past, soul of the future rose—  
 It links the seasons with its silver clasp,  
 And blends our memories and hopes in one.  
 In this pale herald of the flowery year,  
 Are sketched the types of lily and of rose,  
 Which afterwards, from its fair side in death,  
 Are separated to make the seasons gay.  
 From roots of ebon darkness, through the mould,  
 Spring up the pure white blossoms, one by one ;  
 Like human heart, whose roots are dark with woe,  
 And yet produce the brightest flowers of heaven.  
 Its seeming petals—green leaves glorified—  
 Are moonlike made, through the December gloom,

To light dim insects to their honeyed task,  
And so fulfil the higher ends of life.  
At first, they come up pale and blanched with cold,  
But as the days grow long, a warmer hue,  
Like that which deepens in the summer rose,  
Or tips the daisy's frill, creeps over them ;  
As if they blushed, in a white flowerless world,  
To find themselves the only blooming things.  
Unchanged they last until the seed is ripe,  
In which the single life dies for the race.  
And then, their purpose served, they darken down  
Into the dusky green of common leaves.  
Transfiguration strange! A lowly sign  
Of Him, whose robe and face shone whiter far  
Than Hermon's crest, while of His death He talked!  
That which exalts the flower above its wont,  
Ennobles everything. The priestly dress  
Of beauty and of glory clothes each life,  
That yields itself a sacrifice to love.

HUGH MACMILLAN.



## THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE last year has been a season of trial and heart-searching for the admirers of Carlyle. Two books have appeared which have given a severe shock to the feelings of many amongst us. The *Reminiscences* published last year, and the *Life and Letters* published this year, have caused something like a domestic sorrow in the hearts of many persons who cannot readily be comforted. For some twenty years before his death Carlyle had risen into a position which would not easily find a parallel in our own or in any country. It was felt that he stood in a class by himself, that he was an author of a wholly different breed from the common run even of great authors. Nearly all men mentioned his name in a tone of respect; many went further, and spoke of him with reverence as for a teacher to whom they owed a deep debt of gratitude. His original and powerful genius was on all hands acknowledged. But it was not for his genius that he was most revered and loved. It was because men were convinced that they had in him an authentic hero, such as he had praised, and celebrated, and recommended them to worship; and many did authentically worship him. To the little house in a bye-lane at Chelsea numberless hearts turned, as to a sacred spot where their sage and prophet still dwelt among them in the flesh. Those who were privileged to enter the temple—and access was not difficult to such as approached in a becoming attitude—came away not disappointed of the high ideal they had formed. A most dignified and courteous accost welcomed them to tea, and if they liked to tobacco; and then began that marvellous talk, the fire, pathos, and humour of that incomparable eye, the piercing sadness of that careworn face—never to be forgotten if once seen.

In latter years illness and bereavement pressed upon the venerated sage with a heavy hand. It was painful, perhaps, rather than edifying to see him; but to the end he was followed by the love and gratitude of thousands. And when he died it was felt that a great one had fallen in Israel.

These comforting and pious thoughts have been rudely disturbed. Documents, letters, journals, reminiscences written by his own hand have appeared, which make it difficult to maintain the old attitude of reverence unimpaired. A considerable deduction, we find, must be made from the heroic estimate we had formed of him; serious discrepancies between his practice and his teaching, faults of temper and even of character of an unexpected and unwelcome kind, have been brought to light. The repugnant task of diminuting our hero has been forced upon us. Still, after all deductions, much, very much, remains, worthy of the highest honour, reverence, and regard. My object must be to make one of those rough preliminary estimates of Carlyle which cannot be dispensed with in reference to great authors who have recently disappeared. The only value of such estimates is to break the ground, and perhaps lead up to weightier and more accurate judgments at a later date, preparatory to the ultimate judgment of posterity.

I purpose to consider Carlyle under three heads:—

- (1.) As a man—in which we shall review the chief traits of his character.
- (2.) As a prophet or preacher of valuable truth.
- (3.) As a writer.

Carlyle belongs to that small and select class of minds who awaken in us a psychological interest which outweighs every other, and by psychologi-

cal interest I mean that the mere passions and emotions of such minds excite an attention and curiosity by themselves, irrespective of outward actions to which they may lead. Pascal, Rousseau, Johnson, Byron are similar types, and the list could easily be enlarged. We study such men as strange large specimens of human nature. There was so much always going on inside their minds, that what they did is less interesting—at least to persons with a turn for analysis—than what they felt and thought. Pascal lived no outward life, so to speak, in his later years especially; and that is just the period in which our psychological interest in him reaches its height. Rousseau and Byron had abundant adventures, not by any means always of an edifying character; but the centre of attraction will always be the dark, mysterious tragedy which was being enacted in the recesses of their spirit. Johnson survives in our hearts far more than in literature. The books he wrote are rather a hindrance than a help to his fame. But it will be long before the world gets tired of musing over the self-tormenting, rough, benevolent old Samuel. On the other hand, there are men who seem to have nothing inward and subjective in them at all. Their lives are passed in activity and bustle; we read of their *res gestæ* nearly as we should of a campaign. Their biography is often very voluminous, but radically wanting in interest; it cannot stir our sympathies, and at best is little more than amusing. Most of the famous Edinburgh reviewers, Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Brougham, headed by the greatest, Macaulay, were of this type. They did remarkable things, they wrote books of great power and value; but it is not easy to take a very vivid interest in them as men.

Carlyle, as we said, belongs to the other category. Though his books are among the most remarkable which the nineteenth century has seen, though his influence on his age was at once wide and profound, it is al-

ready becoming evident that not so much the works as the man will chiefly interest the world. The not inconsiderable excitement produced by these *Reminiscences* and *Letters* betoken as much. Till they appeared Carlyle, except to such as knew him personally, was only a voice—a writer of singular power, with regard to whom it was impossible, or nearly so, to maintain a neutral attitude. Either enthusiasm or repugnance was the alternative, and many who began with aversion ended with reverence. In those years Carlyle's writings, his views, dogmas, and opinions, were seriously discussed, attacked, and defended; and in later times the defence clearly had the better of the attack. Now we find that the interest has been transferred from the writings to the man, and in him it will chiefly remain. His teaching may have as much or as little value as any one pleases, but every one must admit that it was a resultant of his complex and original mind and character. Secure and permanent as the fame of his books may be, he will always probably keep a position independent of and above his books in the memories of men.

Carlyle, like Johnson and Swift, had a powerful but disordered body, which from youth to old age never seems to have given him a day of serene joyous health. Dyspepsia, his malady was called, but it must have been of a peculiar kind involving the whole nervous system. The slightest noise hindered him from sleep, which he sometimes could not obtain for three weeks together. He describes his sufferings, as might be expected, with graphic force—a sensation as if a “rat gnawing at the pit of his stomach;” his nerves all inflamed and torn up; body and mind in most hag-ridden condition. After a journey he says he felt like a “mass of dust and inflammatory ruin.” He speaks of six weary months of which he can remember nothing but agonised nights and days—of having suffered the

pangs of Tophet almost daily; that his torments were greater than he was able to bear. Neither carefulness as regards diet nor constant exercise seems to have done much more than mitigate his sufferings. Yet he was powerfully built and really very strong, capable of enduring much bodily fatigue and such protracted mental labour as few could surpass. He never seems to have been acutely and dangerously ill, but was always ailing and suffering, a condition for which people with stout and rather blunt nervous organisations have often imperfect sympathy and comprehension. It is by no means the most dangerous illnesses which are always the most painful. Carlyle's maladies, no doubt, seriously affected his temper, which may well have been somewhat tart and hasty to begin with, and his irritability has become proverbial, a serious defect which with one or two others we shall have to consider presently. But a still worse result of his ill-health was the settled gloom and despondency in which he habitually lived—another well-known effect of gastric disturbance. Probably with radiant health he would have been a melancholy man; his mind was naturally sombre and disposed to seek the darker side of things. Even before dyspepsia appeared, when he was a lad not nineteen, in the first letter of his which has been preserved, we find him speaking of this "dirty planet" in a style worthy of his atrabilious moods of later years. If this was his sentiment when in health, what could be expected when he fell into chronic disease? That which really happened. The most profoundly wretched and cheerless spirit to be found in history or literature. Carlyle lived in a cavern of black thoughts only lit up by occasional gleams of fantastic humour, which served but to show the vastness of the pit in which he dwelt. Never does he seem to have been visited by a ray of warm genial sunlight. A letter or a page sup-

posed to be of Carlyle's writing which betokened quiet heart's-ease and cheerfulness would awaken suspicions of its genuineness. This again was a serious defect. If his irritability made him socially derogate from the minor morals of sweetness, gentleness, and forbearance, his incessant gloom of mind made him an ill observer and reasoner on life, its duties and proper tendencies. If it is good and wholesome for us to be sad at times, it is also good to rejoice, to give thanks, to feel inward peace and happiness. Carlyle never gives thanks, never feels that solemn joy which has often lit up the dungeons of saints and martyrs. Those perhaps are hardly less wrong who represent life as a dreary purgatory of pain and sorrow than those who would paint it as a scene of revelry and thoughtless mirth. One view indeed tends to call forth the other as a protest against the one-sidedness of its opposite.

But we have not yet come to the end of Carlyle's afflictions. To disease of body and melancholy of mind was added religious doubt, or rather disbelief in its severest form. It was not merely religious difficulties of a superficial sort, which a study of Butler or Paley is able to remove, but that profound unbelief which reaches down to the centre of things and makes a man feel that he is an outcast in the universe. His state of mind is written out at length in the *Sartor*, which, if not literally true, is profoundly true symbolically. "To me," he says, "the universe was void of life, of purpose, of volition, even of hostility; it was one huge dead immeasurable steam-engine rolling on in dead indifference to grind me limb from limb. Oh, the vast, 'gloomy, solitary Golgotha and mill of death! Why was the living banished thither companionless conscious? Why, if there is no devil, nay, unless the devil is your God?" You will easily recall many more passages of a similar character. Some minds are able to pass into this vein of thought with-

out pain. Not so Carlyle. He was born with the most passionately religious instincts, which had been duly fostered in his Calvinistic home. It is likely enough that his mind "threw back" and reproduced the moral features of some old Covenanter ancestor who had fought and suffered for the faith. Calvinism was not so much a doctrine in his head as a principle in his blood, an organic inheritance from long previous generations. Now Calvinism when taken in its undiluted form is, we know, "a doctrine full of sweet, pleasant, and unspeakable comfort to godly persons." But it behoves such persons, if they would retain their comfort, not to meddle with European literature, and, above all things, German philosophy. Unfortunately for Carlyle such prudence was impossible. He went to school and to the university, and he was a great reader. He read and digested Hume, Diderot, Voltaire, Kant, and Goethe, from whom he imbibed solvents capable of melting in an ordinary case the hardest rocks of faith, and his faith in a literal sense *was* melted. But although it was destroyed in his intellect, it survived in his heart.

This was the most peculiar and original side of Carlyle's genius. In a general way a religious crisis such as he early got involved in has befallen most thoughtful minds in a milder or severer form for the last century or so. But the crisis has terminated one way or the other in the course of time; the conflict between reason and faith has ended by either one becoming the Aaron's rod which swallowed up the other. In Carlyle the strife never ceased. In spite of the nameless woe, to use his own words, which inquiry and the love of truth had brought him, he nevertheless never abated one jot of his allegiance to her. "Truth! I cried, though the heavens crush me for following her; no falsehood, though a celestial lubberland were the price of apostasy." On the other hand, that

science which he thinks is going to reduce the universe to a piece of mechanism, and extirpate wonder and reverence and mystery, is even more odious to him than the superstition and fanaticism of the old times; he would rather believe in Mohamedanism and witchcraft or the old mythology, than believe in that. Thought without reverence, he declares, is barren, perhaps poisonous, and only a pair of spectacles, behind which there is no eye. Here was a source of Carlyle's unrest, the bitterness of which was never assuaged, though he tried to persuade himself to the contrary. The promptings of his heart made him an optimist, and declare that "the universe is not dead and demoniacal, a charnel-house with spectres, but Godlike and my Father's. But his intellect never accepted the pious doctrine of his heart. His pessimism grew with every year of his life, and his vehement denial of it grew with equal ratio.

With such a body and such a mind, and such a conflagration of burning thoughts raging within him, Carlyle, in early manhood, had to prepare himself to face the problem of life, and in a very noteworthy way he did it. Outwardly his circumstances were not worse than those of thousands of Scottish youths who have had their way to make in the world. But inwardly the difference was great. To getting on in the ordinary sense of the words he is not only indifferent, but sharply hostile. From the first his object is not to get on, but to do honest, truthful work—the very best he is able to do; "it were better to perish than do dishonest work." He cordially adopted d'Alembert's motto—"Liberty, Truth, Poverty"—on the ground that he who fears poverty will never have liberty. As for fame, he already sees it to be a will-o'-the-wisp, leading into quagmires and pitfalls. In short, he who one day was destined to preach nobleness of living, was qualifying for the office by a noble life of his own. Nothing can be more

singular and admirable than his letters all through this early period to his father and brother. The main theme of them is never his worldly prospects, such as well might have engaged his thoughts, considering his circumstances, but always his spiritual prospects, and those of his correspondents. At the same time he is never in distress, in want of pecuniary help from others. Quite the other way. By the little he can earn by teaching or writing he has always money enough, not only for himself, but for others, frequently gives presents to his father and mother, though they beg him not, and pays for his brother's education as a doctor. Among his many impediments one was spared him. He had no expensive tastes; he could live on the minimum which would keep body and soul together. He was not so much indifferent as dead to the grosser appetites of the flesh. A natural stoic has many advantages in the battle of life, not only over the free liver—which is a matter of course—but over the manufactured stoic, who is apt at times to forget himself, and reward self-denial by undue indulgence.

The natural course of a Scotch youth placed as he was would be to enter the ministry. That was the heartfelt wish of his parents. But Carlyle soon felt that the door was shut against him. No falsehood for him, no pretending to believe what he did not believe, no sophistry and self-delusion to persuade himself that he believed that he believed, though food and lodging and raiment depended on his decision and affection, united with interest, urged him on. Carlyle had some right to speak, as he often did, about the veracities, considering the sacrifices he made to them. School-mastering offered a temporary refuge; but it was a poor career even at the best in Scotland, and he had, like many, an irrepressible aversion to it. The law might have been chosen, though it could hardly, one thinks, have been persevered in by a Carlyle; but money was needed to prosecute

law studies, and of money he had little. Tutorising in a rich family seemed to prosper for a season, as Apollo keeping the flocks of Admetus; but no one can wonder that it did not last. Carlyle, as his mother said, was "gey ill to live with," and had a full share of that self-will of genius which is the most unlike thing in the world to the self-will of dunces. The resolution which promptly terminates a false and untenable situation is a very high and rare quality, all praises of patience notwithstanding. At last the only port for which he could steer hove in sight—literature. The entrance seemed so narrow, the lights and buoys indicating the channel so uncertain and scanty, that it is not strange that he passed it and repassed it more than once, doubtful whether the helm should be set in that direction and if he would not founder at the bar. He made up his mind at last to enter, and steered boldly in with the *Life of Schiller* for a freight.

Authorship is a tempting career for those who are conscious of lively parts and have nothing better to do. When the only object is to please the reading public, to vary skilfully well-known popular themes, it must go hard for a clever man not to succeed. But the old difficulty presented itself anew. Literature may easily be the most dishonest of trades if a writer be not on his guard. Carlyle could not go into the literary market and ascertain what was the article most in demand, and forthwith produce it without scruple to the best of his ability. He simply could not; it was not only he would not. He had a most refractory and imperious genius which would go only one way. He had no fluency, but wrote with tremendous difficulty, as he said; none of the glib superficial facility so remarkable very often in those who have least to say. He had so much to say that he found it, in the first instance at least, difficult to say anything. But really he had not much talent, and no cleverness, only genius, and that of a very unmarket-

able kind. Carlyle's early writings excited some astonishment and admiration, but much more repugnance and disgust. Jeffrey did not exaggerate when he said that they were intolerable to many and ridiculous to not a few, and he added that he was persuaded that it all arose from a delusive hope on Carlyle's part of being the apostle of a new reformation. And this was indeed the fact. Carlyle was gradually finding his way to his life's work, that of a preacher of righteousness from a non-theological platform; or rather, his intense religious genius had led him to invent a theology of his own. If he did not fall into his friend Irving's aberrations, he was quite as convinced that he was charged with a mission or revelation which he was bound to preach in season and out of season. He writes to his mother, "Truly thankful ought I to be that the Giver of all good has imparted to me the highest of all blessings: *Light to discern His hand in the confused workings of this evil world*, and to follow fearlessly whithersoever He beckons. Ever be praised God for it." He finds "that men on all sides of him are ignorant of what it most concerns them to know; neither will I turn me from the task of teaching them as it is given me." Abstracting the peculiar phraseology, which was perhaps assumed with a special regard to the feelings of his correspondent, we cannot doubt that this is a solemn intimation of his own view of his duty.

At last Carlyle obtained recognition, on his own terms, as a duly-qualified lay preacher of righteousness. After the publication of the *French Revolution*, even Jeffrey gave in, and admitted that he had misjudged and underestimated his friend. What we have to notice is the pulpit from which he preached, and the Scriptures, to use his own figurative language, to which he appealed. In plain words, it was history and biography didactically expounded. It was no happy thought or lucky accident which led Carlyle to

history. All his interests centred round human nature; all his powers and talents fitted him in a supreme degree for the study and portraiture of character. For speculation proper he had no calling; he cannot support himself aloft in the rare ether of abstract thought. He must settle like a bee on a particular flower, and no bee ever gathered more honey from his roavings than he. His insight into character is almost preternatural; he seems to see through and through a man's heart, mind, and moral being; and he makes you see it. His notion of history in the wider sense is most rudimentary and limited. He never realises society as an organic whole evolving itself according to special laws; he only sees individuals, but he sees them in a blaze of electric light. And so he was led to paint that astonishing series of portraits in the *Miscellanies*, the *French Revolution*, the *Cromwell*, the *Frederic*, every character serving him as a text to preach his peculiar message. Quack or scoundrel, saint or hero, equally serves his turn to proclaim truth, valour, nobleness of mind, unshrinking performance of duty, devotion to lofty, unselfish causes. If he had only aimed at edification, even his genius could hardly have saved such a process from ephemeral superficiality. But he was the most laborious of inquirers, unwearied in research after actual fact, gifted with extraordinary accuracy of mind, and the most transcendent faculty of taking pains. If Carlyle makes a statement with regard to an historical event, you may be as good as certain that it is as he says. The validity of his inferences is another matter. But the result is that he can be trusted, as few historians can, for material accuracy. This was a sacred principle with him; to give to the world unverified or incorrect statements he regarded as something not far from criminal, a form of telling lies. The labour that went to the composition of his books was untold. He had no facile pen, as I said, composed with great difficulty

and slowness, wrote and re-wrote, I have been told, six times over the same chapter or passage, till he had got it right, true, wholly credible, as he would say. Consequently a life more sternly devoted to work will hardly be found in the history of literature. He passed just forty years in incessant toil, uncheered by one warm day of spring-time in his heart, in constant pain, in abiding gloom, without hope, with only desperate courage for his companion, till the end came, and the right hand which had written so much and so faithfully fell numb with palsy, and he wrote no more.

I said courage was his only companion, and to be sure you have already noted that as a mistake, and thought of another companion of whom these recent biographies speak much—his wife. The subject of his married life must be referred to, though it is not a very welcome one to a lover of Carlyle, and it also easily connects itself with another subject, and may conveniently be treated along with it—his general behaviour to others. Was he after all a poor selfish inmate and domestic tyrant regardless of the feelings of others, a preacher of virtues which he did not practise, in short, a false and insincere man? These things are being said. We cannot evade the consideration whether there is much or any truth in them. But I must make parenthetically one or two remarks.

It is obvious that Carlyle's ideal of life and conduct was based on the heroic character much more than on the saintly. He recommended and practised the worship of heroes, not the invocation or veneration of saints. His piety is of the militant order, not of the contemplative. All his praise nearly is for the strong man, who goes forth *conquering* in one form or another the enemies of truth and righteousness. The humble and meek spirit which aims chiefly at the conquest of self in every direction, at subduing not only the grosser appetites, but the spiritual sins, he comparatively over-

looked and probably undervalued. His religious sentiment has more affinity with the spirit of the Old Testament than with that of the New; more in common with David and Joshua than with St. Paul or the disciple whom Jesus loved. When he wishes to give the highest praise to Luther, he likens him to an old Hebrew prophet. This was a well-known trait of the Puritans, and he was a Puritan by nature as well as education. He delights in thoughts of battle with God's enemies, of smiting the Philistines hip and thigh with the edge of the sword; and it must be added he had nearly as much pleasure in cursing God's enemies as in fighting them. To roll out grand and sombre denunciations against the ungodly was an occupation of which he became inordinately fond. A dangerous intoxication is apt to overtake a man who believes too hotly in his own prophetic office. Carlyle's faith in his God-given mandate to rebuke his generation was certainly excessive. Added to this he was irritable to the point of disease. In these facts we have more than a sufficient explanation of his unbounded license and vehemence of speech. The contrast between his theory and his practice in this respect is glaring. As his friend, John Sterling, used to say to him, "Silence; yes, if they will allow you to proclaim it with cannon salvos." He never with the Psalmist took heed unto his words, to offend not with his tongue, which in his case was in sad truth the unruly member which he never strove to curb. It is a very serious blot, which has not only damaged him in the esteem of sober men, but has injured the weight and value of nearly all his utterances. His tone of exaggeration is much to be regretted, giving occasion, as it constantly does, for the enemy to blaspheme. Veracious as he was in one sense, he overlooked the unveracity which might lie in excessive statement, in hyperbolical and unguarded language. That is one remark.

The other is that Carlyle's absorp-

tion in his work from the time he got fairly into harness was excessive and unwholesome. He practised only the half of Goethe's maxim, "Ohne Rast, ohne Hast," though he was so fond of repeating the whole. His impatience to be always up and doing at highest pressure, to produce were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a product, was morbidly intense, and the worst of it was that production cost him untold labour, was a real misery and travail of soul—invittissima Minerva, as he said. Nothing could be more trying even to a man of sweet temper. Even happy and spontaneous geniuses are best let alone during the labour pains of creative thought. These, well over, a serene period generally follows of copious and facile execution in which the original inspiration is realised with somewhat of a triumphant contentedness. Such periods Carlyle seems not to have known, or only very sparingly. He was always tugging and wriggling, as he expressed it, through inextricable labyrinth and sloughs of despond, left solitary with nightmares, hugging unclean creatures to his bosom, trying to caress and flatter their secret out of them—a truly frightful condition, and fit to melt any heart capable of pity. The wonder is not that Carlyle was often fractious and irritable, but that he kept his senses.

I am not disposed to make light of his bitter self-accusations of neglect and want of consideration towards his wife. I cannot set it all down to the exaggerated self-reproach of a bereaved mourner over a recent loss. He was engrossed in most arduous study, he was wrestling with the difficulty of expressing his thoughts, two occupations most isolating and chilling to the affections, and with his natural tendency to overlook present good in whatever form it might befall him, nothing is more probable than that he overlooked in a measure his wife and her sufferings. After all, what did he do even according to his own vehement self-indictment? He talked to

Mrs. Carlyle about the battle of Mollwitz when she was tired; he did not take a cab on a rainy night when they were going to a party; he did not keep a carriage for her quite as soon as he might have done, and as his means then allowed. They must be prepared to show that they have carried out counsels of perfection very completely who have nothing worse to reproach themselves with than such lapses as these.

Mr. Froude says that Carlyle was *extremely* selfish, and no one ever knew him better than Mr. Froude. Still the evidence adduced hardly seems adequate to support so grave a charge. Carlyle's refusal to admit his mother-in-law, Mrs. Welch, as mistress in his own house many would think a purely wise and prudent resolution. I forbear to dwell on the question whether Mrs. Carlyle herself was the best of all possible wives for such a man. We have his enthusiastic praises of her and his own self-depreciation. She, on the other hand, could very tartly advise—and not once but habitually—young women whatever they did not to marry men of genius. The application was obvious, and does not raise our opinion of her magnanimity. As regards the common outside world, Carlyle's conduct seems to have been faultless except in one particular. In private letters and journals he indulged in a sarcastic vein of reflection not only on strangers and acquaintances, but on friends who had shown him real kindness. The fact must be admitted and heartily deplored. It detracts painfully and immensely from the loftiness of his character. It is a cruel trial to his friends, countrymen, and lovers. How far he was from the saint which in our youth some of us thought him to be, how far from that charity which suffereth much and thinketh no evil! He is excluded from that beatitude pronounced on the meek who shall inherit the earth. Alas, yes! and oh, for the pity of it! For one feels that with his pious and tender nature a different result would have come of



better training. But let us not weakly yield to a comfortable censoriousness. What man or woman ever had a valid complaint to make against the conduct of Carlyle? Whom did he ever wrong in the slightest particular? Whom did he ever fail to help not only with money but with his time and counsel when it was in his power? "In the long years that I was intimate with him I never heard him tell a malicious story or say a malicious word of any human being." These are Mr. Froude's words, who has earned a right to be implicitly believed on this point. Let us add the further testimony of another friend who knew him nearly as well as his living biographer. I mean John Sterling. On his death-bed the latter wrote: "Towards me it is still more true than towards England that no man has been and done like you. Heaven bless you." With these comforting words I leave this part of my my subject.

*Carlyle as a Teacher.*—I shall be much more brief on this second head than I have been able to be on the previous one.

Carlyle's peculiarity as a teacher, as it has been already hinted, consisted in the union of an apostolic fervour for the moral law with a set of intellectual conclusions most frequently associated with a very different temper. For, as regards religious belief in the ordinary sense, he was a complete agnostic. "What are antiquated Mythuses to me?" he asks; and in one place he likens the Hebrew Scriptures to Chinese lanterns, once taken for stars. And yet, though he did not believe in Revelation, not David nor St. Paul, nor St. Francis nor Luther, had a more fiery faith in the Unseen and in the paramount importance of spiritual life and devoutness of heart. I venture to define Carlyle as the prophet of the nobler passions of man—reverence, fortitude, self-sacrifice, duty. And he preaches them in prophet-wise, basing himself neither on reason nor authority, trusting only to the fervid sincerity of his own con-

viction to kindle the like in others. It is this inward fire which has melted hostility to Carlyle, and has made good men of nearly all parties feel that his ends were noble and sublime. He saw, indeed, the great modern problem still awaiting solution—the reconciliation, namely, of the intellect with the heart. He saw that men cannot permanently live by the head alone or by the heart alone, but only by the harmonious working and co-operation of the two. He saw on the one hand that it is no use to throw dust into our own eyes, that once for all the incredible is not to be believed. No falsehood, though heaven were the recompense for accepting it. In this he is at one with science and the modern spirit. On the other hand, the modern spirit is odious to him beyond words, inasmuch as it seems to threaten the utter extirpation of all wonder, reverence, and piety of mind. And rather than give up them he would be a Pagan suckled in a creed outworn. Hence that antagonism with his age which led him at last into that dithyrambic style of invective which is the only thing which some persons associate with the name of Carlyle.

Thus his teaching, taken in its entirety, falls into two parts, or has two very opposite sides, a positive and a negative; the one in which he holds up his ideal and exhorts all men to strive after it, and the other in which, after the fashion of a Hebrew prophet, he denounces and almost curses his age. Nothing can be more unequal than the respective value of these two sides of Carlyle's teaching. I should not be dealing honestly with you if I were not to say that the one, to my thinking, is as bad as the other is good. His anathemas against the "swindler century," and the twenty-seven millions mostly fools, against our quackeries and hypocrisies, anarchies, and scoundrel protection societies, negro fanaticisms, and what not, are a heavy deduction from the positive side of the account, from the imposing

fervour with which he announces the moral law. It is not exhilarating, but depressing, to be always told that one is sunk in torpid untruth, in sins of a fatal, slow, poisonous nature, in insincerity, unfaithfulness, impiety, and the like. The sense of justice is revolted by such ill-usage. We answer at first somewhat indignantly, and then with a calmness which implies more serious alienation: "This is simply not true. And it behoves you, O preacher, to look to your own heart, when you can call your brother, Thou fool, with such readiness and levity." Carlyle's zeal, it must be owned, was too often not according to knowledge; it burns him up, and makes him commit barbarities and cruelties. He is, metaphorically speaking, always hewing Agag in pieces before the Lord. And in his haste he commits blunders which, according to the cynical maxim, are sometimes worse than crimes. I will mention two. In the fifth lecture on hero worship, engaged, as usual, in denouncing the mechanical philosophy of the age—and by mechanical philosophy he only means the application of scientific methods to morals and politics—he says—

"Lower than this, man will not get. We call those ages in which he gets so low the mournfullest, sickest, and meanest of all ages. The world's heart is palsied, sick; how can any limb of it be whole? Genuine acting ceases in all departments of the world's work; dexterous similitude of acting begins. The world's wages are pocketed; the world's work is not done."

Just consider such an assertion—"the world's work is not done?" To bring such a charge, of all ages, against the present age, of which the cardinal and crying fault is that its work is excessive, unwholesome to mind and body, that leisure is a thing of the past to which we look back with longing regret. What impressions must such a statement make on a hard-working man who stumbles upon it when he first opens a work of Carlyle? Is he not likely to close the book, and, with a justifiably easy conscience, refuse to read any further? The other instance

is this. He is speaking of shirt-making in the first of the "Latter-Day Pamphlets," and says that this is the saddest thing he knows about it:—

"Shirts, by the 30,000, are made at 2½d. each: and in the meanwhile no needlewoman, distressed or other, can be procured in London by any housewife, to give for fair wages fair help in sewing. Ask any thrifty house-mother, high or low, and she will answer:—Imaginary needlewomen, who demand considerable wages and have a deepish appetite for beer and viands, I hear of everywhere; but their sewing proves too often a distracted puckering and botching; not sewing, only the fallacious hope of it; a fond imagination of the mind."

I may be wrong, but I fancy I detect Mrs. Carlyle's voice, to which we know he listened far too partially in this weighty opinion. I am not myself competent to discuss it; but I am assured on good authority that it is, and has been, in living memory entirely erroneous. We must take heart, and not allow these things to offend us in our over-zealous prophet.

For alongside of them, nay, in a sort of chemical combination united with them, are golden grains of the most precious truth, which are worth extracting and hoarding at any cost of time and labour. Under all the perverse exaggerative outcries to which a moment ago I took exception, what profound wisdom, truth, and justice lie hidden? Even in the world of politics, from which Carlyle seems to the vulgar eye excluded as much as an inmate of Bedlam, how accurate and prophetic he has been. How largely the doctrine of *laissez faire*, against which he inveighed, has been discarded in legislation and public sentiment; how vastly more conscious the world is that cash payment as the sole nexus between man and man is a system deserving no respect, and one which needs early supplanting by a better. Plugson of Undershot and his Grace of Castle Rackrent have, in different ways, been made to dismiss the Cash Gospel. The list would be long of the numerous instances in which Carlyle has anticipated the

future even in practical politics, as, for example, in his pamphlet on Parliaments; and I refer to it because contemporary events bring it home to us with exceptional vividness.

"What is the good of men collecting with effort to debate on the benches of St. Stephen's now, when there is a *Times* newspaper? Not the discussion of questions, only the ultimate voting of them (a very brief process I should think) requires to go on, or can veritably go on, in St. Stephen's now. The honourable gentleman is oftenest very wearisome in St. Stephen's now: his and his constituency *Aye* or *No* is all we want of the honourable gentleman there; all we are likely to get of him there; could it be heard without admixtures. If your Lordship will reflect on it, you will find it an obsolete function, this debating one of his; useless in these new times as a set of riding postboys along the line of the Great Western Railway. Loving my life and time, which is the staff of life, I read no Parliamentary debates, rarely any Parliamentary speech: but I am told that there is not once in the seven years the smallest gleam of new intelligence, earthly or divine, thrown by an honourable gentleman on his legs in Parliament. Honourable gentlemen have complained to myself that under the sky there was not such a bore. What is, or can be, the use of this, your Lordship?"

It is not my place here to say anything about the Closure one way or the other. But all must admit that these are extraordinary words to have been written thirty-two years ago. They seem rather as if they were written this morning by some over-zealous partisan of the new rules of Procedure.

This, however, and the like of this does not give Carlyle his exceptional position and rank as a lay teacher of righteousness. His qualification for that was in the righteousness of his own heart, and his power of imparting his own enthusiasm. I said he was the prophet of the nobler passions, and it is in his power of rousing those passions that his greatness consists. In his clearer moments, when he lays aside his wrath and addresses himself to his nobler work of edifying exhortation, he commands a lofty soul-piercing language, which seems to extinguish all ignoble desires, and call forth their opposites by a sort of celestial

affinity. Never did preacher so unite a gift of rebuke with the power of encouragement; to make us feel ashamed of ourselves, and yet resolve to do better; to feel how mean, cowardly, and infamous it were not to do better. He appeals to our courage, as, perhaps, no writer ever did before; makes us feel that to the really brave no serious evil can befall. *Courage in well-doing*—this may be called the kernel of his teaching. Labour without rest, with wages or without wages; but labour, and be assured it is the one thing which gives peace at the last. Listen only for a moment to his pealing organ tones—

"All true work is sacred; in all true work, even if but true hand-labour, there is something of divineness. O brother, if this is not worship, then I say the more pity for worship, for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky. Who art thou who complaineest of thy life of toil? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother; see thy fellow-workmen there in God's eternity; surviving there, they alone surviving; sacred Band of the Immortals, celestial body-guard of the Empire of Mankind. Even in the weak human memory they survive as saints, as heroes, as gods; they alone surviving: peopling they alone the unmeasured solitudes of time. To thee Heaven, though severe, is not unkind; Heaven is kind; as a noble mother; as that Spartan mother saying, when she gave her son his shield, '*With it, my son, or upon it.*' Thou, too, shalt return home in honour; to thy far-distant home in honour; doubt it not, if in the battle thou keep thy shield."

All who have read Carlyle with an open heart will know that this is but an average specimen of the searching pathos, the *voix celeste*, with which he can exhort men to well-doing, and we may be assured that that voice has reached the souls of many and will reach, and whenever it does, there is a temple raised to the memory of Thomas Carlyle.

*Carlyle as a Man of Letters.*—Carlyle's greatest distinction has yet to be referred to—his endowment, namely, as a writer. He was a good and in many ways a wise man; but his goodness was not without spots, and his wisdom was not always sufficient to save him from serious error. But his literary

faculty, if not perfect—very few are perfect—was extraordinary and magnificent in the extreme. His supreme gift is his penetrating imagination, of seeing as it were into the heart of things in a moment, and reproducing them in words which it is impossible to forget. A great deal of what he says of Dante in the "Hero Worship" will apply with small abatement to himself:—

"There is a brevity, an abrupt decision, in him. One smiting word; and then there is silence, nothing more said. It is strange with what a sharp decisive grace he snatches the true likeness of a matter; cuts into the matter as with a pen of fire."

A really discerning intellect, which sees the minutest differences and the minutest likenesses in objects; which does not take one thing for another, as those with inferior vision are so apt to do. Carlyle in his descriptions always impresses us with a sense of his own personal experience of what he is writing about—that he is not reporting from hearsay or transcribing from books, but telling you what he saw and knows himself. In this respect he well deserves the epithet of poet, much more than many metrical and musical persons who can see little and cannot even hear much beyond the melody of their own tunes. And he sees so much and so well outside himself, because he has so much inside, because, by his own richness of thought and feeling, he comes ready prepared to observe, to note, to recognise things when they present themselves. We can only observe in proportion as we have already observed. The eye sees only what the eye brings means of seeing—a maxim he was never tired of quoting. And if this is true of the outward physical world, much more true is it of the inward spiritual world. How can we recognise love, piety, courage, justice, self-sacrifice, if we have no experience of these virtues in our own bosom? Carlyle's depth of insight into character was owing to the depth and capacity of his own nature. He had lived the lives of a

dozen men before he put pen to paper, by reason of the passions with which he had become intimate in his own breast. In the next place, his hard peasant life, his education in the school of poverty, had made him acquainted with fact at first hand. He had not been shielded, like the unfortunate rich, from wholesome collision with realities.

"Love had he learned in huts where poor men lie,  
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,  
The silence that is in the starry sky,  
The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

"The rough scenes of Scottish life not seen by him in any Arcadian illusion, but in the rude contradiction, in the smoke and soil of a too harsh reality, are still lovely to him. Poverty is indeed his companion, but love also, and courage; the simple feelings, the worth, the nobleness, that dwell under the straw roof, are dear and venerable to his heart; and thus over the lowest provinces of man's existence he pours the glory of his own soul, and they rise in shadow and sunshine, softened and brightened into a beauty which other eyes discern not in the highest."

I need not say whose words are those. They are his own when he is speaking of Burns. But surely he would have allowed us reverently to apply them to himself. Like Burns, he served his apprenticeship in the most instructive of all schools for bringing out character and native strength—not the best for bringing out calm philosophic breadth and well-balanced equipoise of mind, as we have already seen.

The combined result of his natural endowment and his stimulating training was to make him the most figurative and imaginative prose writer in our language. All nature seems under his sway for colours and image—seems to offer him, as it were, the right suggestive thing to express his thought. One consolation to be derived from these sad books printed since his death, is that they show that his vivid pictorial style came of no crooning elaboration, was no manufactured fine writing painfully piled up. Whatever labour composition may have cost him,

it was not the purple and gold and rainbow hues which refused to come at his bidding. The *Reminiscences* are fuller of purple passages than anything he ever wrote, perhaps just because he wrote them so fast and never looked at them again; indeed, forgot their existence in one instance. In the *Irish Journey* the description of his sail round the Land's End one stormy night is like a picture by Stanfield, and something more. You smell the salt brine of the ocean, hear the wind, and see "the evening light glare sad and wild upon the solitary sea," and "the poor distant labouring ship with patched sails, which heaves in sight for a moment, and is borne into the grim evening, it on its way, we on ours." I will only quote one passage more, as a good example of Carlyle's power of giving a spiritual suggestiveness to material objects. He was going to his mother on her death-bed.

"She had expressed no desire to see me, but her love from my birth upwards, under all scenes and circumstances, I knew to be emphatically a mother's. I walked from the Kirtlebridge station that dim winter morning; my one thought, 'Shall I see her yet alive?' She was still there; weary, very weary, and waiting to be at rest. I think she only at times knew me. Ah, me! It was my mother, and not my mother. The last pale rim or sickle of the moon which had once been full, now sinking in the dark seas."

I say no more. The sorrowful heart of Thomas Carlyle is at rest for ever. Faithfully he did his life's work amid difficulties and pain such as few of us are called upon to endure. If we are able through happier circumstances to see faults in his teaching and shadows in his life, let us show ourselves worthy of the privilege, and purify our own lives, if with only a breath of his immortal spirit.

JAS. COTTER MORISON.

## THE DISASTROUS RESULTS OF SOBRIETY.

WHAT can the Chancellor of the Exchequer have been dreaming about when he allowed the following sentence to be put into the mouth of Her Most Gracious Majesty in the speech with which Parliament was prorogued on December 2nd?

"The growth of the revenue is sensibly retarded by a cause which must in itself be contemplated with satisfaction; I refer to the diminution in the receipts of the Exchequer from the duties on intoxicating liquors."

This is truly a strange doctrine to be held by the great provider of "ways and means." That an amiable and cultured lady should contemplate the decrease in the receipts from duties on intoxicating liquors "with satisfaction" is what one might expect, but this has no business to be the feeling of a Chancellor of the Exchequer. The traditions of his high office forbid it; it is contrary to all the principles of its happy-go-lucky practices which have governed the fiscal policy of this country since the days of that king of merry memory, Charles the Second. In his day an excise upon intoxicating liquors first became a stay of the revenue. Upon that support, in a sense, was reared the whole modern system of taxation; by its means the land was relieved of its burdens, and the landowner of his monetary and other duties to the state; through its agency that noblest implement and efflorescence of king-craft, a standing army, was first fashioned, and from that distant day till now, the customs and excise duties on intoxicating liquors have been as never-failing mines of wealth, out of which the extravagances of kings, the wars of policy and conquest, or those burdens of an army and navy always present with us, and, come peace or war, always growing, have been, in good part, sustained. And

yet, the Chancellor of the Exchequer dares to let the Queen express soft-hearted feelings over the spread of sobriety. Does he know his duty? Has it never occurred to him to consider the maligned and persecuted drunkard in his true light as a great patriot? It is the fashion of our police to "collar" such beings and straightway lock them up out of sight. The magistrate before whom they are brought puts on his gravest face, and, with his "I-am-holier-than-thou" air, lectures the shivering wretches as to their crime ere he despatches them to the House of Correction. All this is black ingratitude. A better frame of mind would be never to see a reeling drunkard without thanking the excise laws for him. He labours for the good of his country more than any strictly sober man. How many pence on the income tax has he not saved us? What number of officers' epaulets has that palsied hand not helped to fashion? How many of our noble defenders has he not decked out in royal bravery? The intimate connexion which subsists between the gin palace and the pomp and array of our military glory is a fact too much forgotten by those who bear hardly upon the drunkard. To me he is as the greatest of patriots, the sublimated product of a system which has been for many generations the chief nourishing agency for our ever-glorious empire. Or he is as the food at the root of the tree of state, which draws the substance of its fairest blossoms and sweetest fruits out of his unloveliness.

Let us look at this matter in the light of sober prose. The great central fact is set forth in a parliamentary return obtained last session by Mr. John Slagg, M.P. for Manchester.

This shows that the total revenue of this country from drink taxes last financial year amounted to 31,038,000*l*. For the same year the total income of all kinds from taxation alone amounted to 70,580,000*l*. The revenue from drink is therefore equivalent to almost 44 per cent of the entire income of the nation from taxes. So great is this revenue, that it is sufficient to pay for the entire ordinary charges of the army and navy, with a balance to the good of 4,668,000*l*. That balance is larger by nearly a million than the whole sum devoted to purposes of education by this great and enlightened country. To put it in another light, the entire income from duties on intoxicating liquors exceeded the total charge upon the public debt last year by 2,750,000*l*. No other great branch of public income approaches it in magnitude of results. The income tax, which produced 10,000,000*l*. or so last year, is a pigmy beside it. The legacy and succession duties do not return one fourth the amount supplied by the drink duties; beside it, the land tax and house duties are hardly visible.

Surely it is a grave and startling fact that a Chancellor of the Exchequer should be disposed to look with equanimity upon the diminution of a great source of income such as this. If the nation is in truth becoming sober, the prospect opened up to that official seems to me the dreariest in the world. He has year by year to cope with an increasing expenditure. The army and navy cost together 5,000,000*l*. more now than they did five-and-twenty years ago, and the civil service charges laid upon the taxes are nearly 7,000,000*l*. in excess of what they were then. On the other hand, the policy of successive governments has been to reduce the sources whence these ever-expanding wants are supplied. One after another the fetters have been knocked from our commerce until we have nothing worth mentioning left on the customs list

except spirits, tea, tobacco, and wine. And the cry is still for further reductions. Not long ago it was forcibly pointed out by a firm of tea-brokers in the city, that the present duty of sixpence a pound on tea was equivalent to a charge of nearly 150 per cent upon the average price of common Congou in the London market. A burden of that weight will not be borne much longer with patience, and the disorganised condition into which the tea trade is said to be falling will lend emphasis to the cry of importers for a reduction of the duty. Wine again is an article of import crudely and unfairly taxed, in a manner that presses unjustly on Spain and Portugal. The wine duties must, therefore, be readjusted. So also with tobacco. Not an article of importance left upon the tariff with the single exception of spirits is safe many years from a "readjustment" of the tax, which is sure to involve loss of revenue. Still the Chancellor of the Exchequer seems pleased to see the drink revenue going down or becoming stagnant. That revenue is nevertheless his sheet anchor and hope far more than the income tax. He can move that tax up and down a penny or two, so as to raise for a brief space of time a million or two, more or less, but it is upon the revenue from drink that he must rely for the most part to bear the steady strain of an expenditure always on the increase. So many changes have been made in the interval, that an accurate comparison is scarcely possible; but at a low estimate the income from drink is from 8,000,000*l*. to 10,000,000*l*. better to-day than it was a quarter of a century ago. That is no mean help towards defraying the augmented cost of Government. Nothing of a like kind has been obtained from any other tax or system of taxes, and this is the great prop of Government, the source whence the cost of so many pomps and glories are defrayed which is now, it appears, threatening to give way, to dry up. The Queen's speech, at least,

says so, and the facts to some extent bear its assertion out.

Many things, indeed, lead to the inference that the nation is becoming more sober. I have no belief in the direct results of sensational anti-drink agitations. So far as experience teaches they do not quench thirst but induce it. After a season of excitement the bulk of the people who "took the pledge," "joined the brotherhood," or whatever the formula was, feel an irresistible desire to "treat resolution to a good drink," and lapse for the most part into a worse state than that from which they for a moment emerged. Indirectly, however, agitation must do something to assist in forming a public sentiment or opinion, and in this way, for instance, the "local option" campaign carried on by the United Kingdom Alliance and Sir Wilfrid Lawson has had a great effect. Greater still, probably, is the influence of the education now being diffused among the people. As intelligence spreads outwards and downwards a sentiment of aversion to over-drinking is likely to grow which will become infinitely more powerful, as a guiding force, than "teetotal pledges." A revolution of sentiment like this took place among the upper and middle classes a generation ago, and I see no reason why it should not occur lower down the social scale. From a social reformer's point of view the growth of such a sentiment would be a far more hopeful sign than the thorn-crackling enthusiasm of a dozen Salvation Armies, and I think this sentiment does grow.

But I can conceive nothing more alarming than such a development to the public minister who has to keep feeding the ravening maw of the national expenditure. He must submit to see an eager and all-reforming civilisation, or a rampant and progressive "militarism"—the overheated emulation of nations—make ever-increasing demands on his resources at the very time that the best, and hitherto surest, of these resources

is diminishing. Where, in such a conjunction, can he turn for assistance? He is positively without resources. Nothing valuable for revenue is left for him to tax. If the drink revenue fell off one or two millions, it might be possible to make that deficiency good by another turn of the income-tax screw, or Mr. Lowe's match tax might be revived and imposed, or the Chancellor of the Exchequer might draw a little rill of "supply" from a tax on photographs and cats. But once let the sobriety of the nation go beyond this point, let the deficiency of the drink income reach to 5,000,000*l.*, and the minister is nonplussed. He cannot tax the land, because that is sacred, or so deeply mortgaged that extra taxation would mean expropriation of landlords—a revolution, in fact; it would be repugnant to constitutional usage to apply a capitation tax, the revival of the "hearth money" tax is not possible, nor could he any more venture upon a "window duty." Food taxes he cannot impose except at the risk of a *culbute générale*. On all hands he has been shut in by the policy of the bygone generation. What is he to do? There can be but one answer. The nation must reduce its expenditure. But where or how?

"In all directions," the ready-tongued reformer may say. "Waste-fulness enters into the administration of every department. It makes our military service the most expensive in the world, and costs the nation two shillings for every shilling's worth of service and material all round." That may be true, and for all that the remedy may be extremely difficult to apply. It is the hardest thing in the world to make any branch of the public service economical, and there is more than one department before whose outgoings the legislature has to bow its head in sheer helplessness. A cynic might say that the only way to induce economy in any branch of the public service is to abolish it. The tendency indeed is steadily in the



direction of further enlargement of the expenditure. Modern administrative reforms run in the direction of a multiplication of Government control. We centralise too much, and leave too little to local initiative. This habit throws more and more pressure on the imperial revenue every year, and that to an extent which must make a substantial falling away in the drink revenue a great source of trouble to the administration.

There is probably no immediate danger. Were the habit of sobriety actually to gain such a hold upon the people within the next two years as to lower the drink revenue by 5,000,000*l.*, that deficiency would for the time be more than covered by the lapse of the terminable annuities in 1885. All that would then result would therefore be an inability on the part of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to set on foot a fresh system of annuities designed to further reduce the debt. But the opponents of drinking habits will not rest satisfied with a mere partial change in the habits of the people. They wish to remodel the licensing laws in such a way as to put the control of public drinking places in the hands of local bodies. Should they, as is quite possible, succeed in their aim, one may expect very considerable disturbances of the revenue in an adverse direction. No candid person can deny that reduced facilities for drinking would certainly follow the destruction of the present scandalous system of licensing, by means of which brewer too often helps brewer, and property owner property owner, to multiply drinking shops. A change such as the temperance reformers demand would be the very best aid possible towards the development of that habit of sobriety which is, I think, beginning to spread among the people, and it would certainly be followed by a decline in the income from drink which no minister of finance could contemplate with equanimity. Conceive the horror with which such a

minister would enter on the task of providing for a little war at the bidding of the ever restless military forces if his revenue from drink had in time of peace sunk so low as to force him to keep the income tax at a shilling! The pinch for money might become so great that even a rub-a-dub fanfaronading ministry would be forced to keep the peace for want of means.

Obviously then it is no light affair this stagnation of the drink revenue. Possibilities are opened up by it which have been too much overlooked by everybody, which certainly deserve more consideration at the hands of the temperance or teetotal reformer. His aim wears usually a most selfish aspect. He cries to tipplers and drinkers, "Refrain for selfish reasons"—"Be sober and save money." That is a narrow philosophy, and it would be well worth the while of those who seek to lead the people to abstain from guzzling to look beyond this selfish purpose, and try to grasp what their "reform" means to the finances of the nation.

I do not wish harm to the temperance movement, on the contrary, I wish it to spread as a *temperance* movement; but the people ought to know how its prosperity may bear on the future of their country. As our revenue is now raised, the complete success of teetotalism would ruin the national exchequer. It would make the maintenance of our army and navy impossible, or it would force us to stop payment on our public debt. In the frantic efforts of administrations to find ways and means to take the place of the vanished drink income the whole social economy would be upset; landowners might after all be dispossessed of their property, struggling traders and middle-class people stripped of more than a tenth of their income, and still the void rest unfilled. Reformers may say that the nation could bear many taxes did it not spend two and a half times the national revenue in drink, but that is a fallacy. The true question is,

“What could you tax? Can you put on a permanent tax of two shillings on incomes?” If you could you would still have a deficit which the whole proceeds of the rates levied for the support of the poor would not make good. It is folly also to assume that the money not spent in drink would be money saved, for there are a thousand and one ways wherein a man can be extravagant besides drinking. The probability, indeed, is that habits of sobriety would mean also more elevated tastes and the enlarged wants of a greater refinement. But be that as it may, the temperance reformer should try to realise where his principles, carried to their uttermost, lead him and lead the nation, as our system of taxation now stands. There is of course no question as yet in this country of such a thing as a Maine Liquor Law; prohibition is not spoken

of, only checks and prevention. But the name is of little consequence, end and aim being identical. Teetotal reformers wish to abolish the drinking of intoxicating liquors as a national habit, and their success involves the destruction of the greatest source of revenue the nation has ever possessed. Once the Chancellor of the Exchequer wakes up to that fact, I doubt if he will continue to regard the shrinking of the drink revenue as a source of satisfaction; once it is realised by temperance reformers, they may perhaps widen their platform. The drinkers—moderate and otherwise—have found our kings and ministers the means to build up a resplendent empire. Shall we have to give up that empire when we become a sober people? If not, where is a sober nation to find the sinews of war?

A. J. WILSON.

## PETER QUINCE IN ITALY.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE "ROZZI" OF SIENA IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.<sup>1</sup>

It is surely a healthy instinct, indulged with the happiest results, which leads the scholars of modern Italy to devote so much attention to their own fascinating literature. Not that they neglect the classics; on the contrary, the Italians have always felt themselves in a special sense the heirs of Rome, while the study of Greek has lately been pursued with Renaissance ardour by at least a group among their scholars. But their distinguishing merit is the zeal and ability with which they investigate the history and bibliography of Italian literature; to this work they bring such diligence in research and such critical acumen as any German might envy, while the results of their patient scholarship are set forth, as a rule, with admirable grace and clearness of diction, proving them worthy descendants of the great "stylists" who modelled European taste for three centuries. It is almost an impertinence to praise such writers as Professors Giuliani, Carducci, d'Ancona, and others, whose reputation is firmly established among students of Italian literature; those who best know the value of their work will most gladly welcome any extension or simplification of its materials. Such a simplification has lately been made by Signor Mazzi in his book upon the "Rozzi," or "Clowns," of Siena; a book to which Professor d'Ancona has already paid the compliment of a review in the *Fanfulla della Domenica*, and which he recognises as furnishing a solid and invaluable basis of facts for the study of the old rustic comedy. In fact, the author, though deficient in literary skill, applies sound critical tests with nice discretion; he appreci-

ates clearly, and expounds passably, the relative values of different kinds of evidence; his bibliography—a work, in this instance, of unusual difficulty—is full, searching, and well put together; and the original documents which he publishes in illustration of his subject are chosen with judgment and edited with care. But above all he is singularly fortunate in his selection of a subject.

A most interesting feature of modern Italian life is the persistent survival of old manners and customs among the peasantry. French influence has modified the whole life of the upper classes; painters are for the most part content to follow the methods in vogue at the Salon; and the dearth of high-class music forms the stock complaint of Englishmen and Germans who sojourn in Italy. But in spite of railways, telegraphs, and halfpenny newspapers, the peasant remains much as he has been from time immemorial; his pots and pans are still fashioned in Etruscan shapes; his great white oxen are yoked in the simplest conceivable manner to carts of primæval pattern; and only a year or two ago some friends of mine heard a bevy of Tuscan girls bantering each other in improvised rhymes, such as Theocritus might have put into the mouths of Sicilian shepherd-lasses. Popular life in Tuscany has lost little of its brightness or of its individuality, and the peasant's humour is still racy as of old; and this survival of the past into the present gives a lively interest to the investigation of such customs as have dropped out of use, clothing the dry bones of antiquarianism with the sinews and flesh of every-day life. Though the past be dead, there is no need to bury it out of our sight; for its death wears the semblance of a sleep, from which it

<sup>1</sup> *La Congrega dei Rozzi di Siena nel Secolo XVI.*, per Curzio Mazzi, con Appendice di Documenti, &c. 2 vols. Florence, 1882.

may rise anew, for aught we can see to prevent it, at any moment.

We know that the rustic comedy of Siena is dead, yet we can hardly realise the fact; we are half persuaded that these plays of three centuries ago, with their terse wit, gross jests, and vigorous presentation of characteristic types, were written yesterday by the Tuscan handicraftsmen, their authors, who will surely meet to rehearse them to-morrow. Neither is this the only point of interest which they present; they have the further attraction of being unique, local, and genuinely original. They have nothing in common either with the contemporary *Commedia Erudita*, which followed slavishly in the footsteps of classical authors, or with such few artistic comedies as portrayed and analysed the habits and feelings of "society." They are quite distinct even from the *Farse*, with which Mr. Symonds, in a passing allusion—since they hardly fall within the plan of his work—seems inclined to confound them. They are peculiar to Siena; and they are practically the only indication still remaining to show that the Italian genius was not essentially incapable of developing a national drama. Lastly, to an Englishman they suggest irresistibly the interlude of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*; here are Peter Quince the carpenter, and Nick Bottom the weaver, actually writing, rehearsing, and performing plays! The "Clowns" of Siena are, indeed, less clownish than their brethren of England; they read aloud some few masterpieces of their national literature, and, when they take to writing, it is *with* them rather than *at* them that their reader laughs. Still, Alessandro the cutler, Agnolo the farrier, Giovanni Battista the tailor, and the rest of them, are birds of the same feather with Flute, Snout, and Starveling; "hard-handed men that work"—that is the definition of both companies alike.

The origin of the Siennese popular comedies can never be certainly known.

Palermo and some others derive them from the "peasants' interlude" so frequent in the old miracle plays, imagining that the interlude became detached from the "representation," of which it was originally a mere accessory, and so developed gradually into the rustic drama. Signor Mazzi, on the other hand, seems inclined to connect the comedies with the pageants and masquerades performed at Siena in commemoration of events in the city's history; while Professor d'Ancona "would be disposed to see in them rather a transplantation into the city of certain dramatic customs from the country, such as still survive in the May-songs of Pisa, Lucca, and la Versilia, and in the *bruscello* of Siena and Monte Amiata."<sup>1</sup> As d'Ancona's authority is the weightiest in such matters, we may be satisfied that his explanation is most likely to be the true one, though the other conjectures are intrinsically probable enough. At all events, the antiquarian question is of small importance; the point of interest lies in the fact, that about the year 1500 the artisans of Siena began to write and act popular dramas. These were "of the rustic, or rural, order; that is to say, representative of country customs. They were miniatures of peasant life, with which the citizen, ever ready to laugh at extra-urban habits, diverted himself at the expense of the country population."<sup>2</sup> The Siennese, indeed, were not the only people who brought the field-labourer upon the stage; that was already done throughout Italy in the "interludes" mentioned above, as well as in pageants and masquerades, in many of which rustic songs, dances, and dialogues had their place; and very likely it was a common custom for the workmen of the city to personate their brethren beyond the walls, aping their manners and burlesquing their uncouthness with the good-humoured scorn which the town-mouse always feels for the

<sup>1</sup> *Fanfulla della Domenica*, October 1, 1882.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

field-mouse. Elsewhere, however, the merry meal was made up of a slice of peasants' dialogue sandwiched between two layers of saints and angels, or nymphs and heroes; it was only in Siena that such episodes were raised to the dignity of independent comedies, and there alone did the journeymen and petty handicraftsmen band themselves together in companies for the purpose of writing and performing their rustic plays.

The eccentric idea took firm root in the eccentric city of its birth, and the fame of the artisan-playwrights soon spread beyond the boundaries of their native state: they began to travel through Italy, and their *patois* pieces won the applause of great lords and cultured ladies. No one better appreciated their jolly buffooneries and the racy flavour of their wit than the laughter-loving Pope, who began his reign with the characteristic words: "Let us enjoy the Papacy, since God has bestowed it on us." Every year Leo X. invited them to the Vatican "to give the people of Quirinus a merry Carnival"; and the scene of several among their plays is laid in Rome. It has generally been said that Leo invited *the Rozzi* to perform before him; but this is inexact, since Signor Mazzi shows, by a careful weighing of evidence, that the company in question was not constituted till ten years after the death of that Pope. The error, however, is natural and immaterial; for Leo's Sienese were men of exactly the same stamp as those who afterwards banded themselves together under the title of Rozzi, so that Mazzi appropriately classes them as "predecessors of the true Clowns." They seem to have had no definite organisation as yet; nevertheless, they flourished abundantly, and it is even possible that they were the first to introduce the performance of comedies into Naples. At least it is certain that the Neapolitans got their first comedies from Siena; and the only doubt is whether these were the rustic pieces of the

artisans, or the "erudite" plays, imitated from the Latin, which the aristocratic Academy of the "Intronati" produced and acted.

It was in 1531 that the company of the Rozzi was first formally enrolled; and the history of their constitution is as diverting a bit of reading as any one need desire. Their minute book begins thus:<sup>1</sup>—"In the year of our Lord 1531, on the first day of October, sundry companions met together, and, by common consent, appointed a lord to hold rule during four days; to which office Antony, son of Donato, cutler, was elected by authority of us all. Moreover, two counsellors were created for the same period, as well as a chancellor for three months: to this post I, Bartholomew, son of Francis, painter, was called by acclamation; and the counsellors were these: Agnolo Cenni, farrier, and Mark Antony, son of John, linendraper." [We may remember that the painters of those days came, as often as not, from the class of artisans and small tradesmen.] The officers were no sooner elected, than they invited suggestions as to a crest or device for the company, to be balloted for at the next meeting, with what result the preamble of their statutes shows. After selecting the crest, their lord appointed two of the number to draw up a code of chapters for the government of the company; these chapters were also to be put to the ballot, and only those which obtained a two-thirds' majority were confirmed as statutes, "for the better satisfaction of everybody." Next, "considering that our names are in many cases common to several of us, it seemed good to the whole company that each of us should have a nickname of his own, so that none should be called by the same name as any other. To this end the said lord chose three of us to give a nickname to each of the rest," and two others to name the namers. Then the lord and his counsellors laid

<sup>1</sup> The following quotations are all from Mazzi, Appendix I.

down their office, and a new lord was elected "for three days, to wit, till Sunday next inclusive. The new lord was Stephen, son of Anselm, engraver, and he summoned Antony the paper-seller, and Ventura the painter to be his counsellors. And when Sunday came, the whole list of nicknames was published:" of which a sample or two will suffice. The lord for the time being, Stephen the engraver, was first surnamed "Rough-cast," perhaps in allusion to his art; Mark Antony the linendraper was dubbed "Puzzle-head"; Jerome, son of John Pacchiarotti, the painter (now known as Pacchia, and not to be confounded with his contemporary Giacomo Pacchiarotto), got the title of "Dawdler"; and so forth. The members were always called by their nicknames in meetings of the company, and also on the title-pages of their works; but in the business of everyday life, especially when strangers were present, they dropped this style in favour of their baptismal names.

The first constitution of the company was thus of the simplest kind; each member paid to the common fund a monthly subscription of five halfpence (statute 13), and their meetings were held in the shop of one of their number. The lord or president, who is called indifferently "Il Signore," "Il Signor Rozzo," or simply "Il Rozzo"—the Clown *par excellence*—was elected at first for a few days, and then for the term of one month (statute 3); and he nominated his two counsellors for the same period. The chancellor had a longer term of office, and combined the functions of secretary and treasurer, as appears also from the statutes relating to his duties.

The statutes themselves are the queerest mixture of plain good sense and droll buffoonery. The prologue recapitulates the first acts of the company, and concludes by saying that the chapters were drawn up by Puzzle-head and Stiff-joints, the two members appointed for the purpose, and came

into force on the 1st of November, 1531. After which follows the text of these statutes, of which the preamble deserves to be quoted—

"Whereas we have deliberated and decided," say the Clowns, "that for our crest or device we should take a shrivelled tree of a kind that bears no fruit, or, at least, fruit of little worth, which is an appropriate emblem of our condition (for we have no firm standing in such things as we design to practise under this device, but only desire to pass our holidays as little lazily as we can); now, therefore, it is our will that the said shrivelled tree shall be a cork-shrub, with a little green sucker springing from its roots, . . . to denote that the little sprig may, in time, if nature deal kindly with it, acquire the virtue which the larger shrub is losing. . . . And round the trunk of the old tree shall be twined a scroll, with this verse written on it: 'Who sojourns here may lose and gain anew.'" The branches are to symbolise the seasons, months, days, and minutes; and "there shall be two falling branches, one on either side, to signify that two kinds of poverty, namely, poverty of wit, and poverty of goods, are stripping the tree of its boughs, . . . while we make gain of the time which the tree loses by meeting together under this device. . . . Now this kind of tree is rugged" (*rozzo*, whence the name of the company, signifying rugged, clownish men) "both within and without; for under the bark it has no whiteness or beauty, but is rough and hard throughout. Wherein it suits well with our condition, forasmuch as our minds are filled and teeming with the visions of our mode of life." . . . The bark, too, is very rugged, and serves to sole shoes, "which shows how we are oppressed beneath the burden of much labour to get us a living, which is not the case with our betters; furthermore, even as this bark is put to lowly uses, so we cannot employ ourselves in high pursuits, since we could never attain

to the needful measure of success. On which matter we might discourse at length; but since our poverty is not desirous of cumbering much space, this present little page shall suffice for an account of the crest which we Clowns have adopted." The pathetic disclaimer of any lofty purpose, "because we could never attain to the needful measure of success," shows the good sense of our Clowns, and was more than justified by its results. By aiming no higher than their bows could carry, they did truer service than those "betters" of theirs, who imitated Plautus, and styled their travesties "Erudite Comedy."

After the preamble come the statutes, of which the fourth is delightfully ludicrous. It deals with the authority of the Lord Clown, and ordains that "he who fills an office of command should be no less affable and modest than he is prudent and cautious. And, forasmuch as men of no mean authority have said that he who knows how to rule is always sure to be obeyed, therefore the authority of our Lord Clown may not encroach further than our statutes ordain. Over and above our bounden services in carnival time, the lord may give orders at such other times as the rules specify for vigil-games, when they are in season; and upon his order no one may refuse to let himself be painted, or ducked, or thumped on the floor, or to undergo any other such merry treatment, under penalty of two halfpence for every refusal, to be scored against him in the accounts. Likewise no one may refuse to make and devise similar games at least once in the evening, under penalty of the same fine. The lord may spend during his term ten halfpence (?) for the advantage of the company. He may order whom he pleases to read aloud on reading-days, and may choose the subject. In a word, he has full and free authority in all matters of recreation appertaining to our company, to order what he pleases at suitable seasons; and any one who resists his will shall incur a

debt of two halfpence, as above. Neither shall this fine quite absolve him; but the Lord Clown may make him turn head-over-heels, or have him swished with foxes' brushes, or douse his face or breeches with water or wine, or play off any other waggish joke upon him, especially in vigil time. And in like manner the lord may command in other things that fall within his office, such as are set forth in the foregoing and following chapters." The tenth statute ordains that "all those who would enter our company must be possessed of some pleasant and sociable gift, such as composing, or reciting, or fencing, or playing an instrument, or singing, or dancing, or other such gentle accomplishment;" they must give proof of their talent before admission, and must be willing to exercise it, whenever required, for the diversion of the company. But "no person of rank shall be admitted, nor any artist [? master of a large establishment] in a manual or mercantile trade; nor yet any who study other tongues than the vulgar, nor any under the age of eighteen years."

But perhaps the most interesting of all the chapters is the fifth, prescribing the more serious amusements of the company. It explains that, for divers sober reasons, "it seems good to us that, at least in the season of Lent, the elegant and learned *Comedy* of Dante should be read in our midst. The portion for reading shall be chosen by the lord, who at each meeting, before we break up, shall appoint one of us to read such-and-such a passage in the next assembly, so that in the meanwhile the reader may study his part. . . . But at other seasons we will read either the graceful works of Petrarca, or the diverting prose writings of Boccaccio, or those of other authors, present or past, who have written in elegant style. After this, vigil-games may be proposed, if any one cares to essay them; and next, if any of our members have any composition in prose or rhyme for publication, he shall recite it before

us, and we will discourse of it for a while. And we must without fail rehearse our comedies, when we have any to bring out; . . . and lastly, if there be time enough, the lord may lead us about the city or beyond the walls," for games and pastimes.

These extracts show what manner of men the Clowns of Siena were; the history of their company may be summed up in a few sentences. For over four years they thrived amazingly, and produced a goodly crop of plays, dialogues, masquerades, and so forth, all of the special rustic kind. Other companies, too, were soon founded in imitation of them, and the artisans of Siena led a merry life, till one of the new foundations unluckily took to dabbling in politics, and so brought about the suspension of all popular clubs in 1535. The Clowns met again in 1544, and enjoyed eight more years of great prosperity; but in 1552 they were suspended for the second time, owing to the disturbances that accompanied the fall of the Republic. They revived in 1561, and forthwith set about a revision of their statutes, expunging, among other things, the rule that no student of other languages than Italian should be eligible. Still they remained faithful to their characteristic style of writing, till in 1568 the jealousy of the Grand Duke Cosimo, who looked with a suspicious eye on all popular organisations, compelled them to close again. This third suspension lasted thirty-five years, and very nearly extinguished the company; for of sixty-four members on the roll in 1568, only eight remained alive to resume their meetings in 1603. After this date their history loses interest; they continued their rustic compositions, but mingled with them works of a more ambitious kind; and at last, in 1690, they dropped the old name of "Company," which their forefathers had deliberately preferred, and adopted the more grandiose title of "Academy." As an Academy they still survive, but all trace of their popular origin has long since been effaced.

The rustic comedies which the Clowns produced, aim, as already mentioned, at giving a farcical representation of peasant life, and the field-labourer is the central figure of the play. Round him are grouped landlords, citizens, soldiers, priests, &c. Sometimes the gods and goddesses of old Rome are introduced; but all burlesqued and caricatured, so that Apollo and Diana become little else than a couple of shrewd peasants with magical powers. The peasant is ridiculed in his loves, his quarrels, his perplexities among city folk, his method of cheating his landlord under the *metayer* system—in the thousand and one petty circumstances that make up his everyday existence, he furnishes a theme on which farcical variations are played *ad infinitum*. The historian may pick up many a crumb from these comedies; the popular hatred of the Spaniards, for instance, engendered by their cruelty and rapacity, inspires many biting sarcasms, some of which are almost savage in their vindictiveness. Old customs and superstitions, too, are well illustrated; and even direct allusions to politics are to be found, though these were always dangerous, and once brought an over-bold Clown into serious trouble. The comedies are loose and inartistic in construction, and often sin against the canons of decency. But they manifest insight, humour, and the power of sketching types of character in vigorous dialogue. Neither are they half so immodest as the contemporary *Commedia Erudita* of the upper classes. To turn from it to them is like breathing the air of a farm-yard after living over an escape of sewer-gas. Here at last we are quit of those interminable lackeys, misers, scapegraces, and panders, garnished with suggestions of unmentionable vices, and served up with the sauce of ghastly prurience. The peasants' stage gives wide scope to gross buffoonery, but it is free from the more sickening leprosy of refined corruption. Above all, it has that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin.

H. C. HOLLWAY-CALTHROP.



OTTOMAN POETRY.<sup>1</sup>

It is difficult to explain the fact that after five centuries of close neighbourhood to the Ottoman Turks we know almost nothing of their literature. The ordinary reader's acquaintance with Arabic and Persian poetry and history may be small enough, but at least the means of his instruction are at hand; the chief classics in these languages have long been translated into English, French, or German, and often into all three, and it is our own fault if we will not read them. Yet the connection between England and Persia has been comparatively insignificant, and until the conquest of India we had more to do with Turkish than with Arabic speaking races. All our relations, friendly and unfriendly, with Turkey have apparently encouraged us no whit in investigating the thoughts and songs of the Ottoman people. Our first secretaries or ambassadors at Constantinople write amusing books on the life of the capital, or rather the little of it they are allowed to see; everybody who goes to Turkey can at least point to a magazine article to show that he has not neglected this interesting or unspeakable nation, accordingly as he views it; but no one seems to trouble himself about seeing what the Turks have written of themselves. This is not because they have not written anything, for Turkish literature is of enormous extent. Von Hammer published extracts from over two thousand poets; and the prose

works on every department of science and in every branch of knowledge are like the stars in the sky for multitude. Whether this vast literature is good or bad we have not to decide at present; to attempt to do so would be perhaps to beg the question we put to Orientalists as well as mere residents in Turkey, why they have not studied it? Familiarity certainly cannot breed contempt in this instance, where familiarity is the very thing wanting. Whatever the reason may be, the fact remains undisputed, that there is hardly one famous Turkish classic to be found in an English translation, and very few Turkish books of any kind, if we except two or three volumes among the unwieldy and somewhat abortive publications of the well-meaning Oriental Translation Fund. The only scholar who seriously devoted himself to the study of Turkish history and literature was the German, Baron Von Hammer, whose voluminous works are the foundation of almost all we know about the past of Turkey, and to whom Sir Edward Creasy was indebted for the materials of the useful work which generally serves as the sole representative of Ottoman knowledge in our libraries. Von Hammer, however, was sadly to seek in the critical faculty, and he was more German than the Germans in his method and mass—in the excess of the latter at the expense of the former. His works are monumental in every sense, and consequently unsuited to general use. Every one who is obliged to work at any Turkish subject must borrow from him; but no one will willingly take up his many volumes for the recreation of an idle hour. Von Hammer needed an interpreter, and he has found one for history in Sir E. Creasy, and now we

<sup>1</sup> *Ottoman Poems*, translated into English verse in the original forms, with Introduction, Biographical Notices and Notes. By E. J. W. Gibb, M.R.A.S. (Trübner. 1882.)

*Geschichte der osmanischen Dichtkunst*. Von J. von Hammer-Purgstall. (4 vols. 1836.)

*On the History, System, and Varieties, of Turkish Poetry*. By J. W. Redhouse. (Trübner. 1879.)

believe for poetry in Mr. E. J. W. Gibb. The veteran translator to the Foreign Office is undoubtedly the scholar who could most completely introduce the literature of Turkey to English readers, but Mr. Redhouse has always had his hands too full of purely scholarly work to be able to devote himself to the task of popularising those classics which his dictionary enables others to translate. His essay on Turkish poetry was, however, a new light to many students, and it is by his example and promptings that Mr. Gibb has been led to do the work which Mr. Redhouse is obliged to put aside.

Mr. Gibb's volume of translations of *Ottoman Poems* is the first important contribution to our knowledge of Turkish Belles-Lettres. We have seen here and there an isolated poem done into English, but there has hitherto been no systematic and comprehensive collection such as this, where we find pieces by sixty-five poets arranged in chronological order, from 'Ashik Pasha in 1332, at the very beginning of the Ottoman power, to contemporary writers. So wide and representative an anthology is too valuable a gift to be subjected to a fastidious criticism. Here we may wish for a little more, and there for a little less; but the chief sentiment of all who read this charmingly printed and edited volume—with its interesting if somewhat pugnacious introduction, its essays on Turkish poetic literature and metres, and its biographical and explanatory notes—must be gratitude to the pioneer. Mr. Gibb is the first to bring Ottoman poetry within that comfortable reach which the English reader demands. Others may use his work and improve upon it, but meanwhile he is the first exponent of Ottoman poetry to a faithless generation who know not Turkish.

Whether he has chosen quite the best manner of presenting a new poetry to an indifferent public is another question. He has followed the example of Mr. C. J. Lyall in retaining the metre of the original.

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In the case of ancient Arabic poetry the experiment was pre-eminently successful; and it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Lyall's triumphant example should inspire others to follow in his steps. But in the pre-islamic poetry there was a certain rude desert flavour which had to be retained at all hazards, and which Mr. Lyall was able to preserve in a marvellous degree by a skilful imitation of the original metres. Even here, however, the theory did not always work, and there are perhaps cases where a modern metre would have fitted the subject better. In Turkish poetry the peculiar national flavour (which was the chief incentive to the Arabic experiment) is practically wanting. Turkish poetry is not national. It's flavour is Persian, and is precisely similar to the general flavour of Mohammadan poetry, Arabic or Persian, under the influences of the petty courts which hastened the downfall of the Khalifs' empire. There is nothing in the flavour particularly worth preserving; the ideas, similes, and spirit could be reproduced apart from the original metre. Mr. Gibb, however, has thought it better to imitate the movement of the Turkish; and it must be allowed that in so doing he has considerably increased the difficulties of his task, for the arrangement of rhymes in the *Kasida* and *Gazel* tries the resources of the English language to the utmost. We cannot say we think it was worth while to add to the troubles of translation, and infallibly introduce an element of uncouthness and strainedness, often approaching downright doggerel, merely for the sake of preserving the original metres. To our mind, a fairly close rendering into an appropriate modern and western measure would have been more pleasing and equally satisfactory. It is only fair, however, to add that no two scholars are agreed upon this moot point of translation, and that, having decided to retain the Turkish metres, Mr. Gibb has reproduced them with considerable skill.

The want of national flavour to which we have referred, the absence of anything characteristic and original, has undoubtedly had much to do with the mean reputation which Ottoman poetry has enjoyed in Europe. In poetry, as in everything else, the Turks are not an inventive people. Except in the art of war, they have originated nothing; and the vast bulk of their literature is made up of translations and imitations. It is not for us in the present day to throw stones at them, when our modern versifiers are wasting their skill in copying the forms and style of mediæval French poetry, and our painters are trying to imitate the early art of Italy, as it was before the lines and proportions of the *bel corpo ignudo* were studied or understood. We live in an age of copyists, and it is not fair to blame the Turks for doing what we aim at ourselves. Nor does it follow that an imitated literature must necessarily be uninteresting. Terence is a copyist, but he is very good reading; and the greater part of Latin poetry is mere imitation of the Greek, yet we are not disposed to put it on the shelf as unworthy of study and admiration. Still no one pretends that the Roman copy is equal to the Hellenic original; and in the same way a certain element of inferiority must inevitably attach to the Turkish reproductions of Persian ideas and poetic forms.

Nothing, however, could be more natural than that the Ottoman writers should follow in the steps of the Persians. When the little Turkish clan under Ertugrul began to establish itself in the thirteenth century among the decaying remnants of the Seljukian kingdom of Anatolia, it found the whole country immersed in Persian ideas. The Seljuks had lived long in Persia, and were deeply imbued with the ways of thought which characterised the nation they had conquered; and in their case, as before with the Arabs, the conquered had become the teachers of the conquerors. Firdausy and Nizâmy had already

written their masterpieces before the name of Ottoman was heard, and at the time of their settlement in Asia Minor, Sa'dy and Jelal-ed-din Rûmy were attracting the admiration of the eastern world. The latter was a resident at Iconium, the Seljukian capital, and his mystical verses, or *Mesnevis*, of which Mr. Redhouse has published a translation, impressed their character upon the whole literature of the new power then rising in Anatolia.

"A peculiarity of Persian and Ottoman poetry is, that it almost always possesses, beneath its literal meaning, a subtle esoteric spiritual signification. Many poems, of which the *Mesnevi* of Jelâl-ed-din and the *Divân* of 'Ashik Pasha are examples, are confessedly religious, moral, or mystic works; but a much larger number are allegorical. To this latter class belong almost all the long romantic *Mesnevis* of the Persian and Ottoman poets; in the stories of the loves of Leyli and Mejnûn, Yûsuf and Zuleykha, Khusev and Shirin, Selâmân and Ehsâl, and a hundred of like kind, we can see pictured, if we look beneath the surface, the longing of the soul of man for God, or the yearning of the human heart after heavenly light and wisdom. There is not a character introduced into these romances but represents some passion, not an incident but has some spiritual meaning. In the history of Iskender (or Alexander) we watch the noble human soul in its struggles against the powers of this world, and, when aided by God and guided by the heavenly wisdom and religious teachers, its ultimate victory over every earthly passion, and its attainment of that point of divine serenity whence it can look calmly down on all sub-lunary things.

"Of a similar character are the odes called *Gazels*: these little poems, though outwardly mere voluptuous or Bacchanalian songs, are in reality the outpouring of hearts overwhelmed, or as they themselves express it, drunken with the love of God. He is that Fair One whom they so eagerly entreat to come to them, to throw off the veil that conceals his perfect beauty from the sight of their comprehension. Every word in these effusions has its spiritual or mystic signification, well known to the initiated: thus, the *mistress* is God; the *lover*, man; the *tresses*, the mystery of the Godhead, or its impenetrable attributes; the *waist*, that state when naught remains to veil the lover from the divine glories; the *ruby lip*, the unheard but understood word of God; the *embrace*, the discovery of the mysteries of the Godhead; *absence* or *separation* is the non-recognition of the unity of God; *union*, His unity or the seeing of Him face to face; *wine* means the Divine love; the *cupbearer*, the

spiritual instructor, the giver of the goblet of celestial aspiration and love; the *libertine*, the saint who thinks no more of human conventionalities; the *tavern*, a place where one mortifies sensuality, and relinquishes his name and fame the *zephyr*, the breathing of the spirit; the *taper*, the divine light kindling the torch, the heart of the *lover*, man. And so on, through every detail is the allegory maintained."—GIBB, xxvii—xxix.

Not only has Persia imparted its mystic spirit to the Ottoman muse, but its very history and mythology have been similarly borrowed. In Turkish poetry we read nothing of the old heroes of the clans before they left their homes by the Caspian, nothing of their ancient divinities and superstitions. The heroes of the Ottoman poet are Rustem and Jemshid, Key-Khusrev and Feridun, the familiar names of the Persian epic; the ideal lovers are not Turks, but Leyly and Mejnun, Khusrev and Shirin. And when tone and idea and *dramatis personæ* are borrowed, it is not astonishing to find that the metres and forms of Turkish poetry are entirely Persian, or Arabic through a Persian medium. The immense majority of Turkish poems fall metrically into one of two great divisions. The first is the Arabian lyric, or *Kasida*, in which the second hemistichs of all the couplets (all Mohammadan poetry is constructed upon couplets) rhyme together throughout the piece, no matter how long it is; the usual Persian and Turkish variety of the *Kasida* is however very short, generally of a dozen or twenty lines, and is called a *Gazel*. The other division of Ottoman poetry is the *Mesnevi*, a Persian metre, in which the two hemistichs of each couplet rhyme together, without any reference to the rhymes of preceding or following couplets. The *Gazel* is used chiefly for love-poems, praise of wine, and "vignettes from nature"; it is the Sonnet of the East. The *Mesnevi* corresponds rather to the heroic couplets of Pope, and is used for long romances and epics, generally of a more or less mystical character, such as the *Iskender Nama*, *Yusuf* and

*Zuleykha*, *Selaman* and *Ebsal* and the like. Mr. Gibb's volume abounds in *Gazels* of every variety; in no form of verse did the Ottoman poets delight so much, and (as with the sonnet) in none could the mere *technique* of versifying be better displayed. The following mystical *Gazel*,<sup>1</sup> by Sultan Suleyman I. the Great (+ 1566), will serve as an example. It has the peculiarity of a *redif*, or the addition of identical words *after the rhyme* at the end of each second hemistich:—

1. He who poverty electeth, hall and *fane* desireth not;  
Than the food of woe aught other bread to *gain* desireth not.
2. He who, kinglike, on the throne of blest contentment sits aloft,  
O'er the seven climes as Sultan high to *reign* desireth not.
3. He, who in his bosom strikes his nails, and opes the wound afresh,  
On the garden looks not, sight of rosy *lane* desireth not.
4. He who is of Love's true subjects bideth in the Fair One's ward,  
Wandering there distracted, mountain lone or *plain* desireth not.
5. O Muhibby, he who drinketh from the loved one's hand a glass,  
E'en from Khizr's hand life's water bright to *drain* desireth not. (35.)

The *Mesnevi*, being employed chiefly in long narrative poems, is not so easily represented in a volume of selections. We cannot help thinking that Mr. Gibb might have chosen more and better examples of this characteristic Persian form than he has included. The extracts from Sheykhy's Khusrev and Shirin, and Fuzuly's Leyly and Mejnun are not interesting, though here and there a fine image presents itself. The following somewhat frivolous description of Greek women, written by Fazil Bey at the end of the last century, must serve as a specimen of *Mesnevi* verse:—

O thou, the bell upon the church of pain!  
O thou, the pride of all the messianic train!

<sup>1</sup> The metre is — — — — | — — — — |  
— — — — | — — — — || — — — — |  
— — — — | — — — — | — — — — .

Source of being ! If a mistress thou  
 shouldst seek  
 Then, I pray thee, let thy loved one be a  
 Greek.  
 Unto her the fancies of the joyous bend,  
 For there's leave to woo the Grecian girl,  
 my friend !  
 Caskets of coquetry are the Grecian maids,  
 And their grace the rest of womankind  
 degrades.  
 What that slender waist, so delicate and  
 slight !  
 What those gentle words the sweet tongue  
 doth indite !  
 What those blandishments, that heart-  
 attracting talk !  
 What that elegance—that heart-attracting  
 walk !  
 What that figure as a cyprus tall and free—  
 In the park of God's creation a young tree !  
 What those attitudes, those motions won-  
 drous fair !  
 What that glance inebriate that showeth  
 there !  
 Given those disdainful airs to her alone,  
 And her legacy that accent and that tone.  
 All those letters on her sweet tongue's tip  
 are rolled,  
 And those words with many graces she'll  
 unfold ;  
 Strung the regal pearls of her enchanting  
 speech,  
 Pounded seem they when her gentle mouth  
 they reach ;  
 To her tongue if come a letter harsh to  
 say,  
 Then her sweet mouth causeth it to melt  
 away. . . . .  
 Moving lithely, she from side to side will  
 turn,  
 That the hearts of all her lovers she may  
 burn.  
 That cap which on one side she gaily wears ;  
 That jaunty step ; those joyous heedless  
 airs ;  
 Those motions—they are just what me de-  
 light ;  
 And her tripping on two toes, how fair a  
 sight !  
 'Twas as though with fire her pathway were  
 inlaid,  
 That would burn the feet of yonder moon-  
 like maid :  
 Thou wouldst deem her lovers' hearts upon  
 her way,  
 Burning with their love for her, all scattered  
 lay, &c. (142—4.)

We have seen that Turkish poetry was originally Persian and religious in character. Persian it remains to the present day, but its religious tone has considerably abated since the conquest of Constantinople. European influence, wider views, and increased

luxury and civilisation, have had their share in this change ; but much is to be attributed to the influence of the Court itself. Ottoman poetry is essentially a court poetry, just as for that matter the pure Ottomans themselves are a court party rather than a nation. In no country has "royalty" taken so active a part in polite literature. The custom of writing verse indeed comes down from early Muslim times ; the khalifs were always fond of poetry, and many of them, notably the good Haroun Alrashid, could turn off a fair copy of verses. But with the Ottomans it was the rule. No less than fourteen sultans, to say nothing of princes of the blood, pashas, high admirals, and other dignitaries, appear as poets in Mr. Gibb's selections. We cannot affirm that their verse is good, for the specimen already given from Sultan Suleymān I. is above the average, and there is not a single poem by any Sultan in this volume that can strictly be called remarkable. Nevertheless they did write. Already in the beginning of the fifteenth century, Ahmad Da'y's "gay and flowing songs of love and wine found high favour at the joyous court which Prince Suleymān, son of Bayezid I., held at Adrianople, when the empire was for a time rent in pieces,—the result of that terrible day when the Ottoman flag went down before Timur, on the plain of Angora." Murād II. (Amurath), nephew of this Suleymān, and his son Mohammad II., conqueror of Constantinople, were both accounted "good poets" ; but still higher stood the poetic fame of that unhappy Prince Jem, son of the conqueror, whose exile forms one of the most romantic episodes in Turkish history. Prince Jem's melancholy fate expresses itself in his verse :—

Lo ! there the torrent, dashing against the  
 rocks, doth wildly roll ;  
 The whole wide realm of space and being  
 ruth hath on my soul.  
 Through bitterness of grief and woe the  
 morn hath rent its robe ;  
 See ! O in dawning's place, the sky weeps  
 blood without control !

Tears shedding o'er the mountain tops the  
clouds of heaven pass ;  
Hear ! deep the bursting thunder sobs and  
moans through stress of dole. (20.)

From Murād II. to Murād IV., twelve successive sultans whose reigns covered two centuries (1421–1623), all wrote poetry that has been preserved. And not only did the imperial sun thus deign to illuminate earthly paper, but his example infected the nobles of his court. We find the Grand Vizir Mahmūd Pasha, the conqueror of Negroponte, writing Gazels ; and Kemāl Pasha Zada reciting the history of Egypt to Selim I. in choice Turkish verse, as they rode together to the conquest of that country. Sir Garnet Wolseley had no poet on his staff to beguile his voyage to Alexandria with an epic on the Wars of Thothmes or the Building of the Pyramids of Gizeh ; in Turkey they managed the commissariat better ! Officials of all ranks, capitan pashas and common janisaries ; mollahs and ladies—there are five poetesses in the collection—all devoted themselves assiduously to the manufacture of verse : such was the power of an imperial example ! The greater poets of Turkey, however, are not high dignitaries or princes. Many of them are sons of mechanics, cutlers, saddlers, shoemakers ; others brought up to the law or medicine ; but few of any rank or wealth. Their numbers and their merits rise and fall as the tide of Turkish glory flows and ebbs. It is ever in a period of strong national feeling that the poetry of a people is called forth ; and it was in the golden prime of Sultan Suleymān, when the confines of the empire were at their broadest, when justice and order were supreme, when the name and fame of the Ottoman Empire stood higher than ever before or since, that the opportunity of Turkish poetry arrived, and with it came the greatest masters of the art. To the age of Suleymān and his immediate predecessor belongs the galaxy of Ottoman song which is comprehended in the names of Mesihy, Fuzūly, Lāmi'y,

Gazālī, Fazly, and Bākī. In fact all the best Turkish poetry belongs to this period, which may be roughly identified with the sixteenth century, and thus partly coincides with our Elizabethan era. We wish we could know something more of the lights of this noontide of poetry. The biographical notices are lamentably meagre, and the personality of most of the poets is vague and indistinct. The most we can know of them is through their verse, and that only makes us wish to learn more. We can, however, see that one of the most salient characteristics of the poets of this age was a close observation and unaffected love of nature. We can observe this also in Persian poetry, but hardly to the same extent. There is an unmistakable genuineness in this fragment of a description of Spring by Mesihy, a poet of Uskub († 1512):—

Up, from indolent sleep the eyes of the  
flowers to awake,  
Over their faces each dawn the cloudlets of  
springwater shake ;  
Denisons all of the mead now with new life  
are so filled,  
That, were its foot not secured, into dancing  
the cypress would break.  
Roses' fair cheeks to describe, all of their  
beauty to tell,  
Lines on the clear river's page raindrops  
and light ripples make :  
Silvery rings, thou wouldst say, they hung  
in the bright water's ear,  
When the fresh raindrops of spring fall on  
on the stretch of the lake, &c. (27.)

And the same poet's *Murebba* (a series of strophes with a refrain) on the same theme is not less true or graceful:—

Hark the Bulbul's lay so joyous : ' Now  
have come the days of spring,'  
Merry shows and crowds on every mead  
they spread, a maze of spring,  
There the almond tree its silver blossom  
scatters, sprays of spring,  
Drink, be gay, for soon will vanish, biding  
not, the days of spring.

Past the moments when with sickness  
were the ailing herbs oppress'd,  
When the garden's care, the rosebud, hid  
its sad head in its breast,

Come is now the time when hill and rock  
with tulips dense are drest :  
Drink, be gay, for soon will vanish,  
biding not, the days of spring, &c.  
(28.)

We may compare with these the following extract from Lāmi'y's († 1531) beautiful Ode on Autumn, where, however, the retaining of the original metre<sup>1</sup> is a decided bar to the enjoyment of the verse :—

O sad heart come, distraction's hour is now  
high ;  
The air's cool, 'midst the fields to sit the  
time nigh.  
The sun hath to the balance, Joseph-like,  
passed,  
The year's Zuleykha hath her gold hoard  
wide cast.  
By winds bronzed, like the sun, the quince's  
face glows ;  
Its Pleiad's clusters hanging forth the vine  
shows.  
In saffron flowerets have the meads themselves  
dight ;  
The trees, all scorched, to gold have turned  
and shine bright.  
The gilded leaves in showers falling to earth  
gleam,  
With gold fish filled doth glisten brightly  
each stream.  
Amidst the yellow foliage perched the black  
crows,  
As tulip saffron-hued that spotted cup  
shows.  
A yellow-plumaged bird now every tree  
stands,  
Which shakes itself and feathers sheds on  
all hands.  
Each vine leaf paints its face, bride-like, with  
gold ink ;  
The brook doth silver anklets round the  
vine link.  
The plane-tree hath its hands with henna  
red-dyed,  
And stands there of the parterre's court the  
fair bride. (37—8.)

On the whole the Mesnevy form, of which the last in an example, appears better suited to the description of nature than the Gazel, such as this by the famous Bāk̄y († 1600), which treats of the same subject :—

Lo! ne'er a trace or sign of springtide's  
beauty doth remain ;  
Fall'n amidst the garden lie the leaves, now  
all their glory vain.  
Bleak stand the orchard trees, all clad in  
tattered dervish rags,

Dark autumn's blast hath torn away the  
hands from off the plane.  
From each hillside they come and cast their  
gold low at the feet  
Of garden trees, as hoped the streams from  
those some boon to gain.  
Stay not within the parterre, let it tremble  
with its shame ;  
Bare every shrub, this day doth naught or  
leave or fruit retain.  
Bāk̄y, within the garden lies full many a  
fallen leaf ;  
Low lying there, it seems they 'gainst the  
winds of fate complain. (87.)

The appreciation of nature shown in these and similar pieces is the best feature of Ottoman poetry, and it is the more remarkable because there is nothing in the Turkish character that would lead one to anticipate it. The love-poetry, on the other hand, which might have been expected to be at least genuine and passionate, is singularly disappointing. A great deal of this may be due to the frequent undercurrent of mysticism, whence it comes that it is often impossible to decide whether a sonnet is really intended for the mistress's eyebrow, or for the divine object of the soul's yearning. A confusion of purpose such as this must be infinitely trying, not only to the mistress, but to the art of poetry itself ; and the result is an artificiality and want of impromptu which strikes coldly upon the imagination. The following is a fair specimen of Fuzūly's love-songs :—

Attar within vase of crystal, such thy fair  
form silkengowned,  
And thy breast is gleaming water, where the  
bubbles clear abound ;  
Thou so bright none who may gaze upon  
thee on the earth is found ;  
Bold wert thou to cast the veil off, standing  
forth with garland crowned :  
Not a doubt but woe and ruin all the wide  
world must confound !

Lures the heart thy gilded palace, points it  
to thy lips the way ;  
Eagerly the ear doth listen for the words  
thy rubies say ;  
Near thy hair the comb remaineth, I  
despairing far away ;  
Bites the comb, each curling ringlet, when  
it through thy locks doth stray ;  
Jealous at the sight, my heart's thread  
agonised goes curling round, &c. (60.)

<sup>1</sup> It is scanned alike in both hemistichs :  
○ — — — | ○ — — — | ○ — — ||.

There are some excellent "conceits" in this; but it has not the true ring, and the following gazel (with a *redif*) of Bâky, the greatest of Ottoman poets, is even more forced and artificial:—

Tulip-cheeked ones over rosy field and  
plain stray all around,  
Mead and garden cross they, looking wistful  
each way, all around,  
These the lovers true of radiant faces, aye,  
but who the fair?  
Lissom cypress, thou it is whom eager seek  
they all around:  
Band on band, Woe's legions camped before  
the City of the Heart,  
There together leagued sat Sorrow, Pain,  
Strife, Dismay, all around.  
From my weeping flows the river of my  
tears on every side,  
Like an ocean 'tis again a sea that casts  
spray all around;  
For through all the seven climates have  
the words of Bâky gone,  
This refulgent verse recited shall be alway,  
all around. (88.)

The decline of Turkish poetry, which succeeded the splendour of Suleymân's epoch, seems to have produced a warmer feeling, as these lines of Atay (1635) witness:—

Ah! that once again my heart with blood  
is filled like beaker high;  
At the feast of parting from my love I fell,  
and prostrate lie.  
O'er this wildered heart the gleam of frenzy  
conquering doth fly;  
In the valley of distraction ne'er a guide  
can I descry.  
Heedless mistress! loveless fortune! ever-  
shifting, restless sky!  
Sorrows many! friends not any! strong-  
starred foeman! feeble I!  
E'en a moment at the feast of woes from  
tears can I refrain?  
How shall not the wine, my tears, down  
rolling all my vesture stain?  
Can it be within one breath I should not  
like the reed complain?  
Sad, confused, like end of banquet, why  
then should not I remain?  
Heedless mistress! loveless fortune! ever-  
shifting, restless sky!  
Sorrows many! friends not any! strong-  
starred foeman, feeble I! (100.)

The love of all these poems, however, seems to us a manufactured article, spun to order, rather than the outcome of a real emotion. It was, perhaps, the inevitable result of a court-patronised

poetry that this should be so. The simple overmastering passion of love does not flourish in palaces, as a rule, and least of all under the conditions of palace life at Stamboul. It is, therefore, scarcely surprising that there should be so little of the unselfish, chivalrous side of love in the verse of the court poets of Constantinople. Under the circumstances it could hardly be "tender and true." Yet it would be unfair to say that the genuine touch of love is always lacking, as these lines of Fâzil (translated by Mr. Redhouse) on the death of a lady prove:—

Ah! thou'st laid her low, yet flushed with  
life, cup-bearer of the sphere!  
Scarce the glass of joy was tasted when the  
bowl of fate brimmed o'er:  
Hold her, O thou Earth, full gently; smile  
on her, O Trusted One!  
For a wide world's king this fair pearl as  
his heart's own darling wore. (219.)

The tender side of love comes out best in elegies such as this, and there are several in Mr. Gibb's volume which might be placed by its side. Perhaps the most plaintive and unaffected lament of this kind is the Farewell Ode written by 'Arif (1713), not on the death, but the absence of his friend:—

O my joy, thou art gone, and my sad weep-  
ing heart hast borne indeed,  
And my breast by bitter parting's raging  
fire's all worn indeed;  
Grief for thee in hundred pieces hath my  
raiment torn indeed;  
Be thy escort on the journey tears I weep  
forlorn indeed.  
Thou art gone and longing for thee makes  
my heart to mourn indeed;  
Without thee, banquets where friends  
meet,—all I have forsworn indeed.

Wheresoe'er thy footsteps wander be the  
aid of God thy guide;  
As the pilot to thy wishes be his grace,  
aye at thy side;  
Shadow of thy crown of glory may the  
huma's wing provide,  
Ah! may ever joyous, happy fortune on thy  
path abide!  
Thou art gone, and longing for thee makes  
my heart to mourn indeed;  
Without thee, banquets where friends  
meet,—all I have forsworn indeed.  
\* \* \* \* \*



Though I'm far now from the shadow of  
thy love, O cypress straight,  
Still my prayers I may offer for thy happiness of state.  
Think at times upon thy servant, 'Arif,  
sitting desolate ;  
Him from near thy skirt of kindness taken  
hath his darksome fate.  
Thou art gone, and longing for thee makes  
my heart to mourn indeed ;  
Without thee, banquets where friends  
meet,—all I have forsworn indeed.  
(119—20.)

One of the curiosities of Ottoman poetry is a war-correspondence carried on in formal verse. Hâfiz Pasha, the Grand Vizir of Murâd IV., having failed to recover Baghdad from the Persians, sent the following gazel-despatch to the Sultan, asking for reinforcements :—

Round us foes throng, host to aid us here  
in sad plight is there none ?  
In the cause of God to combat, chief of  
tried might is there none ?  
None who will checkmate the foe, castle to  
castle, face to face,  
In the battle who will Queen-like guide  
the brave Knight, is there none ?  
'Midst a fearful whirlpool we are fallen  
helpless, send us aid ;  
Us to rescue, a strong swimmer in our  
friends' sight, is there none ?  
'Midst the fight to be our comrade, head  
to give or heads to take ;  
On the field of earth a hero of renown  
bright is there none ?  
Know we not wherefore in turning off our  
woes ye thus delay ?  
Day of reckoning, aye and question of  
the poor's plight, is there none ?  
With us midst the foeman's flaming streams  
of scorching fire to plunge  
Salamander with experience of Fate dight  
is there none ?  
This our letter to the court of Sultan Murâd  
quick to bear  
Pigeon, rapid as the stormwind in its  
swift flight, is there none. (103.)

To which Sultan Murâd replied in a similar gazel, on the same rhyme, and retaining the metaphor from the chessboard ; he censured the general for his assumed incapacity and venality :—

To relieve Baghdad, O Hâfiz, man of tried  
might is there none ?  
Aid from us thou seekest then with thee  
host of fame bright is there none ?  
'I'm the Queen the foe who'll checkmate,'  
thus it was that thou didst say,

Room for action now against him with  
the brave Knight is there none ?  
Though we know thou hast no rival in vain-  
glorious empty boasts,  
Yet to take dread vengeance on thee, say  
a judge right is there none ?  
Whilst thou layest claim to manhood, whence  
this cowardice of thine ?  
Thou art frightened, yet beside thee  
fearing no fight is there none ?  
Heedless of thy duty thou, the Râfizis have  
ta'en Baghdad,  
Shall not God thy foe be, Day of Reckoning  
sure, right, is there none ?  
They have recked Abu-Hanifa's city through  
thy lack of care :  
O in thee of Islam's and the Prophet's,  
zeal light is there none ?  
God, who favoured us, whilst yet we knew  
not, with the Sultanate,  
Shall again accord Baghdad, decreed of  
God's might, is there none ?  
Thou hast brought on Islam's army direful  
ruin with thy bribes ;  
Have we not heard how thou sayest : 'Word  
of this foul blight is there none ?'  
With the aid of God, fell vengeance on the  
enemy to take  
By me, skilled and aged Vizir, pious, zeal-  
dight, is there none ?  
Now shall I appoint commander a Vizir of  
high emprise ;  
Will not Khizr and the Prophet aid him ?  
guide right is there none ?  
It is that thou dost the whole world void  
and empty now conceive ?  
Of the seven shines Murâdy, king of high  
might, is there none ?

In spite of this reproof, Murâd loved his vizir, who was indeed a brave and accomplished man, and ill-deserved the miserable fate which befell him. The disaffected spahis of Stamboul, in one of their revolts, demanded the head of Hâfiz. It was a question between the Vizir's head and the Sultan's throne. Murâd was determined to save his favourite ; but the gallant Vizir knew the danger of the situation, and having performed the ablution of those about to die, came forth, and saying to the Sultan : "My Padishah, may a thousand slaves like Hâfiz die for thee," and repeating a prayer, walked out to be cut in pieces by the rioters. One is glad to think the Sultan took a sanguinary vengeance on the murderers.

There is very little war-poetry in the volume, although war was the one thing the Ottomans really understood.

Sultan Mohammad II. indeed composed a somewhat goody gazel on his zeal for Allah and desire to crush the infidels, and Selim I., the next great warrior sultan, the annexer of Syria and Egypt, wrote the following ode to his own conquests :—

From Istamböl's throne a mighty host to  
Irän guided I ;  
Sunken deep in blood of shame I made  
the Golden Heads to lie.  
Glad the Slave, my resolution, lord of  
Egypt's realm became ;  
Thus I raised my royal banner e'en as the  
Nine Heavens high.  
From the kingdom fair of Iräk to Hijäz  
then tidings sped,  
When I played the harp of Heavenly Aid at  
feast of victory.  
Through my sabre Transoxania (*sic*) drowned  
was in a sea of blood ;  
Emptied I of kuhl of Isfahän the adver-  
sary's eye.  
Flowed adown a River Amu from each foe-  
man's every hair—  
Rolled the sweat of terror's fever—if I  
happed him to espy.  
Bishop-mated was the King of India by  
my Queenly troops,  
When I played the chess of empire on  
the board of sov'reignty.  
O Selimy, in thy name was struck the coin-  
age of the world,  
When in crucible of Love Divine, like  
gold, that melted I. (33)

A somewhat effusive ode of triumph on the Capitan Pasha's victory over the French was composed by Wäsif ; but the only real war-song is the following vigorous piece, written by Raf'at Beg, in the present century :—

Our hopes, our thoughts, are for the weal of  
our dear native land ;  
Our bodies form the rampart strong to guard  
our frontier strand :  
We're Ottomans,—a gory shroud our robe of  
honour grand.

'God is most great !' we shout in rush  
and charge on field of fight :

We're Ottomans ! our lives we give, our  
gain is glory bright.

The name of Ottoman with terror doth the  
hearer thrill ;

The glories of our valiant fathers all the  
wide world fill ;

Think not that nature changeth,—nay this  
blood is yon blood still.

'God is most great !' we shout in rush  
and charge on field of fight :

We're Ottomans ! our lives we give, our  
gain is glory bright.

Then let the cannon roar and shower its  
flames on every side !

For these our brothers brave, let heaven ope  
its portals wide !

What have we found on earth that one from  
death should flee or hide ?

'God is most great !' we shout in rush  
and charge on field of fight :

We're Ottomans ! our lives we give, our  
gain is glory bright. (157.)

This has something of the true ring in it—something of the clash of steel. It is just the lack of this, the want of warmth, and earnestness, and sincerity, that makes us close Mr. Gibb's beautiful volume with a sense of disappointment. After all, this Ottoman poetry which he has taken so much pains to introduce to English readers is a hollow, unreal thing. It is a court poetry, and bears the stamp of a court's limitations and conventionalities. It is not even an original court poetry, for, as Mr. Gibb admits, it is "Persian in form, Persian in tone, and generally Persian in subject ; even the Arabian ray comes to it through a Persian medium." And the poetry of which it is an imitation is itself mannered and artificial. Hence Ottoman poetry is doubly conventional ; the faults of the Persian are exaggerated, and no new or countervailing element is introduced. Graceful it is, like the Persian ; but it is the snicking elegance of a *minuet de la cour*, not the natural grace of a Highland lass's step. Strength is the quality we miss in most Persian poetry, and the little that was masculine in it is finally eliminated in its cispontine *replica*. There's nothing robust about Ottoman poetry, nothing healthy or vigorous in its love or its patriotism. Everywhere we trace the effects of a luxurious, artificial life in a metropolis, where the natural growth of genius is cramped and pressed into the groove of convention, and poetic art is no longer a living inspiration, but a cast from a dead face.

This is Ottoman poetry : but is it Turkish ? Can it in any adequate sense be regarded as the expression of

the national feeling of the Turkish race? Assuredly not. What we have been reading is the conventional poetry of the Turkish court and capital; there must also be a poetry of the common folk and of the country.

No such popular poetry of the Turks is known in literature, but it certainly exists in the mouth of the people, whose delight in their ballads is hardly inferior to their enjoyment of the tales of the story-tellers or the performances of Karaguz. We remember reading a curious essay by Vámbéry in the *Journal of the German Oriental Society*, on a Turkoman poet whom the ingenious Hungarian professor had unearthed. Turkoman is very much the same thing as Turk, and this Machdumkuli spoke a language nearly related to the dialect of the Ottomans. He was one of those dervishes who exert so wonderful an influence among the wanderers of the Steppes; and he belonged to the Göklen, a tribe famous for its poetic gifts. The dervish who added the eloquence of the bard to the sanctity of the ascetic, possessed a power irresistible among the Turkomans; and when one of these saintly Troubadours approached an encampment, staff in hand, and two-stringed dutara hanging from his neck, he was sure of a welcome and an eager audience. As he sang, the folk would be more moved than by all the fervour of the Ulema, and his words and maxims would go down to posterity with an authority which rivalled that of the blessed Koran itself. Professor Vámbéry's hero, Machdumkuli, was a fine specimen of these dervish-poets. His influence, though he has been dead a century, is still powerful for good among his people, and his verses are treasured as sacred legacies. His poetry, is above all things religious and patriotic. He was a thorough Turkoman, and his "divan" abounds in patriotic poems which possess that *verve* and *lilt* which we miss in Ottoman verse. Here is an example of a real Turkish ballad:—

'Tis the troop of the Yomuts and Göklen  
a-move;  
None knows whence they come nor whither  
they rove;  
From lands far remote and broad pastures  
they tramp,  
No man knows their way nor the place where  
they camp.  
Let the 'Raven' engage with the 'Hawk'  
in bataille,  
And the rocks and hills shake at the clash of  
their mail;  
None knows how their feet cling to earth  
in the shocks,  
Nor which is the 'Lion,' the 'Wolf,' and  
the 'Fox.'  
There are three thousand heroes with lances  
to heel,  
Four thousand with muskets of glittering  
steel;  
When the Tekkés come rushing like hail-  
stones a-down,  
None knows who's the nomad and who the  
dull clown.  
Like the rush of the storm-wind, they seize  
Isfahān,  
And hamlets whose number no cipher can  
span.  
Machdumkuli! Lion Aly is there on the  
field!  
See how Omar and Othman their shining  
blades wield!  
The world is full-filled with the neighing of  
steeds:  
Is this earth, or but dust, lies on Khorassān  
meads!

Machdumkuli is as mystical as any Ottoman, but his mysticism is not a conceit; it comes naturally and spontaneously from his heart. And dervish as he was, the Turkoman poet could sing a love-song better than all the Sultans and Pashas we have been studying. Doubtless it is meant mystically, but this little piece has more of the man in it than all that the Muse of Stamboul has recited:—

Two score journeys over the sea,  
If the darling would only beckon to me!  
Forty years would I carry my chain,  
Or wander for sixty, for one week's bliss,—  
Life for a look were too easy a gain,  
Would my dear one but turn me her beauty,  
I wiss.

And if I am worthy to see her, still  
Must the pain of our parting my heart-  
strings thrill?  
At the touch of hope all sorrow would flee,  
Would the door of her palace but open  
to me!

<sup>1</sup> See "A Turkoman Poet," in the *Saturday Review*, Jan. 3, 1880.

It is a popular poetry like this that we seek among the Turks. Will not Mr. Gibb, who has so ably introduced us to the court poetry of Brusa and Constantinople, turn his attention to the task of rescuing the ballads and songs of the Turkish people, wherever they may be found, from an oblivion which is more to be regretted than that ignorance of Ottoman poetry which he has so valiantly attacked? We are glad to be instructed in the character of Ottoman verse, but we should be more glad to learn something of a national Turkish poetry. "Poetry is not confined to books," says Festus; and we confess that Ottoman poetry is too booky, too much of a literary machine. What we seek is that spirit of the poet to which "all things were inspiration"—

Wood, wold, hill, field, sea, city, solitude,  
And crowds, and streets, and man where'er  
he was;  
And the blue eye of God which is above us;  
Brook-bounded pine spinnies where spirits  
flit;  
And haunted pits the rustic hurries by,  
Where cold, wet ghosts sit ringing jingling  
bells;  
Old orchards' leaf-roofed aisles, and red-  
cheeked load;  
And the blood-coloured tears which yew-  
trees weep  
O'er churchyard graves, like murderers  
remorseful.

The eastern poet may not see these very sights, but whatever he does see must enter into his poetry. This is just what does not come into Ottoman verse; the court poet writes only of things he does *not* see,—things of conventional poetic fiction. Let Mr. Gibb see if he can find some national poetry in the Turkish race.

STANLEY LANE-POOLE.

## ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE is dead. There is no need for me either to write his life or to criticize his writings. That has been done plentifully already by others. But, as it happened, it was my lot to see very nearly the last of him before the seizure which took him from us, I feel a kind of call to put on record a few remembrances of him during the present and last years. He was not an old friend of mine, though, but for the chances of an examination, he easily might have been. He was eight years older than I; so it must have been about the year 1833 that he stood for a scholarship at Trinity. He was not elected, and Mr. Arthur Kensington, who was tutor in my earliest days, was. Mr. Kensington, if he be still alive, is lost to the world. But he was a fine scholar and a man whom everybody was fond of. Still I think we should have been well pleased to reckon either the creator of Barchester or the champion of Cicero among the scholars and fellows of Sir Thomas Pope.

This little fact in his early life was told me by Mr. Trollope last year. It was then that I made his personal acquaintance at Rome. I saw him there for the first time on March 29th, 1881. I had long wished to see him. Some may remember that, about a dozen years before that time, I had a controversy with him on the question of the "Morality of Field Sports." Mr. Trollope answered an article of mine which appeared under that heading in the *Fortnightly Review*. I cannot say that Mr. Trollope's article at all converted me to an approval of his favourite amusement; but it gave me the very best personal impression of at least one of its votaries. I need not say that before that I was familiar with a good many of Mr. Trollope's novels, especially the inimitable "Warden" and "Barchester Towers."

Those tales always spoke specially home to one whose life has somehow been cast a good deal among bishops, deans, and canons, though I must very positively add that it has never been my lot to come across Mrs. Proudie in real life. But I never saw Mr. Trollope himself till that day at Rome. There I met him, and one who was by described the meeting—"They took to one another in a moment." I certainly took to Mr. Trollope, and I have every reason to think that Mr. Trollope took to me. He told me afterwards that before that time he had hated me for two reasons. One was that in the controversy about field sports I had, with special reference to the last moments of the fox, asked the question which Cicero asks about the *venationes* of his time: "Quæ potest homini politico esse delectatio?" I was a little proud of this ground of hatred, as I took it for a sign that I might fairly cry "Habet." The other ground I thought was less reasonable. When one of the last meetings on South-Eastern affairs was held, as late as 1878, while I was away at Palermo, I was asked, as I could not be there, to write something, and what I wrote was read at the meeting. Mr. Trollope hated me because time was spent in reading my letter, which would have been better spent in hearing a living speech—perhaps from Mr. Trollope. I have no doubt that Mr. Trollope was quite right in so thinking; but he should surely have hated those who asked me to write, not me who simply did what I was asked. But these, I fancy, were feelings of a past time. As I certainly never hated Mr. Trollope at any time, neither do I think that Mr. Trollope hated me after that pleasant March 29th.

Rome, Palermo, Ragusa, and Trieste, are all of them, in my experience, good places either for ferreting out

old friends or for making new ones. Mr. Trollope is not the only one of a group whom I saw something of last year at Rome who is now lost to us. Another was Mr. Richard H. Dana, who was then busy in his studies of international law. A third was a less known man, but one who deserved to be better known, Mr. C. E. Giles, the architect. I well remember going round the walls of Rome with him and tracing out the extent of the repairs of Belisarius. He was to have come again from Florence, and to have gone minutely into the whole thing. But it was ordered otherwise. With Mr. Trollope I did not go much about in Rome, but I went with him to the most fitting of all places to go with him, to the hill where once stood the white streets of Tusculum. On the whole, my head was most full of Octavius Mamilius and his of Marcus Tullius Cicero; still we found much kindred matter to think of and talk of. We climbed the *arx* together, and from that Ebal we cursed a common enemy who shall be nameless. And may I tell both Mr. J. C. Morison and his critic in the *Spectator* that, on the slope of that *arx*, hard by the tomb of some prætor or dictator of old Tusculum, I repeated, and Mr. Trollope was well pleased to listen to, the soul-stirring lines which begin:

"Fast, fast, with heels wild spurning,  
The dark-grey charger fled."

I have indeed lately found myself the subject of a very odd dispute, though certainly in the very best company, with Grote, Mommsen, and Ranke. I blush to reckon myself as one of such a quaternion; but one disputant argues that it would have been a "degradation" to any of us four to have written Macaulay's "Lays," while another answers that it would have been no "degradation" to any of us to have done it, but that we none of us could have done it if we had tried. This last, I fear, is perfectly true of me, whatever it may be of Mommsen or Ranke; but, however Mommsen or Ranke may feel, I at least should be

well pleased if it were otherwise. Mr. Matthew Arnold calls Macaulay's Lays "pinchbeck," I suppose, because, like Homer, they can be understood, and do not need a Society to sit and explain them. I fancy that neither Mr. Morison nor Mr. Arnold can know the delight of going from Thirty-city to Thirty-city—I coin my formula after the pattern of "a Six-Preacher" at Canterbury—of tracking out

"Aricia, Cora, Norba,  
Velitæ, with the might  
Of Setia and of Tusculum,"

with the living verse, the marvellously-chosen epithets, in one's mind and on one's lips—of looking forth from the Alban Mount to the spot

"Where the witches' fortress  
O'erhangs the dark-blue seas;"

of standing by

"The still glassy lake that sleeps  
Beneath Aricia's trees;  
Those trees in whose dim shadow  
The ghastly priest doth reign,  
The priest that slew the slayer,  
And shall himself be slain."

It is something to have such lines ringing in one's ears, even in the attempt to ride from Cora to Norba on the back of an Old-Latin, or possibly a Volscian, ass. And certainly neither Mr. Trollope nor I felt any "degradation," nor did the word "pinchbeck" come into our heads, as from the *arx* of Tusculum we looked on one side to the field where once was Lake Regillus, and on the other to the "southern waters" over which "the sails of Carthage" brought the "purple vest" the "prince of the Latian name." As I said, my head ran most on Mamilius and Mr. Trollope's most on Cicero; but Mr. Trollope was quite willing to hear me talk about Mamilius, and I was more than willing to hear Mr. Trollope talk about Cicero. That was a subject on which he talked well and wisely, both on that day and at other times.

A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* said the other day of Mr. Trollope, that "it was honourable to his taste

for literature that he should have maintained through one of the busiest lives of our generation his taste for the classics; but his books on Cæsar and Cicero are worthless." Now when one hears about "the classics," one knows at once what the argument is worth. When a man opposes "the classics" to something of our own day, say to a "busy life," one knows at once that his "classics" are something apart from the run of real human affairs, scraps perhaps from Horace and Virgil, according to the old "scholar and gentleman" doctrine. Now Mr. Trollope's interest in Roman history was something much higher than this. He took it as something which was a part of the real course of human affairs. I must speak with diffidence as to details; for, though I have talked a good deal with Mr. Trollope about such matters, I have not read his books on Cæsar and Cicero. To confess the truth, I mean to read them, but I have not yet got to them; if they had dealt with Gaius Licinius and Appius the Blind, I should doubtless have mastered them before now. But I can bear witness that two very eminent historical scholars, one English and one German, think quite differently of Mr. Trollope's Roman studies from the writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. My English friend held that, notwithstanding some slips in minute scholarship—which might have been avoided if Mr. Trollope had been elected at Trinity—he had the root of the matter in him, that he thoroughly understood the real life of his period and his characters. My German friend—whose remarks I showed to Mr. Trollope to his extreme delight—took the exactly opposite line to the *Pall Mall* writer; he held that it was just Mr. Trollope's own busy life which enabled him really to enter into the true life of Cicero and his contemporaries. This is indeed hitting the nail on the head; it was because Mr. Trollope had seen a good deal of men and things in England and Ireland and other parts of the world that he was able to understand

men and things at Rome also. I know not how it may sound either at Balliol or at Berlin; but nothing is more certain than that Arnold and Grote, simply because they were active citizens of a free state, understood ten thousand things in Greek and Roman history which Mommsen and Curtius, with all their fresh lights in other ways, fail to understand. And, though I have not read Mr. Trollope's Roman books, I have talked enough with him on Roman matters to see that he had read not a little, and that he had made good use of his reading. I dare say he has made slips in detail, but he certainly understood the general state of the case. There was no fear of his thinking that, if a patrician noble married or was adopted into the house of a plebeian noble, he thereby went down into the gutter or mixed himself up with the "*canaille*." Mr. Trollope had written stories enough to know that, in England also, there is nothing miraculous in a duke marrying the daughter of a baronet or esquire, or in a baronet or esquire marrying the daughter of a duke. For Cicero Mr. Trollope had a genuine enthusiasm; one might have thought that his life had been given to Cicero and nothing else. It was a subject on which he would harangue, and harangue very well. It was the moral side of Cicero's character, or at any rate of Cicero's writings, that most struck him. Here, he said, was a Christian before Christianity. And certainly that man would be no bad practical Christian who should live according to Cicero's standard of moral duty. I once ventured to whisper, with less knowledge of the subject certainly than Mr. Trollope's, that there was something not quite pretty about the divorce of Terentia and the second marriage with Publilia. But Mr. Trollope did not forsake his friend at a pinch. Terentia had behaved badly about money-matters during her husband's banishment, and to divorce her was quite the right thing.

Mr. Trollope paid me a visit the week before his seizure. I was de-

lighted to have him with me for many reasons, not the least because I wanted to put him on in the geography of Barset and Barchester. I used to chuckle over the names, thinking how lucky the novelist was who had made his shire and his city fit so neatly, as if there really had been *Barsætan*, as well as *Dorsætan* and *Sumorsætan*. (So Macaulay's "Bussex rhine,"—which I strongly suspect is simply the rhine of Mr. Busick,—always suggests an otherwise unrecorded tribe of Saxons, *Butseseaxe* or Boet-Saxons, most fitting indwellers for that marshy land.) It was perhaps fitting that, in the short time that Mr. Trollope was with me, the only people we had a chance of introducing him to were two bishops, of different branches of the vineyard. In company with one of them, Bishop Clifford of Clifton, I took him over part of the range of hills between Wells and Wedmore, that he might look out on the land of Barset, if Barset it was to be. It is a land that Mr. Trollope knew well in his post-office days; but he was well pleased to take a bird's-eye view of it again. He enjoyed our scenery; but he did not enjoy either our mud or our stiles, and it was pleasant to see the way in which the Bishop, more active than I was, helped him over all difficulties. For then, and even at Rome, Mr. Trollope was clearly not in his full strength, though there was no sign that serious sickness was at all near. This was on October 25th; the next day he was shown Wells and Glastonbury in due order. He allowed Barset to be Somerset, though certainly Gatherum Castle has been brought to us from some other land. But he denied that Barchester was Wells. Barchester was Winchester, where he was at school, and the notion of Hiram's Hospital was taken from Saint Cross. But I argued with him that, if Barchester was not Wells, at any rate Wells, perhaps along with other places, had helped to supply ideas for Barchester. The constitution of the church of Barchester, not exactly like either an old or a new foundation, and

where the precentor has the singular duty of chanting the litany, seemed to imply that ideas from more than one place were mixed together. The little church over the gate could not come from Wells; but it might come from Canterbury as well as from Winchester, or even from Langport within the bounds of Barset. And was it not "*Barchester Towers*"? and towers are a feature much more conspicuous at Wells than at Winchester. And if the general ideas of Hiram's Hospital came from Saint Cross, the particular notion of woolcombers must have come from Wells, where a foundation for woolcombers with a becoming inscription is still to be seen. But, no; Barset was Somerset, but Barchester was Winchester, not Wells. He had not even taken any ideas from Wells; he had never heard of the Wells woolcombers. Still I cleave to the belief that Mr. Trollope, when he went to and fro in Somerset on behalf of Her Majesty's Post-office, had picked up some local ideas, and had forgotten where he found them.

We had also talk about other matters, among them, as was not unnatural, about Lord Palmerston. On that subject I could see that Mr. Trollope's Liberalism, though very thorough, was more traditional and conventional than mine, and that we looked at things somewhat differently, if only because he was eight years older than I was. I could see that Mr. Trollope felt towards Lord Palmerston as a head of the Liberal party, while to me he was simply the long-abiding deceiver of the Liberal party. Mr. Trollope, I could see, measured things by the remembrances of an older time than I did. Mr. Trollope had much to say about English interests in Syria, about getting the better of Louis Philippe, and such like, which he clearly knew more about than I did. Only I had a vision that, in this case—perhaps not in this case only—English interests meant, when there was only a choice between two despots, putting down the less bad despot to set up the worse. But he seemed



little amazed when I told him that to me Lord Palmerston was simply the consistent enemy of freedom abroad and of reform at home, the abettor of Buonaparte and the Turk, the man who never failed to find some struggling people to bully and some overbearing despot to cringe to. If I was a little dim about Louis Philippe, Mr. Trollope seemed a little dim about those Greek, Rouman, and other South-Eastern questions, in which Mr. Gladstone already stood forth as the champion of good, while Lord Palmerston showed himself no less distinctly the champion of evil than Lord Beaconsfield did afterwards. It was a curious discussion; it was not so much [that Mr. Trollope and I differed about any fact, or in our estimate of any fact, as that each looked at the question from a side which to the other seemed to have very little meaning.

Mr. Trollope left me on October 27th. On November 2nd he dined at Mr. Macmillan's at Tooting, where I was staying. He talked as well and heartily as usual. We all knew, as I had known the week before, that he was not in strong health, and that he needed to take some care of himself. But there was nothing to put it into any one's head that the end was so near. The next day came his seizure, and from that day onwards the newspapers told his tale.

I said that I would not criticize Mr. Trollope's writings. But I will mention one way only in which they have always struck me. I will not do Mr. Trollope such an ill turn as to compare him with George Eliot, the greatest, I suppose, of all writers of fiction till she took to theories and Jews. It was a wonderful feat to draw *Romola*; it was a wonderful feat to draw Mrs. Poyser; but for the same hand to draw *Romola* and Mrs. Poyser was something more than wonderful; if the fact were not certain, one would deem it impossible. Now assuredly Mr. Trollope could not have drawn *Romola*, and I do not think that he could have drawn Mrs. Poyser. Yet

the characters of George Eliot and the characters of Mr. Trollope have something in common, something which stands in contrast with the characters, for instance, of Dickens. Those of the latter that I know, seem, to me at least, to be forced and unnatural caricatures; if they belong at all to the *genus* Man, it can only be to the species Cockney. I never came across such people, and I do not wish to come across them. But George Eliot's characters are true to the universal nature of man. We know that her English characters are real; we feel that her Florentine characters must be equally real. So, in a lower walk, it is with Mr. Trollope. If his characters have not the depth of George Eliot's, they have equal truth. We have seen people like a great many of them, and we feel that we easily might come across people like the others. Mr. Trollope had certainly gone far to write himself out; his later work is far from being so good as his earlier. But after all, his worst work is better than a great many people's best; and, considering the way in which it was done, it is wonderful that it was done at all. I myself know what fixed hours of work are and their value; but I could not undertake to write about William Rufus or Appius Claudius up to a certain moment on the clock, and to stop at that moment. I suppose it was from his habits of official business that Mr. Trollope learned to do it, and every man undoubtedly knows best how to do his own work. Still it is strange that works of imagination did not suffer by such a way of doing. That work is now over; the intellectual wheel that has ground for us so much harmless pleasure has stopped. As Cato in his old age looked forward to seeing the fathers of Scipio and Lælius, so I trust it is not sinning against orthodox theology to hope that there may be some place in the economy of things where Tully may welcome the Anthony who has been his zealous champion.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## THE WIZARD'S SON.

### CHAPTER X.

KINLOCH HOURAN CASTLE stands out of the very waters of Loch Houran, with its ruined gables and towers clothed with ivy. From the water it looked like nothing but a roofless and deserted ruin. One tower in the centre stood up above the jagged lines of the walls, with something that looked like a ruined balcony or terrace commanding the landscape. The outline was indistinct, for the trees that had got footing in the ruined chambers below grew high and wild, veiling the means by which it was sustained at that altitude: but the little platform itself was very visible, surrounding the solid block of the tower, which showed no window or opening, but looked as if it might yet outlive centuries. As the boat approached, Walter saw the rowers whisper, and give significant looks at Symington, who sat respectfully on one of the cross seats, not to put himself in the way of his master, who occupied the other alone. Hoarse whispers breathed about the other end of the boat, and Symington was propped in the shoulders with an occasional oar. "Will ye no' be letting him see't?" the rowers said. Walter's faculties were eagerly acute in the strangeness of everything around him; the sense that he was going to an impossible house—to a ruin—on an impossible errand seemed to keep him

on the alert in every particular of his being. He could see through the dusk, he could hear through the whistle of the wind and the lashing of the water upon the boat's side, which was like the roar of a mimic storm; and he was not even insensible to the comic element in Symington's face, who waved away the oar with which he was poked, and replied with words and frowns and looks full of such superiority of information, that a burst of sudden nervous laughter at the sight relieved Walter's excitement. He felt that a thrill of disapproval at this went through the boat, and the men in the bow shook their bonnets as they rowed.

"It's nothing to laugh at, my lord," said old Symington, "though I'm not one—and I make no question but your lordship is not one—to lose my presence o' mind. Yon's the phenomenon that they wanted me to call your lordship's attention to," he added, jerking his arm, but without turning his head, in the direction of the tower.

"The light?" Walter said. He had been about to ask what the meaning of it might be. It had not been visible at all when they started, but for the last moment or two had been growing steadily. The daylight was waning every minute, and no doubt (he thought) it was this that made the light more evident. It shone from the balcony or high roof-terrace which surrounded the old

tower. It was difficult to distinguish what it was, or identify any lamp or beacon as the origin of it. It seemed to come from the terrace generally, a soft, extended light, with nothing fiery in it, no appearance of any blaze or burning, but a motionless, clear shining, which threw a strange glimmer upwards upon the solid mass of the tower, and downwards upon the foliage, which was black and glistening, and upon the surface of the water. "Yon's the phenomenon," said Symington, pointing with a jerk of his elbow. The light brought out the whole mass of rugged masonry and trees from the rest of the landscape, and softly defined it against the darker background.

"How is it done?" said the young man, simply. He perceived the moment after that his tone was like that of the bagman on the coach, and shivered at the thought. So soft and steady was the light that it had not seemed to him extraordinary at all.

"What do you mean by a phenomenon?" he asked, hastily. He remembered suddenly that the young lady on the coach had spoken of this light, and taken it, so to speak, under her protection.

"If your lordship has any desire to inquire into my opinion," said old Symington, "though I doubt that's little likely, I would say it was just intended to work on the imagination. Now and then, indeed, it's useful in the way of a sign—like a person waving to you to come and speak; but to work on the imagination, that's what I would say."

Walter looked up at the light which threw a faint glimmer across the dark water, showing the blackness of the roughened ripple, over which they were making their way, and bringing into curious prominence the dark mass of the building rising out of it. It was not like the moon, it was more distinct than starlight, it was paler than a torch: nor was there any apparent central point from which it came.

There was no electric light in those days, nor was Loch Houran a probable spot for its introduction: but the clear colourless light was of that description. It filled the visitor with a vague curiosity, but nothing more.

"To work on—whose imagination? and with what object?" he said.

But as he asked the question the boat shot forward into the narrow part of the loch, and rounded the corner of the ruin. Anything more hopeless as a place to which living passengers, with the usual incumbrances of luggage, were going, could not well be conceived; but after a few minutes rowing, the boat ran in to some rude steps on the other side of the castle, where there were traces of a path leading up across the rough grass to a partially visible door. All was so dark by this time that it was with difficulty that Walter found the landing; when he had got ashore, and his portmanteau had been put out on the bank, the men in the boat pushed off with an energy and readiness which proved their satisfaction in getting clear of the castle and its traditions. To find himself left there, with an apparently ruined house behind him, his property at his feet, his old servant by his side, night closing in around, and the dark glistening water lapping up on the stones at his feet, was about as forlorn a situation as could be imagined.

"Are we to pass the night here?" he said, in a voice which could not help being somewhat querulous.

The sound of a door opening behind interrupted his words, and turning round he saw an old man standing in the doorway, with a small lamp in his hand. He held it up high over his head to see who the new-comers were; and Walter, looking round, saw a bowed and aged figure—a pale old face, which might have been made out of ivory, so bloodless was it, the forehead polished and shining, some grey locks escaping at the side of a black skull-cap, and eyes looking out keenly into the darkness.

"It is just his lordship, Macalister," said old Symington.

The young man, who was so strange to it all, stood with a sort of helplessness between the two old men who were familiar with each other and the place and all its customs.

"Come away, then, come away," cried the guardian of the house, with a shrill voice that penetrated the stillness sharply. "What are ye biding there for in the dark?"

"And who's to carry up my lord's portmanteau?" said Symington.

"His portmanteau!" cried the other, with a sort of eldritch laugh. "Has he come to bide?"

This colloquy held over him exasperated Walter, and he seized the portmanteau hastily, forgetting his dignity.

"Lend a hand, Symington, and let us have no more talk," he said.

There is a moment when the most forlorn sensations and the most dismal circumstances become either ludicrous or irritating. The young man shook off his sense of oppression and repugnance as he hastened up the slope to the door, while the lantern, flashing fitfully about, showed now the broken path, now the rough red masonry of the ruin, which was scarcely less unlike a ruin on this side than on the other. The door gave admittance into a narrow passage only, out of which a spiral staircase ascended close to the entrance, the passage itself apparently leading away into the darkness to a considerable distance. At the end of it stood a woman with a lighted candle peering out at the stranger as the man had done. He seemed to realise the stories which every one has read of a belated traveller unwillingly received into some desolate inn, which turns out to be the headquarters of a robber-band, and where the intruder must be murdered ere the morning.

"This is your way, my lord," said the shrill old man, leading the way up the spiral stair. The whole scene was like a picture. The woman holding up her light at the end of the long

passage, the old man with his lamp, the dark corners full of silence and mystery, the cold wind blowing as through an icy ravine. And the sensations of the young man, who had not even had those experiences of adventure which most young men have in these travelling days, whom poverty and idleness had kept at home in tame domestic comfort, were very strange and novel. He seemed to himself to be walking into a romance, not into any real place, but into some old storybook, a mystery of Udolpho, an antiquated and conventional region of gloom and artificial alarms.

"Come this way, my lord; come this way," said the old man; "the steps are a bit worn, for they're auld, auld—as auld as the house. But we hope you'll find everything as comfortable as the circumstances will permit. We have had just twa three days to prepare, my mistress and me; but we've done our best, as far," he added, "as the circumstances will permit. This way, this way, my lord."

At the head of the stair everything was black as night. The old man's lamp threw his own somewhat fantastic shadow upon the wall of a narrow corridor as he held it up to guide the new-comer. Close to the top of the staircase, however, there opened a door, through which a warm light was showing, and Walter, to his surprise, found himself in a comfortably-furnished room with a cheerful fire, and a table covered for dinner, a welcome end to the discomfort and gloom of the arrival. The room was low, but large, and there were candles on the mantelpiece and table which made a sort of twinkling illumination in the midst of the dark panelled walls and dark furniture. The room was lined with books at one end. It was furnished with comfortable sofas and chairs of modern manufacture. There was a curious dim mirror over the mantelshelf in a heavy gilt frame of old carving, one or two dim old portraits hung opposite, the curtains were drawn, the fire was

bright, the white tablecloth with an old-fashioned silver vase in the middle, and the candles burning, made a cheerful centre of light. At the further end was another door, open, which admitted to a bedroom, dim, but comfortable in the firelight. All this was encouraging. Walter threw himself into a chair with a sense that the situation altogether was improving. Things cannot be so very bad when there is a fire and lights, and a prospect of dinner. He began to laugh at himself, when he had taken off his coat, and felt the warmth of the glowing fire. Everything around him was adapted for comfort. There was a little want of light which left all the corners mysterious, and showed the portraits dimly, like half-seen spectators, looking down from the wall; but the comfortable was much more present than the weird and uncanny which had so much predominated on his arrival. And when a dinner which was very good and carefully cooked, and a bottle of wine, which, though he had not very much skill in that subject, Walter knew to be costly and fine, had been served with noiseless care by Symington, the young man began to recover his spirits, and to think of the tradition which required his presence here, as silly indeed, but without harm. After dinner he seated himself by the fire to think over the whole matter. It was not yet a fortnight since this momentous change had happened in his life. Before that he had been without importance, without use in the world, with little hope, with nothing he cared for sufficiently to induce him to exert himself one way or another. Now after he had passed this curious probation whatever it was, what a life opened before him! He did not even know how important it was, how much worth living. It shone before him indistinctly as a sort of vague, general realisation of all dreams. Wealth—that was the least of it; power to do whatever he pleased; to affect other people's lives, to choose for himself

almost whatever pleased him. He thought of Parliament, even of government, in his ignorance: he thought of travel, he thought of great houses full of gaiety and life. It was not as yet sufficiently realised to make him decide on one thing or another. He preferred it as it was, vague—an indefinite mass of good things and glories to come. Only this ordeal, or whatever it was—those few days more or less that he was bound to remain at Kinloch Houran, stood between him and his magnificent career. And after all, Kinloch Houran was nothing very terrible. It might be like the mysteries of Udolpho outside; but all the mysteries of Udolpho turned out, he remembered, quite explainable, and not so very alarming after all; and these rooms, which bore the traces of having been lived in very lately, and which were quite adapted to be lived in, did not seem to afford much scope for the mysterious. There were certain points, indeed, in which they were defective, a want of air, something which occasionally caught at his respiration, and gave him a sort of choked and stifled sensation; but that was natural enough, so carefully closed as everything was, curtains drawn, every draught warded off. Sometimes he had an uneasy feeling as if somebody had come in behind him and was hanging about the back of his chair. On one occasion he even went so far as to ask sharply, "Is it you, Symington?" but, looking back, was ashamed of himself, for of course there was nobody there. He changed his seat, however, so as to face the door, and even went the length of opening it, and looking out to see if there was any one about. The little corridor seemed to ramble away into a darkness so great that the light of his candle did no more than touch its surface—the spiral staircase looked like a well of gloom. This made him shiver slightly, and a half wish to lock his door came over him, of which he felt ashamed as he turned back into the cheerful light.

After all, it was nothing but the sensation of loneliness which made this impression. He went back to his chair and once more resumed his thoughts—or rather was it not his thoughts—nay, his fancies—that resumed him, and fluttered about and around, presenting to him a hundred swiftly changing scenes! He saw visions of his old life, detached scenes which came suddenly up through the darkness and presented themselves before him—a bit of Sloebury High Street, with a group of his former acquaintances now so entirely separated from him; the little drawing-room at the cottage, with Julia Herbert singing him a song; Underwood's rooms on that particular night when he had gone in, in search of something like excitement and had found everything so dull and flat. None of these scenes had any connection with his new beginning in life. They all belonged to the past, which was so entirely past and over. But these were the scenes which came with a sort of perversity, all broken, changing like badly managed views in a magic lantern, produced before him without any will of his. There was a sort of bewildering effect in the way in which they swept along, one effacing another, all of them so alien to the scene in which he found himself. He had to get up at last, shaking himself as free of the curious whirl of unwonted imagination as he could. No doubt his imagination was excited; but happily not, he said to himself, by anything connected with the present scene in which he found himself. Had it been roused by these strange surroundings, by the darkness and silence that were about him, by the loneliness to which he was so unused, he felt that there was no telling what he might see or think he saw; but fortunately it was not in this way that his imagination worked. His pulse was quick, however, his heart beating, a quite involuntary excitement in all his bodily faculties. He got up hastily and went to the bookshelves, where he found, to his surprise, a large col-

lection of novels and light literature. It seemed to Walter that his predecessor, whom he had never seen—the former Lord Erradeen, who inhabited these rooms not very long ago—had been probably, like himself, anxious to quench the rising of his fancy in the less exciting course of a fictitious drama, the conventional excitements of a story. He looked over the shelves with a curious sympathy for this unknown person, whom indeed he had never thought much upon before. Did that unknown know who was to succeed him? Did he ever speculate upon Walter as Walter was now doing upon him? He turned over the books with a strange sense of examining the secrets of his predecessor's mind. They were almost all books of adventure and excitement. He took down, after a moment, a volume of Dumas, and returned to his easy chair by the fire, to lose himself in the breathless ride of d'Artagnan and the luckless fortunes of the three companions. It answered the purpose admirably. A sudden lull came over his restless fancy. He was in great comfort externally, warmed and fed and reposing after a somewhat weary day, and the spell of the great storyteller got hold of him. He was startled out of this equable calm when Symington came in to light the candles in his bedroom and bring hot water, and offer his services generally. Symington regarded him with an approval which he did not think it worth his while to dissemble.

"That's right, my lord, that's right," he said. "Reading's a very fine thing when you have too much to occupy your thoughts."

Walter was amused by this deliverance, and happily not impatient of it. "That is a new reason for reading," he said.

"But it is a real just one, if your lordship will permit me to say so. Keep you to your book, my lord; it's just fine for putting other things out of your head. It's Dumas's you're reading? I've tried that French fellow myself, but I cannot say that I made

head or tail of him. He would have it that all that has happened in history was just at the mercy of a wheen adventurers, two or three vagrants of Frenchmen. No, no. I may believe a great deal, but I'm not likely to believe that."

"I see you are a critic, Symington; and do you read for the same reason that you have been suggesting to me?—because you have too much to occupy your thoughts?"

"Well, pairtly, my lord, and pairtly just in my idle hours to pass the time. I have made up your fire and lighted the candles, and everything is in order. Will I wait upon your lordship till you're inclined for your bed? or will I——" Symington made a significant pause, which it was not very difficult to interpret.

"You need not wait," Walter said; and then, with an instinct which he was half ashamed of, he asked hurriedly, "Whereabouts do you sleep?"

"That is just the difficulty," said old Symington. "I'm rather out of call if your lordship should want anything. The only way will just be to come down the stairs, if your lordship will take the trouble, and ring the big bell. It would waken a' the seven sleepers if it was rung at their lug: and I'm not so ill to waken when there is noise enough. But ye have everything to your hand, my lord. If you'll just give a glance into the other room, I can let ye see where everything is. There is the spirit-lamp, not to say a small kettle by the fire, and there's——"

"That will do," said Walter. "I shall not want anything more to-night."

The old servant went away with a glance round the room, in which Walter thought there was some anxiety, and stopped again at the door to say "Good night, my lord. It's not that I am keen for my bed—if your lordship would like me to bide, or even to take a doze upon a chair——"

"Go to bed, old Sym.," said the

young man with a laugh. The idea of finding a protector in Symington was somewhat ludicrous. But these interruptions disturbed him once more, and brought back his excitement: he felt a sort of pang as he heard the old servant's heavy step going down the winding stair, and echoing far away, as it seemed, into the bowels of the earth. Then that extreme and blighting silence which is like a sort of conscious death came upon the place. The thick curtains shut out every sound of wind and water outside as they shut out every glimpse of light. Walter heard his pulses in his ears, his heart thumping like the hammer of a machine. The whole universe seemed concentrated in that only living breathing thing, which was himself. He tried to resume his book, but the spell of the story was broken. He could no longer follow the fortunes of Athos, Porthos, and Aramis. Walter Methven thrust himself in front of these personages, and, though he was not half so amusing, claimed a superior importance by right of those pulses that clanged in his head like drums beating. He said to himself that he was very comfortable, that he had never expected to be so well off. But he could not regain his composure or sense of well being. It was a little better when he went into his bedroom, the mere movement and passage from one room to another being of use to him. The sense of oppression and stagnation, however, soon became almost greater here than in the sitting-room. One side of the room was entirely draped in close drawn curtains, so that it was impossible to make out even where the windows were. He drew them aside with some trouble, for the draperies were very heavy, but not to much advantage. At first it seemed to him that there were no windows at all; then he caught sight of something like a recess high in the wall; and climbing up, found the hasp of a rough shutter, which covered a small square window built into a cave of the deep masonry. That this

should be the only means of lighting an almost luxurious sleeping chamber, bewildered him more and more; but it would not open, and let in no air, and the atmosphere felt more stifling than ever in this revelation of the impossibility of renewing it. Finally, he went to bed with a sort of rueful sense that there was the last citadel and refuge of a stranger beset by imaginations in so weird and mysterious a place. He did not expect to sleep, but he determined that he would not, at least, be the sport of his own fancies.

It astonished Walter beyond measure to find himself waking in broad daylight, with Symington moving softly about the room, and a long window, the existence of which he had never suspected, facing him as he looked up from his pillows, after a comfortable night's sleep. Mingled shame and amusement made him burst into an uneasy laugh, as he realised this exceedingly easy end of his tribulations.

"Mrs. Macalister," said Symington, "would like well to know when your lordship is likely to be ready, to put down the trout at the right moment: for it's an awful pity to spoil a Loch Houran trout."

#### CHAPTER XI.

To insist upon the difference between an impression made when we arrive, tired and excited at night, in a strange place, and that which the same scene produces in the early freshness and new life of the morning, would be to deliver ourselves over to the reign of the truism. It would, however, have been impossible to feel this with more force than Walter felt it. His sensations of alarm and excitement struck him not only as unjustifiable but ludicrous. He laughed once more when he came out of his chamber into the warm and genial room, which had seemed to him so mysterious and dark on the previous night. There were

windows upon either side of the fireplace, each in a deep recess like a small room, so great was the thickness of the wall. They looked out upon the mountains, upon the narrow end of the loch, all bubbling and sparkling in the sunshine, and down upon the little grassy slope rough and uncared for, yet green, which was the only practicable entrance to the castle. The windows were not large, and the room still not very light, though the sunshine which poured in at one side made a most picturesque effect of light and shade. The portraits on the wall were better than they had seemed, and had lost the inquisitive air of dissatisfied inspection which Walter's imagination had given them. The bookshelves at the end gave relief to the room, with their cheerful gilding and the subdued tone of their bindings. Walter thought of the chamber in the *Pilgrim's Progress* turned towards the sunrising, the name of which was Peace. But peace was not the thing most suggested at Kinloch Houran by any of the accessories about, and a vision of the chilliness of the gray light in the afternoon, and the force of the east wind when it came, crossed his mind in true nineteenth century criticism of the more poetical view. But in the meantime, the policy of enjoying the present was undeniable, especially when that present took the form of a Loch Houran trout, fresh from the water, and cooked as fish only are under such conditions. He looked back upon the agitations of the evening, and the reluctant angry sentiment with which he had come to this old house of his family with amused incredulity and shame. To think that he could be such an impressionable fool! He dismissed it all lightly from his mind as he hurried over his breakfast, with the intention of getting out at once and exploring everything about. He had even newspapers upon his table along with the fresh scones, the new-made butter, all the fresh provisions of the meal. To be sure, it was Glasgow and not London from which



they came—but the world's history was no less instant in them, flashing from all parts of the world into this home of the ancient ages.

His first inspection was of the castle itself, which he undertook under the auspices of old Symington and old Macalister, both eager to explain and describe what it had been, as well as what it was. What it was did not consist of very much. "My lord's rooms," those in which he had spent the night, were the only habitable portion of the great pile. He was led through the roofless hall, with its musicians' gallery still perched high up and overshadowed with canopies of ashen boughs, vigorous though leafless; the guard-room, the supposed kitchen with its large chimney, the oblong space from east to west which was supposed to have been the chapel. All was a little incoherent in the completeness of ruin. There was little of the stimulation of family pride to be got out of those desolate places. The destruction was too complete to leave room even for the facile web of imagination. The Crusader, about whom there was a legend a little too picturesque and romantic to be true, or the lady who was only saved by his sudden appearance from unfaithfulness, were not more easy to conjure up within the inclosure of those shapeless walls than on any unremarkable spot where the story might have been told. Walter grew a little weary as Symington and the old guardian of the house argued as to which was this division of the castle, and which that. He left them discussing the question, and climbed up by a rude stair which had been half improvised from the ruined projections of the masonry, to the crumbling battlements above. From thence he looked down upon a scene which was older than the oldest ruin, yet ever fresh in perennial youth: the loch stretched out like a great mirror under the wintry blue of the sky and the dazzling blaze of the sunshine, reflecting everything, every speck of

cloud above and every feathery twig and minute island below. There was no need to make believe to simulate unfelt enthusiasm, or endeavour to connect with unreal associations this wonderful and glorious scene. Perhaps there was in his mind something more in harmony with the radiance of nature than with the broken fragments of a history which he had no skill to piece up into life again. He stood gazing upon the scene in a rapture of silent delight. The hills in their robes of velvet softness, ethereal air-garments more lovely than any tissue ever woven in mortal loom, drew aside on either hand in the blue space and dazzling atmosphere to open out this liquid vale of light, with its dark specks of islets, its feathery banks, all rustling with leafless trees. Every outline and detail within its reach was turned into a line, a touch, more sweet by the flattering glory of the still water in which everything was double. The morning freshness and sheen were still unbroken. It was like a new creation lying contemplating itself in the first ecstasy of consciousness. Walter was gazing upon this wonderful scene when the sharp voice of old Macalister made him start, and take a step aside which almost had serious consequences: for he stepped back unawarily upon the crumbling wall, and might have fallen but for the violent grip of the old man, who clutched him like a shaky Hercules, with a grasp which was vigorous yet trembling.

"Lord's sake take care," he cried. His face flushed, then paled again with genuine emotion. "Do you think we have a store of young lads like you, that you will risk your life like yon? and just in the place where the lady fell. You have given me such a start I canna breathe," he cried.

To tell the truth, looking back upon it, Walter himself did not like the look of the precipice which he had escaped.

"Where the lady fell?" he asked with a little eagerness, as he came to the battlement.

"Oh ay. I seldom bother my head about what's happened, so to speak, two or three days since. It was just there she fell. She has been bedridden ever since, from a' I hear, which just shows the folly of venturing about an auld place without somebody that knows how to take care of ye. What would have come of you yoursel', that is the maister of a', if auld Sandy Macalister had not been there?"

"Thank you, Macalister, you shall find me grateful," said Walter; "but who was this lady? two or three days ago, did you say?"

"Years—years; did I no say years? Oh ay, it may be longer, twenty or thirty. I'm meaning just naething in a life like mine. She had some silly story of being frightened with a gentleman that she thought she saw. They are keen about making up a story—women folk. She was just the sister to the man of business, ye'll have heard of her,—a pretty bit thing, if that was of any consequence; but, Lord's sake, what's that atween you and me, and you ignorant of everything?" the old man said. "Do you see the chimneys yonder, and the gable end with the crow steps, as they call it, just pushing out among the trees? That's just your ain shooting-box—they call it Auchnasheen. I'll tell you the meanings of the names another time. Out beyond yonder, the big house away at the point, it's a new place built for his diversion by one of your new men. Yon island far away that's bare and green is the island of Rest, where all the loch was once buried: and atween us and that there's another isle with a gable end among the trees which is just the last place that's left to an auld race to plant their feet upon. It's a bonnie piece of water; you that's come from the south you'll never have seen the like. I'll tell you all the stories of the divers places, and how they're connected with the Me'vans that are chiefs of Loch Houran; for I wouldna give a button for that new-fangled title of the Lords Erradeen."

"It has lasted however for some centuries," said Walter, with a sudden

sense of displeasure which he felt to be absurd enough.

"And what is that in a family?" said old Macalister. "I think nothing of it. A hundred years or two that never counts one way nor another; it's nae antiquity. If that nonsense were true about the Warlock lord, he would be but twa hundred and fifty at the present speaking, or thereabouts, and a' that have ever thought they saw him represent him as a fine personable man. I have never had that pleasure myself," the old man said with his shrill laugh. "Where are you going, my young gentleman? Ye'll just go down like a stane and end in a rattle of dust and mortar, if you'll no be guided by me."

"Let you his lordship alone, Sandy," cried the voice of Symington, intermingled with pants and sobs as he climbed up to the parapet. "Ye must not occupy my lord's time with your old craiks. You would perhaps like, my lord, to visit Auchnasheen, where the keeper will be on the outlook: or may be it would be better to organise your day's shooting for to-morrow, when you have lookit a little about you: or ye would perhaps like to take a look at the environs, or see the factor who is very anxious as soon as your lordship has a moment—"

"Oh! and there is the minister that can tell ye a' about the antiquities, my lord: and traces out the auld outline of the castle grandly, till ye seem to see it in all its glory—"

"Or—" Symington had begun, when Walter turned at bay. He faced the old men with a half laughing defiance. "I see plenty of boats about," he said. "I am going out to explore the loch. I want no attendance, or any help, but that you will be good enough to leave me to myself."

"We'll do that, my lord. I will just run and cry upon Duncan that is waiting about—"

The end of all this zeal and activity was that when Walter found himself at last free and on the shining bosom of the loch, he was in a boat too heavy for his own sole management, sharing

the care of it with Duncan, who was of a taciturn disposition and answered only when spoken to. This made the arrangement almost as satisfactory as if he had been alone, for Duncan was quite willing to obey and yield a hearty service without disturbing his young master with either questions or remarks. He was a large young man, strong and well knit though somewhat heavy, with a broad smiling face, red and freckled, with honest blue eyes under sandy eyelashes, and a profusion of strong and curly reddish hair. He beamed upon Lord Erradeen with a sort of friendly admiration and awe, answering, "Ay, my lord," and "No, my lord," always with the same smile of general benevolence and readiness to comply with every desire. When they had got beyond hail of the castle, from which Symington and Macalister watched them anxiously, Duncan mutely suggested the elevation of a mast and setting of the sail which the vessel was furnished with, to which Walter assented with eagerness: and soon they were skimming along before a light wind as if they had wings. And now began perhaps the most pleasurable expedition that Walter had ever made in his life. Escaped from the ruinous old pile, within which he had feared he knew not what, escaped too from the observation and inspection of the two old men so much better acquainted with the history of his family than himself, whom he felt to be something between keepers and schoolmasters—fairly launched forth upon the world, with nothing to consult but his own pleasure, Walter felt his spirits rise to any height of adventure. There was not indeed any very wild adventure probable, but he was not much used to anything of the kind, and the sense of freedom and freshness in everything was intoxicating to the young man. The small boat, the rag of a sail, the lively wind that drove them along, the rushing ripple under their keel all delighted him. He held the helm with a sense of pleasure almost beyond anything he had ever known, feeling all the exhilaration of

a discoverer in a new country, and for the first time the master of himself and his fate. Duncan said nothing, but grinned from ear to ear, when the young master in his inattention to, or to tell the truth ignorance of, the capabilities of the boat, turned the helm sharply, bringing her up to the wind in such a way as to threaten the most summary end for the voyage. He kept his eye upon the rash steersman, and Walter was not aware of the risks he ran. He directed his little vessel now here, now there, with absolute enjoyment, running in close ashore to examine the village, turning about again in a wild elation to visit an island, running the very nose of the boat into the rocky banks or feathery bushwood. How it was that no harm came as they thus darted from point to point Duncan never knew. He stood up roused to watchfulness, with his eyes intent on the movements of his master ready to remedy any indiscretion. It was in the nature of such undeserved vigilance that the object of it was never aware of it, but to be sure Duncan had his own life to think of too.

They had thus swept triumphantly down the loch, the wind favouring, and apparently watching over the rash voyager as carefully as and still more disinterestedly than Duncan. The motion, the air, the restless career, the novelty and the freedom enchanted Walter. He felt like a boy in his first escapade, with an intoxicating sense of independence and scorn of danger which gave zest to the independence. At every new zigzag he made, Duncan but grinned the more. He uttered the Gaelic name of every point and isle, briefly, with guttural depth, out of his chest, as they went careering along before the wind. The boat was like an inquisitive visitor, too open for a spy, poking in to every corner. At length they came to an island standing high out of the water, with a rocky beach, upon which a boat lay carefully hauled up, and a feathery crest of trees, fine clumps of fir, fringed and surrounded by a luxuriant growth of lighter wood. In the

midst of this fine network of branches, such as we call bare, being leafless, but which in reality are all astir with life restrained, brown purple buddings eager to start and held in like hounds in a leash—rose the solid outline of a house, built upon the ridge of rock, and appearing like a shadow in the midst of all the anatomy of the trees.

"That will be joost the leddy's," cried Duncan; at which Walter's heart, so light in his bosom, gave an additional leap of pleasure. He steered it so close that Duncan's vigilance was doubly taxed, for the least neglect would have sent the little vessel ashore. Walter examined the little landing, the rocky path that led up the bank, winding among the trees, and as much as could be made out of the house with keen interest. The man with the red shirt, who had been the young lady's boatman on the previous day, appeared at the further point as they went on. He was fishing from a rock that projected into the water, and turning to gaze upon the unwary boat, with astonished eyes, shouted something in Gaelic to Duncan, who nodded good-humouredly a great many times, and replied with a laugh in the same tongue—

"Yon will joost be Hamish," said Duncan.

"What is he saying?" cried Walter.

"He will just be telling us to mind where we are going," said Duncan, imperturbable.

"Tell him to mind his own business," cried Walter, with a laugh. "And who is Hamish, and who is the leddy? Come, tell me all about it." His interest in the voyage flagged a little at this point.

Duncan thus interrogated was more put to it than by the dangerous course they had hitherto been running.

"It will joost be the leddy," he said; "and Hamish, that's her man: and they will joost be living up there like ither persons, and fearing God: fery decent folk—oh, joost fery decent folk."

"I never doubted that. But who are they, and what are they? And do you mean to say they *live* there, on that rock, in winter, so far north?"

Walter looked up at the dazzling sky, and repented his insinuation: but he was, alas, no better than an Englishman, when all was said, and he could not help a slight shiver as he looked back. Hamish, who had made a fine point of colour on his projecting rock, had gone from that point, and was visible in his red shirt mounting the high crest of the island with hurried appearances and disappearances as the broken nature of the ground made necessary. He had gone, there seemed little doubt, to intimate to the inhabitants, the appearance of the stranger. This gave Walter a new thrill of pleasure, but it took away his eagerness about the scenery. He lay back languidly, neglecting the helm, and as he distracted Duncan's attention too, they had nearly run aground on the low beach of the next island. When this difficulty was got over, Walter suddenly discovered that they had gone far enough, and might as well be making their way homeward, which was more easily said than done; for the wind, which had hitherto served their purpose nobly, was no longer their friend. They made a tack or two, and crept along a little, but afterwards resigned themselves to ship the sail and take to the oars, which was not so exhilarating nor so well adapted to show the beauty of the landscape. It took them some time to make their way once more past the rocky point, and along the edge of the island which attracted Walter's deepest interest, but to which he could not persuade Duncan to give any name.

"It will joost be the leddy's," the boatman insisted on saying, with a beaming face; but either his English or his knowledge was at fault, and he went no further.

Walter's heart beat with a kind of happy anxiety, a keen but pleasant suspense as he swept his oar out of the water, and glanced behind him to measure how near they were to the

landing, at which he had a presentiment something more interesting than Hamish might be seen. And as it turned out, he had not deceived himself. But what he saw was not what he expected to see.

The lady on the bank was not his fellow-traveller of yesterday. She was what Walter to himself, with much disappointment, called an old lady, wrapped in a large furred mantle and white fleecy wrap about her head and shoulders. She stood and waved her hand as Walter's boat came slowly within range.

"Yon will be joost the leddy," said Duncan of the few words; and with one great sweep of his oar he turned the boat towards the landing. It was the man's doing, not the master's; but the master was not sorry to take advantage of this sudden guidance. It was all done in a moment, without intention. Hamish stood ready to secure the boat, and before he had time to think, Walter found himself on the little clearing above the stony bit of beach, hat in hand, glowing with surprise and pleasure, and receiving the warmest of welcomes.

"You will forgive me for just stopping you on your way," the lady said; "but I was fain to see you, Lord Erradeen, for your father and I were children together. I was Violet Montrose. You must have heard him speak of me."

"I hope," said Walter, with his best bow, and most ingratiating tone, "that you will not consider it any fault of mine; but I don't remember my father; he died when I was a child."

"Dear me," cried the lady; "how could I be so foolish! Looking at you again, I see you would not be old enough for that; and, now I remember, he married late, and died soon after. Well, there is no harm done. We are just country neighbours, and as I was great friends with Walter Methven some five-and-forty years ago——"

"I hope," said the young man with a bow and smile, "that you will be so

good as to be friends with Walter Methven now: for that is the name under which I know myself."

"Oh, Lord Erradeen," the lady said with a little flutter of pleasure. Such a speech would be pretty from any young man; but made by a young lord, in all the flush of his novel honours, and by far the greatest potentate of the district, there was no one up the loch or down the loch who would not have been gratified. "It is just possible," she said, after a momentary pause, "that having been brought up in England, and deprived of your father so early, you may not know much about your neighbours, nor even who we are, in this bit island of ours. We are the Foresters of Eaglescairn, whom no doubt ye have heard of; and I am one of the last of the Montroses—alas! that I should say so. I have but one of a large family left with me; and Oona and me, we have just taken advantage of an old family relic that came from my side of the house, and have taken up our habitation here. I hear she must have travelled with you yesterday on the coach, not thinking who it was. Oh, yes; news travels fast at this distance from the world. I think the wind blows it, or the water carries it. All the loch by this time is aware of Lord Erradeen's arrival. Indeed," she added, with a little laugh, "you know, my lord, we all saw the light."

She was a woman over fifty, but fair and slight, with a willowy figure, and a complexion of which many a younger woman might have been proud; and there was a little airiness of gesture and tread about her, which probably thirty years before had been the pretty affectations, half-natural, half-artificial, of a beauty, and which still kept up the tradition of fascinating powers. The little toss of her head, the gesture of her hands, as she said the last words, the half-apologetic laugh as if excusing herself for a semi-absurdity, were all characteristic and amusing.

"You know," she added, "in the Highlands we are allowed to be super-

stitious," and repeated the little laugh at herself with which she deprecated offence.

"What is it supposed to mean?" Walter asked somewhat eagerly. "Of course there is some natural explanation which will be simple enough. But I prefer to take the old explanation, if I knew what it was."

"And so do we," she said quickly. "We are just ready to swear to it, man and woman of us on the loch. Some say it is a sign the head of the house is coming—some that it is a call to him to come and meet— Dear me, there is Oona calling. And where is Hamish? I will not have the child kept waiting," said the lady, looking round her with a little nervous impatience.

She had begun to lead the way upward by a winding path among the rocks and trees, and now paused, a little breathless, to look down towards the landing-place, and clap her hands impatiently.

"Hamish is away, mem," said the woman whom Walter had seen on the coach, and who now met them coming down the winding path. She looked at him with a cordial smile, and air of kindly welcome. It was evident that it did not occur to Mysie that her salutations might be inappropriate. "You're very welcome, sir, to your ain country," she said with a curtesy, which was polite rather than humble. Walter felt that she would have offered him her hand, on the smallest encouragement, with a kindly familiarity which conveyed no disrespect.

"You should say my lord, Mysie," her mistress remarked.

"Deed, mem, and so I should; but when you're no much in the way o't, ye get confused. I said, as soon as I heard the news, that it would be the young gentleman on the coach, and I had just a feeling a' the time that it was nae tourist, but a kent face. Hamish is away, mem. I tell him he hears Miss Oonas's foot on the bank, before ever she cries upon him; and yonder he is just touching the shore, and her ready to jump in."

The party had reached a little platform on the slope. The path was skilfully engineered between two banks, clothed with ferns and grasses, and still luxuriant with a vivid green, though the overhanging trees were all bare. Here and there a little opening gave a point of repose and extended view. Mrs. Forrester paused and turned round to point out to her visitor the prospect that now lay before them. She was a little breathless and glad of the pause, but it did not suit her character to say so. She pointed round her with a little triumph. They were high enough to see the loch on either side, looking down upon it through the fringe of branches. Opposite to this was the mainland which at that spot formed a little bay, thickly wooded with the dark green of the fir woods, amid which appeared the gables of a sort of ornamental cottage. Nearer the eye was the road, and underneath the road on the beach stood a little slight figure in the closely-fitting garb which Walter recognised. She had evidently been set down from a waggonette full of a lively party which waited on the high-road to see her embark. It was impossible to hear what they were saying, but the air was full of a pleasant murmur of voices.

"It is the young Campbells of Ellermore," said Mrs. Forrester, waving her handkerchief towards the group. "Oona has been spending last night with them, and they have brought her back. They will all be astonished, Mysie, to see me standing here with a gentleman. Dear me, they will all be saying who has Mrs. Forrester got with her?"

"They will think," said Mysie, "just that it's Mr. James or Mr. Ronald come home."

"Ah, Mysie, if that could be!" said the lady of the isle: and she put her hands together, which were thin and white, and ornamented by a number of rings, with a pretty conventional gesture of maternal regret. Walter stood looking on with mingled amazement and pleasure: pleased as if

he were at a play with all the new indications of domestic history which were opening to him, and with a sense of enjoyment through all his being. When the girl sprang into the boat, and Hamish, conspicuous in his red shirt, pushed off into the loch, the tumult of good-byes became almost articulate. He laughed to himself under his breath, remembering all the greetings he had heard along the line of railway, the recognitions at every station.

"Your daughter seems to know everybody," he said.

"And how could she help knowing every person," cried Mysie, taking the words, as it were, out of her mistress's mouth, "when she was born and brought up on the loch, and never one to turn her back upon a neebor, gentle or simple but just adored wherever she goes?"

"Oh, whisht, Mysie, whisht! we are partial," said Mrs. Forrester with her little antiquated graces; and then she invited Lord Erradeen to continue his walk.

It was the full blaze of day, and the view extended as they went higher up to the crest of rock upon which the house was set. It was built of irregular reddish stone, all cropped with lichens where it was visible, but so covered with clinging plants that very little of the walls could be seen. The rustic porch was built something like a bee-hive, with young, slim-growing saplings for its pillars, and chairs placed within its shelter. There were some flower-beds laid out around, in which a few autumn crocuses had struggled into pale bloom—and a number of china roses hung half opened against the sides of the house. The roofs were partly blue slates, that most prosaic of comfortable coverings, and partly the rough red tiles of the country, which shone warm through the naked boughs.

"Every hardy plant could bear  
Loch Katrine's keen and searching air,"

was garlanded about the house, the

little lawn was as green as velvet, the china roses were pale but sweet. Behind the house were the mossed apple-trees of a primitive orchard among the rocky shelves. It lay smiling in the sun, with the silver mirror of the lake all round, and every tint and outline doubled in the water. From the door the dark old castle of Kinloch Houran stood out against the silent darkness of the hill. Little rocky islets, like a sport of nature, too small to be inhabited by anything bigger than rabbits, lay all reflected in broken lines of rock and brushwood, between Walter's old castle and this romantic house. They were so visible, one to the other, that the mere position seemed to form a link of connection between the inhabitants.

"We cannot but take an interest in you, you see, Lord Erradeen, for we can never get out of sight of you," said Mrs. Forrester.

And "I think the old place looks better from here than any other view I have seen," Walter added almost in the same breath.

They laughed as they spoke together. It was not possible to be more entirely "country neighbours." The young man had a fantastic feeling that it was a sort of flattery to himself that his house should be so entirely the centre of the landscape. He followed the lady into the house with a little reluctance, the scene was so enchanting. Inside, the roofs were low, but the rooms well-sized and comfortable. They were full of curiosities of every kind: weapons from distant countries, trophies of what is called "the chase" hung upon the wall of the outer hall. The drawing-room was full of articles from India and China, carved ivories, monsters in porcelain, all the wonders that people used to send home before we got Japanese shops at every corner. An air of gentle refinement was everywhere, with something, too, in the many ornaments, little luxuries, and daintinesses which suggested the little *mimanderies* of the old beauty, the old-fashioned airs and graces that had been irresistible to a previous generation.

"You will just stay and eat your luncheon with us, Lord Erradeen. I might have been but poor company, an old woman as I'm getting; but, now that Oona is coming, I need not be too modest; for, though there will not be a grand luncheon, there will be company, which is always something. And sit down and tell me something about your father and the lady he married, and where you have been living all this time."

Walter laughed. "Is it all my humble history you want me to tell you?" he said. "It is not very much. I don't remember my father, and the lady he married is—my mother, you know. The best mother—— But I have not been the best of sons. I was an idle fellow, good-for-nothing a little while ago. Nobody knew what was going to come of me. I did nothing but loaf, if you know what that means."

"Ah, that I do," said Mrs. Forrester; "that was just like my Jamie. But now they tell me he is the finest officer——"

Walter paused, but the lady was once more entirely attention, listening with her hands clasped, and her head raised to his with an ingratiating side-long look. He laughed. "They all made up their minds I was to be good-for-nothing——"

"Yes," murmured Mrs. Forrester, softly, half closing her eyes and shaking her head, "that was just like my Bob—till he took a thought: and now he is planting coffee in Ceylon and doing well. Yes? and then?"

"An old man arrived one evening," said Walter, half laughing, "and told me—that I was Lord Erradeen. And do you know, from that moment nobody, not even I myself, would believe that I had ever loafed or idled or been good for nothing."

There was a pause, in which Walter thought he heard some one move behind him. But no sound reached Mrs. Forrester, who responded eagerly—

"My son, the present Eaglescairn, was just of the same kind," she said, reflectively. She had a comparison

ready for every case that could be suggested—"till he came of age. It was in the will that they were to come of age only at twenty-five, and till then I had a sore time. Oh, Oona, my dear, is that you? And had you a pleasant evening. Here is young Lord Erradeen, that has come in, most kindly, I'm sure, to tell me about his father, that I knew so well. And it appears you met upon the coach yesterday. Come away, my dear, come away! And that was just most curious that, knowing nothing of one another, you should meet upon the coach."

Oona came in lightly, in her outdoor dress. She gave Walter a look which was very friendly. She had paused for a moment at the door, and she had heard his confession. It seemed to Oona that what he said was generous and manly. She was used to forming quick impressions. She had been annoyed when she had heard from Hamish of the visitor, but her mind changed when she heard what he said. She came up to him and held out her hand. The fresh air was in her face, which Walter thought was like the morning, all bright and fresh and full of life. She made him a little curtsy with much gravity, and said in the pretty voice which was so fresh and sweet, and with that novelty of accent which had amused and delighted the young man, "You are welcome to your own country, Lord Erradeen."

"Now that is very pretty of you, Oona," cried her mother. "I never thought you would remember to pay your little compliment, as a well-bred person should; for, to tell the truth, she is just too brusque—it is her fault."

"Hamish told me what to say," said Oona, with a glance of provocation. "He is a very well-bred person. He told me I was to bid my lord welcome to his own."

"Oh, my dear, you need not take away the merit of it, as if you had not thought of it yourself," said the mother, aggrieved; "but run away



and take off your hat, and let us have our lunch, for Lord Erradeen has been all the morning on the water and he will be hungry, and you are all blown about with the wind."

The young people exchanged looks, while Mrs. Forrester made her little protest. There was a sort of laughing interchange between them, in which she was mocking and he apologetic. Why, neither could have said. They understood each other, though they by no means clearly understood each what he and she meant. There was to be a little war between them, all in good-humour and good-fellowship, not insipid agreement and politeness. The next hour was, Walter thought, the most pleasant he had ever spent in his life. He had not been ignorant of such enjoyments before. When we said that various mothers in Sloebury had with the first news of his elevation suffered a sudden pang of self-reproach, to think how they had put a stop to certain passages, the end of which might now have been to raise a daughter to the peerage, it must have been understood that Walter was not altogether a novice in the society of women; but this had a new flavour which was delightful to him. It had been pleasant enough in the cottage, when Julia Herbert sang, and on other occasions not necessary to enter into. But on this romantic isle, where the sound of the loch upon the rocks made a soft accompaniment to everything, in a retirement which no vulgar interruption could reach, with the faded beauty on one side, scarcely able to forget the old pretty mannerisms of conquest even in her real maternal kindness and frank Highland hospitality, and the girl, with her laughing defiance on the other, he felt himself to have entered a new chapter of history. The whole new world into which he had come became visible to him in their conversation. He heard how he himself had been looked for, and how "the whole loch" had known something about him for years before he had ever heard of Loch Houran.

"We used to know you as the 'English lad,'" Oona said, with her glance of mischief. All this amused Walter more than words can say. The sun was dropping towards the west before—escorted to the landing-place by both the ladies, and taken leave of as an old friend—he joined the slow-spoken Duncan, and addressed himself to the homeward voyage. Duncan had not been slow of speech in the congenial company of Hamish. They had discussed the new-comer at length, with many a shaft of humour and criticism, during the visit which Duncan had paid to the kitchen. He blushed not now, secure in the stronghold of his unknown tongue, to break off in a witty remark at Walter's expense as he turned to his master his beaming smile of devotion. They set off together, master and man, happy yet regretful, upon their homeward way. And it was a tough row back to Kinloch Houran against the fresh, and not too quiet Highland wind.

## CHAPTER XII.

THE castle looked more grim and ruined than ever as Walter set foot once more upon the rough grass of the mound behind. He dismissed the smiling Duncan with regret. As he went up to the door, which now stood open, he thought to himself with relief that another day would finish his probation here, and that already it was more than half over; but next moment remembered that the end of his stay at Kinloch Houran would mean also an end of intercourse with his new friends, which gave a different aspect to the matter altogether. At the door of the castle old Macalister was waiting with a look of anxiety.

"Ye'll have had no luncheon," he said, "and here's Mr. Shaw the factor waiting to see ye."

Macalister had not the manners of Symington, and Walter already felt that it was a curious eccentricity on the part of the old man to leave

out his title. The factor was seated waiting in the room up stairs; he was a middle-aged man, with grizzled, reddish locks, the prototype in a higher class of Duncan in the boat. He got up with a cordial friendliness which Walter began to feel characteristic, but which was also perhaps less respectful than might have been supposed appropriate, to meet him. He had a great deal to say of business which to Walter was still scarcely intelligible. There were leases to renew, and there was some question about a number of crofter families, which seemed to have been debated with the former lord, and to have formed the subject of much discussion.

"There is that question about the crofters at the Truach-Glas," Mr. Shaw said.

"What crofters? or rather what are crofters? and what is the question and where is the Truach-Glas?" Lord Erradeen said.

He pronounced it, alas! Truack, as he still called loch, lock—which made the sensitive natives shudder. Mr. Shaw looked at him with a little disapproval. He felt that the English lad should have been more impressed by his new inheritance, and more anxious to acquire a mastery of all the facts connected with it. If, instead of wandering about the loch all the morning, he had been looking up the details of the business and the boundaries of the estate, and studying the map! But that not being the case, of course there was nothing to be done but to explain.

"I had thought that Mr. Milnathort would have put the needs of the estate more clearly before you. There are several questions to be settled. I don't know what may be your views as to a landlord's duties, Lord Erradeen——"

"I have no views," said Walter; "I am quite impartial. You must recollect that I have only been a landlord for a fortnight."

"But I suppose," said the factor somewhat severely, "that the heir to  
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such a fine property has had some kind of a little training?"

"I have had no training—not the slightest. I had no information even that I was the heir to any property. You must consider me as entirely ignorant, but ready to learn."

Shaw looked at him with some surprise, but severely still. "It is very curious," he said, as if that too had been Walter's fault, "that you did not know you were the heir. We knew very well here; but the late lord was like most people, not very keen about his successor; and then he was a comparatively young man when he died."

"I know nothing of my predecessor," said Walter. "What was the cause of his death? I should like to hear something about him. Several of them must have died young, I suppose, or I, so far off, could never have become the heir."

The factor looked at him keenly, but with doubtful eyes. "There are secrets in all families, my Lord Erradeen," he said.

"Are there? I thought that was rather an old-fashioned sentiment. I don't think, except that I was not always virtuously occupied, that there was any secret in mine."

"And I am sure there is no secret in mine," said Mr. Shaw, energetically; "but then you see I am not, and you were not till a very recent date, Lord Erradeen. There is a kind of something in the race that I will not characterise. It is a kind of a melancholy turn; the vulgar rumours ye will have heard, to which I attach no credence. It is little worth while living in the nineteenth century," the factor said with emphasis, "if ye are to be subject to delusions like that."

"I tell you I am quite ignorant; and, except by hints which I could not understand, Mr. Milnathort did not give me any information. Speak plainly, I want to know what the mystery is; why am I here in this tumble-down old place?" Walter cried with an accent of impatience.

Shaw kept a watchful eye upon him, with the air of a man whom another is trying to deceive.

"It is something in the blood, I'm thinking," the factor said. "They all seem to find out there's a kind of contrariety in life, which is a thing we all must do to be sure, but generally without any fatal effects. After a certain age they all seem to give way to it. I hope that *you*, my lord, being out of the direct line, will escape: the populace—if ye can accept their nonsense—say it's a—well, something supernatural—a kind of an influence from him they call the Warlock Lord." Shaw laughed, but somewhat uneasily, apologetically. "I think shame to dwell upon such absurdity," he said.

"It does sound very absurd."

"That is just it—nonsense! not worth the consideration of sensible men. And I may say to you, that are, I hope, of a more wholesome mind, that they are terribly given up to caprice in this family. The Truach-Glas crofters have been up and down twenty times. The late lord made up his mind he would let them stay, and then that they must go, and again that he would just leave them their bits of places, and then that he would help them to emigrate; and after all, I had the order that they were to be turned out, bag and baggage. I could not find it in my heart to do it. I just put off: and put off, and here he is dead; and another," said Shaw, with a suppressed tone of satisfaction, "come to the throne. And you're a new man and a young man, and belong to your own century, not to the middle ages," the factor cried with a little vehemence. Then he stopped himself, with a "I beg your pardon, my lord; I am perhaps saying more than I ought to say."

Walter made no reply. He was not sure that he did not think the factor was going too far, for though he knew so little of his family, he already felt that it was something not to be subjected to discussion by

common men. These animadversions touched his pride a little; but he was silent, too proud to make any remark. He said, after a pause—

"I don't know that I can give my opinion without a further acquaintance with the facts. If I were to do so on so slight a knowledge, I fear you might think that a caprice too."

The factor looked at him with a still closer scrutiny, and took the hint. There is nothing upon which it is so necessary to understand the permitted limit of observation as in the discussion of family peculiarities. Though he was so little responsible for this, and even so little acquainted with them, it was impossible that Lord Erradeen should not associate himself with his race. Mr. Shaw got out his papers, and entered upon the questions in which the opinion of the new proprietor was important, without a word further about the late lord and the family characteristics. He explained to Walter at length the position of the crofters, with their small holdings, who in bad seasons got into arrears with their rents, and sometimes became a burden upon the landlord, in whom, so far north, there was some admixture of a Highland chief. The scheme of the estate altogether was of a mixed kind. There were some large sheep farms and extensive moors still intermingled with glens more populated than is usual in these regions. Some of them were on lands but recently acquired, and the crofters in particular were a burden transmitted by purchase, which the father of the last lord had made. It was believed that there had been some covenant in the sale by which the rights of the poor people were secured, but this had fallen into forgetfulness, and there was no reason in law why Lord Erradeen should not exercise all the rights of a proprietor and clear the glen, as so many glens had been cleared. This was the first question that the new lord would have to decide. The humble tenants were all under notice to leave, and indeed were

subject to eviction as soon as their landlord pleased. It was with a kind of horror that Walter listened to this account of his new possibilities.

"Eviction!" he said; "do you mean the sort of thing that happens in Ireland?" He held his breath in unfeigned dismay and repugnance. "I thought there was nothing of the sort here."

"Ireland is one thing, and Scotland another," said the factor. "We are a law-abiding people. No man will ever be shot down behind a hedge by a Highlander: so if you should resolve to turn them out to-morrow, my lord, ye need stand in no personal fear."

Walter put aside this somewhat contemptuous assurance with a wave of his hand.

"I have been told of a great many things I could do," he said, "in this last fortnight; but I never knew before that I could turn out a whole village full of people if I chose, and make their houses desolate."

It was a new view altogether of his new powers. He could not help returning in thought to all the prepossessions of his former middle-class existence where arbitrary power was unknown, and where a mild, general beneficence towards "the poor" was the rule. He said, half to himself, "What would my mother say?" and in the novelty of the idea, half laughed. What a thrill it would send through the district visitors, the managers of the soup kitchen, all the charitable people! There suddenly came up before him a recollection of many a conversation he had heard, and taken no note of—of consultations how to pay the rent of a poor family here and there, how to stop a cruel landlord's mouth. And that he should appear in the character of a cruel landlord! No doubt it would have been easy to show that the circumstances were quite different. But in the meantime the son of Mrs. Methven could not throw off the traditions in which he had been brought up. He con-

templated the whole matter from a point of view altogether different even from that of Mr. Shaw, the factor. Shaw was prepared to prove that on the whole the poor crofters were not such bad tenants, and that sheep farms and deer forests, though more easily dealt with, had some disadvantages too; for there was Paterson of Inverchory that had been nearly ruined by a bad lambing season, and had lost the half of his flock; and as for the shootings, was there not the dreadful example before them of the moors at Finlarig, where everything had been shot down, and the game fairly exterminated by a set of fellows that either did not know what they were doing, or else were making money of it, and not pleasure. The very veins in Shaw's forehead swelled when he spoke of this.

"I would like to have had the ducking of him," he cried; "a man with a grand name and the soul of a henwife, that swept out the place as if he had done it with a broom, and all for the London market; grant me patience! You will say," added Shaw, "that the thing to do at Inverchory is to get a man with more capital now that John Paterson's tack is done; and that there's few sportsmen like Sir John. That's all very true; but it just shows there are risks to be run in all ways, and the poor folk at Truach Glas would never lead you into losses like that."

Walter, however, did not pay much attention even to this view. His mind had not room at the moment for Paterson of Inverchory, who was behind with the rent, or Sir John who had devastated the moors. He did not get beyond the primitive natural horror of what seemed to him an outrage of all natural laws and kindness. He had not been a landowner long enough to feel the sacred right of property. He turn the cottagers out of their poor little homes for the sake of a few pounds more or less of which he stood in no need? The very arguments against taking this step made him

angry. Could anybody suppose he could do it? he, Walter Methven! As for the Erradeen business, and all this new affair altogether—good heavens, if anybody thought he would purchase it by that! In short, the young man, who was not born a grand seigneur, boiled up in righteous wrath, and felt it high scorn and shame that it could be supposed of him that he was capable, being rich, of oppressing the poor—which was the way in which he put it, in his limited middle-class conditions of thought.

Mr. Shaw was half-gratified half-annoyed by the interview. He said to the minister with whom he stopped to dine, and who was naturally much interested about the new young man, that assuredly the young fellow had a great deal of good in him, but he was a trifle narrow in his way of looking at a question, "which is probably just his English breeding," the factor said. "I would have put the Crofter question before him in all its bearings; but he was just out of himself at the idea of eviction—like what happened in Ireland, he said. I could not get him to go into the philosophy of it. He just would not hear a word. Nothing of the kind had ever come his way before, one could see, and he was just horrified at the thought."

"I don't call that leemited, I call it Christian," the minister said, "and I am not surprised he should have a horror of it. I will go and see him in the morning, if you think it will be well taken, for I'm with him in that, heart and soul."

"Yes, yes, that's all in your way," said Mr. Shaw; "but I am surprised at it in a young man. There is a kind of innocence about it. But I would not wonder after a little if he should change his mind, as others have done."

"Do you form any theory in your own thoughts, Shaw," said the minister, "as to what it is that makes them so apt to change?"

"Not I," cried the factor, with a shrug of his shoulders; and then he

added hurriedly, "you've given me a capital dinner, and that whisky is just excellent: but I think I must be going my ways, for already it's later than I thought."

Mr. Cameron, who was minister of the parish, was, like Walter, a stranger to the district and its ways. He was a great antiquary and full of curiosity about all the relics of the past, and he had an enlightened interest in its superstitions too. But Shaw was a Loch Houran man. He had a reverence for the traditions which of course he vowed he did not believe, and though he was very ready to make this statement in his own person he did not like to hear outsiders, as he called the rest of the world, discussing them disrespectfully? So he desired his dog-cart to be "brought round," and drove home in the clear, cold night, warm at his heart, good man, because of the good news for the Crofters, but a little dissatisfied in his mind that the new lord should be doing this simply as a matter of sentiment, and not from a reasonable view of the situation. "Provided even that he keeps of that mind," the factor said to himself.

Walter subsided out of his just indignation when the business part of the interview ended, and he came out to the open air to see Mr. Shaw away.

"This must all be put in order," he said, as he accompanied his visitor to the boat.

Shaw looked at him with a little curiosity mingled with a slight air of alarm.

"Auchnasheen being so near," he said, "which is a very comfortable place, there has never been much notice taken of the old castle."

"But I mean to take a great deal of notice of it," the young man said with a laugh. "I shall have some of the antiquaries down and clear out all the old places."

His laugh seemed to himself to rouse the echoes, but it called forth no responsive sound from his companion, and he caught a glimpse of old Mac-

alister in the distance shaking his old head. This amused yet slightly irritated Walter, in the sense of power which alternated with a sense of novelty and unreality in his mind.

"So you object to that?" he said to the old man. "You don't like your privileges invaded?"

"It's no that," said Macalister; "but ye'll never do it. I've a lang, lang acquaintance with the place, and I've witnessed many a revolution, if I may say sae. One was to pull down the auld wa's altogether; another was to clean it a' out like you. But it's never been done. And it'll never be done. I'm just as sure o' that as your young lordship is that you have a' the power in your hands."

Walter turned away with a little disdain in his laugh. It was not worth while arguing out the matter with Macalister. Who should prevent him from doing what he liked with his old house? He could not but reflect upon the curious contradictions with which he was beset. He was supposed to be quite capable of turning out a whole village out of their homes, and making them homeless and destitute; but he was not supposed capable of clearing out the blocked-up passage and rooms of an old ruin! He smiled with a kind of scornful indignation as he went up to his sitting-room. By this time the afternoon had lost all light and colour. It was not dark, but neither was it day. A greyness had come into the atmosphere; the shadows were black, and had lost all transparency. The two windows made two bars of a more distinct greyness in the room, with a deep line of shade in the centre between, which was coloured, but scarcely lighted up, by the fire. He could not but think with a sense of relief that the three days which were all he believed that were necessary for his stay at Kinloch Houran were half over at least. Another night and then he would be free to go. He did not mean to go any further than to Auchnasheen, which was exactly opposite to the island; and then, with a smile creeping about

the corners of his mouth, he said to himself, that he could very well amuse himself for a few days, what with the shooting and what with——

And it would be comfortable to get out of this place, where the air, he could not tell why, seemed always insufficient. The wainscot, the dark hangings, the heavy old walls, seemed to absorb the atmosphere. He threw up the window to get a little air, but somehow the projecting masonry of the old wall outside seemed to intercept it. He felt an oppression in his breast, a desire to draw long breaths, to get more air into his lungs. It was the same sensation which he had felt last night, and he did not contemplate with any pleasure the idea of another long evening alone in so strange an atmosphere. However, he must make the best of it. He went to the book-shelf and got down again his *Trois Mousquetaires*. When the candles were lighted, he would write a dutiful long letter to his mother, and tell her all that had been going on about him; especially that barbarous suggestion about the cottagers.

"Fancy me in the character of a rapacious landlord, turning a whole community out of doors!" he said to himself, concocting the imaginary letter, and laughed aloud with a thrill of indignation.

Next moment he started violently, and turned round with a wild rush of blood to his head, and that sort of rallying and huddling together of all the forces of his mind which one feels in a sudden catastrophe. It was, however, no loud alarm that had sounded. It was the clear and distinct vibration of a voice close to him, replying calmly to his thought.

"Is there anything special in you to disqualify you for doing a disagreeable duty?" some one said.

Walter had started back at the first sound, his heart giving a bound in him of surprise—perhaps of terror. He had meant to take that great chair by the fire as soon as he had taken his book from the shelf, so that it must (he said to himself in instantaneous

self-argument) have been vacant then. It was not vacant now. A gentleman sat there, with his face half turned towards the light looking towards the young man; his attitude was perfectly easy, his voice a well-bred and cultivated voice. There seemed neither hurry nor excitement about him. He had not the air of a person newly entered, but rather of one who had been seated there for some time at his leisure, observing what was going on. He lifted his hand with a sort of deprecating yet commanding gesture.

"There is no occasion," he said, in his measured voice, "for alarm. I have no intention of harming you, or any one. Indeed I am not aware that I have any power of harm."

Never in his life before had Walter's soul been swept by such violent sensations. He had an impulse of flight and of deadly overwhelming terror, and then of sickening shame at his own panic. Why should he be afraid? He felt dimly that this moment was the crisis of his life, and that if he fled or retreated he was lost. He stood his ground, grasping the back of a chair to support himself.

"Who are you?" he said.

"That is a searching question," said the stranger, with a smile. "We will come to it by and by. I should like to know in the first place what there is in you which makes it impossible to act with justice in certain circumstances?"

The air of absolute and calm superiority with which he put this question was beyond description.

Walter felt like a criminal at the bar.

"Who are you?" he repeated hoarsely. He stood with a curious sense of being supported only by the grasp which he had taken of the back of the chair, feeling himself a mere bundle of impulses and sensations, hardly able to keep himself from flight, hardly able to keep from falling down at the feet of this intruder, but holding to a sort of self-restraint by his grasp upon the chair. Naturally, however, his nerves steadied as the

moments passed. The first extreme shock of surprise wore away. There was nothing to alarm the most timid in the countenance upon which he gazed. It was that of a handsome man who had scarcely turned middle age, with grey but not white hair very thin on the forehead and temples, a high delicate aquiline nose, and colourless complexion. His mouth closed somewhat sternly, but had a faint melting of a smile about it, by movements which were ingratiating and almost sweet. The chief thing remarkable about the stranger, however, besides the extraordinary suddenness of his appearance, was the perfect composure with which he sat, like a man who not only was the most important person wherever he went, but also complete master of the present scene. It was the young man who was the intruder, not he.

"I will tell you presently who I am," he said. "In the meantime explain to me why you should be horrified at a step which better men than yourself take every day. Sit down." The stranger allowed himself to smile with distinct intention, and then said in a tone of which it is impossible to describe the refined mockery, "You are afraid?"

Walter came to himself with another sensible shock: his pride, his natural spirit, a certain impulse of self-defence which never forsakes a man, came to his aid. He was inclined to say "No," with natural denial of a contemptuous accusation; but rallying more and more every moment, answered with something like defiance, "Yes—or rather I am not afraid. I am startled. I want to know how you come here, and who you are who question me—in my own house."

"You are very sure that it is your own house? You mean to have it restored and made into a piece of sham antiquity—if nothing prevents?"

"What can prevent? if I say it is to be done," cried the young man. His blood seemed to curdle in his veins when he heard the low laugh with which alone the stranger replied.

"May I ask you—to withdraw or to tell me who you are?" he said. His voice trembled in spite of himself. The words left his lips quite sturdily, but quivered when they got into the air, or so in the fantastic hurry of his mind he thought.

"If I refuse, what then?" the stranger said.

These two individuals confronted each other, defying each other, one angry and nervous, the other perfectly calm. In such circumstances only one result is sure: that he who retains his self-possession will have the mastery. Walter felt himself completely baffled. He could not turn out with violence a dignified and serious visitor, who assumed indeed an intolerable superiority, and had come in without asking leave, but yet was evidently a person of importance—if nothing more. He stared at him for a moment, gradually becoming familiarized with the circumstances. "You are master of the situation," he said, with a hard-drawn breath. "I suppose I can do nothing but submit. But if politeness on my part requires this of me, it requires on yours some information. Your name, your object?"

They looked at each other once more for a moment.

"When you put it in that way, I have nothing to say," said the stranger, with great courtesy; "but to acknowledge your right to require—"

At that moment the door opened hurriedly, and Symington came in.

"Your lordship will be wanting something?" he said. "I heard your voice. Was it to light the lights? or would it be for tea, or——"

He gave a sort of scared glance round the room, and clung to the handle of the door, but his eyes did not seem to distinguish the new-comer in the failing twilight.

"I did not call; but you may

light the candles," Walter said, feeling his own excitement, which had been subsiding, spring up again, in his curiosity to see what Symington's sensations would be.

The old man came in reluctantly. He muttered something uneasily in his throat. "I would have brought a light if I had known. You might have cried down the stairs. It's just out of all order to light the lights this gate," he muttered. But he did not disobey. He went round the room lighting one after another of the twinkling candles in the sconces. Now and then he gave a scared and tremulous look about him; but he took no further notice. The stranger sat quite composedly, looking on with a smile while this process was gone through. Then Symington came up to the table in front of which Walter still stood.

"Take a seat, my lord, take a seat," he said. "It's no canny to see you standing just glowering frae ye, as we say in the country. You look just as if you were seeing something. And take you your French fallow that you were reading last night. It's better when you're by yourself in an auld house like this, that has an ill-name, always to do something to occupy your thoughts."

Walter looked at the stranger, who made a little gesture of intelligence with a nod and smile; and old Symington followed the look, still with that scared expression on his face.

"Your lordship looks for all the world as if you were staring at something in that big chair; you must be careful to take no fancies in your head," the old servant said. He gave a little nervous laugh, and retreated somewhat quickly towards the door. "And talk no more to yourself; it's an ill habit," he added, with one more troubled glance round him as he closed the door.

*To be continued.*



## EXPRESS TRAINS—A RHAPSODY.

## I. PANEGYRIC.

(This article is an introduction to a second containing a *statistical* account of express trains in England. It may serve as a partial apology for the interest taken by some people in railway statistics.)

SHOULD there happen to be any Englishman

“Who never to himself hath said,  
‘This is my own, my native, land!’”

let him cultivate Expresses. He will not emerge from this study without a more intelligent affection for the island where railways first appeared. His country is indeed one that might be defined as the land of express trains, and such a definition would not be accidental; for the qualities that gave rise to railway speed are the very essence of English character.

And if we wish to know a nation well, we cannot do better than examine one of its characteristic institutions. Now express trains are *par excellence* the expression of English nature. When we observe them we are feeling the pulse of the people in these islands, and we ought to come away from the inspection with a vivid diagnosis of our countrymen's disposition.

*Railways a Cordial.*

But apart from this, who can help admiring a perennial exhibition of good spirits, and a sturdy performance of excellent work—work which is in constant progress whether times are good or bad? The country may be going to the dogs—in City papers—but our railways go on better every year, inhaling stimulus from every aspect. During the last ten years, a period of lamentation among commercial men, railway improvement has advanced “by leaps and bounds,”

or rather by an incessant daily progress. Steel rails have replaced iron almost everywhere, double lines have become quadruple, hundreds of miles of siding have been added, new carriages of a costlier kind have appeared in great numbers, continuous brakes were the exception and are now the rule, interlocking has been adopted by the poorest companies, Liverpool and Manchester have forged a third link of communication, the Midland has established its mountain venture<sup>1</sup> to Carlisle, opened another express route through Nottingham, and built the Severn Bridge; the South-Western has pushed round Dartmoor to Plymouth; a very important line has been inserted between March and Lincoln, and another half-completed between Didcot and Southampton; the Severn and Mersey tunnels have been made practicable; while an unusual amount of work has been done in the construction of first-class stations, such as Bristol, York, Carlisle, Devonport,<sup>2</sup> Manchester,<sup>3</sup> Liverpool,<sup>3</sup> and Liverpool Street. During these same ten years there has been an extraordinary increase both of expresses and of their speed (thanks to Bessemer rails); more passengers have been carried faster and more safely; through bookings have spread in every direction; cushions and third-class have become inseparable; and for improved facilities we may instance a case like that of Liverpool and Manchester, whose express communication with each other has more than doubled, and with London grown thirty per cent., since

<sup>1</sup> Blea Moor tunnel is 1,130, and Ais Gill Sidings 1,170, feet above sea level. These are the highest points on any *express* route in the world. (See note to p. 266.)

<sup>2</sup> L. and S. W.

<sup>3</sup> “Central” stations.

1873; while the Great Northern has kept on outstripping itself, the Great Eastern has admirably shed its old skin, and the big Great Western has nearly completed a similar change. Most industries have had a fit of "the blues," but railways, depending upon all, have been busy in these hypochondriac years with more sterling improvement than in any former period of similar length. Finding themselves in a "depression," they made it a stimulus to their undertakings. Then, having set up new permanent way and built better carriages, they proceeded to encourage the public with fresh editions of expresses. Two or three Companies—and notably the Great Eastern<sup>1</sup>—played the part of physician to their country. Knowing that in such times it is not the goods but their makers who are at fault, they exhibited their dose of new speed or new facility to tempt the patient, and so succeeded in drawing out energy when it was not on the surface. We have to thank the Great Eastern in particular for showing that the "dynamic" view of human beings may lead to financial success.

This unfailing tonic property of our great railways makes them a specially attractive study. They are always in a state of advance, though the air they breathe may be dark with demoralisation. When the country is prostrate with commercial ague, these companies have a quinine of their own. The reason no doubt is that their Executive live in a scheme of constant motion, so that the gloom around never has a chance of settling down to blur their enterprise.

So much for the *morale* of our railways; now for the difficulties of the work performed on them. In England

these difficulties are exceptional, for two reasons. First, the variety of geological formations to be traversed, and surface inequalities to be overcome; second, the crush of traffic. In no other country is there such a hard task set before the engineers and the management of a line.

Nearly 400<sup>2</sup> expresses<sup>3</sup> run across England every day, sometimes underneath our ramparts of chalk, past rosy heaths of Surrey or muddy "rhines" of Somerset, along levels of hazy fen, through the undulating sandstone of the Midlands, into deep oolite valleys, up blue limestone dales, over wild Pennine moors of "millstone-grit," and upon the spongy "mosses" at their foot, amidst the thick gloom of coal-fields, out again on the edge of the sea, high up on the empty hills, below among crowded factories, mile after mile by day or night for a hundred miles on end,<sup>4</sup> in summer and winter alike, through fog or storm, at a speed barely less than that at which nerve-tremors throb in our own bodies.

The passenger, pleased with the pace, is apt to feel as if main lines were the world and each express an Alexander. He forgets the endless goods trains, whose drivers frown as he scurries past; the "urgent" trains of fish or meat, the caravans of coal and minerals, the flocks and herds removed alive on wheels, the ballast-trains ubiquitous and casual, the "cheap trip" and costly "special," the "light" engines, the pilgrim trolly, the knots of platelayers for ever toiling at their interrupted task; and over all this a course to be kept clear through busy station and tangled junction, while the entire course of the run is meted out with new permission every mile or two, and is every moment on the verge of being checked. The traveller

<sup>1</sup> In the late depression no Company did more than the Great Eastern to induce a brisker state of trade. It not only came out as a real express line, but opened new markets for fish, vegetables, roots, &c., offered new facilities for the carriage of manure, sand, bricks, timber, &c., and left no chance untied for brightening matters.

<sup>2</sup> About 385.

<sup>3</sup> See Note, p. 266.

<sup>4</sup> King's Cross and Grantham . . . 105½ miles.  
St. Pancras and Leicester . . . 99½ "  
Carlisle and Edinburgh (*via* Hawick) 98½ "  
Nuneaton to Willesden . . . 92 "  
Preston and Carlisle . . . 90 "

never thinks of these and a thousand other items ; but our leading railways have a task to manage as involved as that of the human circulation.

And yet there is nothing in England more grumbled at than railways—a fact which may help to explain their efficiency. The ordinary Englishman having his “genius for administration,” and being more or less also a partner in the business of some railway firm, must find expression for his interest by persistent healthy grumble. Thus a stranger to England might suppose, from the tone of hopeless contempt evoked when an instance is reported of railway mismanagement, that railways were one of our worst institutions, inert and decaying corporations. Instead of which they are vigorous and free in elastic growth, and the nation is really proud of them.<sup>1</sup>

But when a great invention like that of railways brings us not only immense advantage but also some concurrent mischief, there are plenty of people who will confine their attention to the latter, and are keener at carping than at appreciating merit.

However, there is no need now to write testimonials in their favour. Of an express we may say, in the words of Messrs. Gilbey, “its value can be proved by comparison,” for the hottest advocate of past times would be the first to desert his colours if confronted with the travelling realities of fifty years ago. We have long grown accustomed to the ease with which we can get anything from anywhere in no time, while the doubling of our population and trebling of our trade by means of railways are facts too homely to excite reflection.

Still there is a pleasure in passing

<sup>1</sup> If an *express* is taken as a train which runs its entire journey, *including stoppages*, at a speed of forty miles an hour, then the Great Northern has a daily express mileage equal to that of all the railways in the world outside England. This line is mentioned, not because it runs as many fast trains as the North-Western or Midland, but because it runs the most of any in proportion to length or capital.

through our minds some of the greater reasons why we value this modern gift of speed. It has opened out new worlds in life, and we, like boys of seventeen, are scarcely conscious of the full extent of the change.

### 1. *New Energy induced.*

The first use of great speed is to heighten men's working energy. This increase comes doubly, first by an access of new intensity, and then by the spread of this through the system so as to augment the amount of force afterwards generated. All fixed capital has this effect, but instruments of locomotion more than any. For when men are tethered, their energy is soon damped by the exhaustion of the local opportunities available, while the farther they can range the more good fortune they may come across, with the greater resultant tonic to their nature. This is specially the case with traders, to whose prospects of sale distance lends great enchantment ; home possibilities are soon counted up and apportioned, but hope belongs to the distant market. And when merchants operate at a distance, speed can work wonders by 'saving them from that "hope deferred" which eats the marrow out of enterprise. They buy or sell across a continent, and the results face them in a few days.

But the speed of goods trains depends upon that of expresses, and so we are brought to consider the transit of men themselves for business purposes. Here we have a modern change paralleled only by the Bessemer process for the rapid conversion of iron into steel. It is not the mere gift of so much time, for a saving of time and strength is common to all scientific inventions. It is the invigoration put into men's energy by the *quick conversion of intention into deed*, which is the most valuable effect of expresses. By means of them a man's purposes become action all over the land in thousands of cases where formerly no purpose could have

been entertained because of the time that must have elapsed before initiation. Now an express takes Purpose white-hot at its origin, whisks it off into warm contact with other living centres, and lights up Action across an area of opportunities. Such swift speed makes one organic whole of the practical ideas scattered here and there, so that the local vigour of the country pervades the whole mass in through currents, which return to revivify the centres of their birth; industrial life becomes intensified as bodily functions are by the establishment of cerebro-spinal nerve tracks among the local "sympathetic" ganglia; there is more and more an *orchestral* effect in life.

High speed enables men to do more work and do it better, to come across a wider choice of facts and form surer decisions for dealing with them. Then the ready response from without to a man's own intention within, this prompt ability for the mobilisation of business ideas, acts upon human nature with the force of a magnet; men feel drawn out to attempt things simply because the plan will at any rate not suffer impediment from distance. And there is a special magic in the transformation of distance from a drawback into a stimulus. A man's nerves are quickened and made more staunch; for such a difficulty being so easily mastered, all others seem less masterful, and realisation appears close at hand. Distance becomes possibility, and the mere knowledge that these possibilities are now within the range of practical dealing makes a perpetual tonic; our imagination has more capital to live upon, and brisk imagination is the spring of enterprise. This is particularly the case where it is a question of combined action, when a coalition is required of distant individuals; because enthusiasm cannot always go by post, but by express it flies like a Promethean spark, to fuse isolated thoughts into one ardent project. Men strike while the iron is hot, and *coelum non consilium mutant* may truly be said of those for instance who step from their

carriages at King's Cross intent upon the same purpose with which they entered them nine hours ago at Edinburgh, only braced a little by the splendid dash across nearly five degrees of latitude.

And this new energy arrives in a further way, by the creation of a better quality of intelligence. The constant necessity of taking up new attitudes towards fresh facts begets an alertness of mental disposition, a readiness in resource, and a fertility of mind, which are the welcome trade-winds of the nineteenth century.

Express trains are to a country what long thighs are to an individual, but long thighs and *intelligence* are said to be related; and thus the profusion of English expresses is a happy sign, for it is the growth of intelligence that gives the world half its buoyancy.

## 2. Pain lessened.

A second result, too large for appreciation, is the mitigation of pain, chiefly in young people. We have been considering above the primary use of express trains, how they simultaneously economise our effort and stimulate us to stronger exertion; and this is their common-sense endorsement. But there is another every day reason why fast trains have become part of our favourite furniture, that is, the remembrance of what they do for us in emergencies. Times of sudden joy and trouble have forged a friendship with expresses. When events are urgent, whatever can rise to the occasion and help us is regarded with affection; the humming engine, eager to floor time and space, stands out as something human, and the guard's whistle trills in unison with our own impatience.

Those old pathetic pictures of partings, when some one of a family left the home in a secluded parish to live in the remoteness of another, or when a lover was taken from his lass, will not be painted again, nor will the quiet misery they commemorate have

to be borne again. This has gone, as the horror has gone which used to be faced when chloroform was unknown; the sting has been taken out of sharp agony, and express-speed has carried off a pall of dull trouble which clouded many more people. Nowadays the softest girl has her cruellest parting soothed by the winged words that reach her next day through the post, and the warmest-hearted mother finds that her boy cannot be more than a few hours' journey from her; both learn to measure their loss by the ease with which they may override it. In fact, a dispersion of the units of a family which used to approach tragedy, is now often transmuted into an effect of excitement rather than pain. The penny post has spread sunshine across the world, but the penny post is only a corollary of express trains, and, comforting as a certainty of letters is, the arrival of warm flesh and blood throws them quite into the shade. Expresses consummate the post.

### 3. *Transfiguration of the Earth and Men.*

In a third way the habit of express speed does us good, by the dramatic presentation of *ourselves and the earth*. Sixty years ago the world, to most people, was their own parish, and such phrases as "the enthusiasm of humanity" were unknown, because the feeling was unknown, while "cosmic emotion" was also an unborn child, waiting until men could be frequently touched by the expression of their mother earth, a thing impossible till travel was a commonplace.

Now we see ourselves lifted up as on a stage by means of express speed, which brings ordinary men and women before us with a spice of circumstance that adds a flavour to our natural liking. Just as homely feelings are touched by Shakespeare, and something large transfused into them, so that his readers take away a permanent present, so after a journey across England in a fine express our

everyday quotation for the race rises to a premium. It is this that makes a station, on some rough morning when an express is about to start, one of the most educating scenes in a capital. The display of brilliant ability appeals to our imagination, the great success to our pride, and the solid worth of the thing is obvious as we watch the passengers hurrying out from the pigeon-holes where they have laid down their gold. The train is run for no one in particular, but the programme of each passenger catches emphasis and glows with the animation of the whole movement. The brittle old man of eighty, the placid lady with white hair and serene brow, that invalid brought tenderly in on his bed, the hungry schoolboy wild for a punctual departure, and his pretty young sister of laughing thirteen, the full-blown lovelier girl warm in her corner, the jovial merchant seating himself like a ruddy bulwark, those police with a handcuffed wretch between them, the artisan eager for his new billet, the son on leave to bury his mother, the two old friends with knapsack and pipe keen for their holiday, the soldier off to a foreign land, the sunburnt sailor steering straight home at last, and the deep-lined doctor of repute, driving up just in time, with thoughtful hope on his toughened face—so many mortals, old and young, unacquainted with each other, but bound one way for divers reasons, are merged for a time in one joint experience, like notes in a fine chord where the combined effect enhances the value of each constituent. Life is seen as in a spectrum, vivid with its various hues and shades, and when the driving-wheels begin to turn, and the white steam pours out, it is the departure of a human ray of light and heat to energise some distant spot. Stations should have large spans and great architecture; they look down hourly on great services to men.

Then again, a genuine *national* feeling comes to an instructed traveller by rail, if the journey is long

and swift. The army of plate-layers intent upon our path, the sleepless—but often only too sleepy—signalmen, the busy foremen and inspectors, the porters prompt for a punctual despatch,<sup>1</sup> the guard scattering sparks of alertness, the humorous driver unsoured by repeated loss of ideal, the honest tapper of every wheel—not to mention those who designed and put together what has to stand the test of relentless speed; there must be sound men all along our route, and this comes home strongly to us after an hour or two.

But it is the Earth herself that is brought before us with most vivid splendour, in a way which the present generation is the first to have experienced while children. The feeling of distance is almost modern, and is growing up now as a result of running over immense spaces in the limits of a day. When "All that are desirous to pass from *London to York*, or from *York to London*" used to "perform the whole Journey in Four Days (*if God permits*),"<sup>2</sup> they went over the same ground as we do now in less than four hours, and no doubt a greater number of objects caught their eye. But they slept two or three nights on the way, and sleep seems (except in the case of lovers) to dislocate the experience of the current day from that of preceding ones, whereas now the external world showers its volley of successive impressions upon men whose mood has not time to tire from London to the northern capital, whose spirits are as keen at the last mile-mark as at the first. And thus the entire series of objects encountered in the run through nearly three degrees of latitude make one great picture in our memory, every detail being in almost equally sharp focus: after many such journeys there begin to dawn on the plane of our conceptions new outlines of the earth. Distance is *felt* in the nineteenth

century, instead of being assented to by figures or the lapse of days.

Then this new sense of *Space* soon merges in and helps to swell that modern feeling of *Existence* which draws nourishment from so many sources. And any one who is susceptible to reality or who has a tendency to fall in love with existence must be fond of a ride by express. Many a modern brain, aching from inward collision, receives an unrivalled tonic from the pleasant broadside of life that plays on our rapid course with such a kind profusion. Blue mountain-ranges dozing in the distant sunshine, the steadfast river rippling near, the bosomed slopes of teeming soil turned up in glossy ridges, the ardent birds, and comfortable cattle, old houses that peep gray from their shelter of trees, where the doves are cooing as we pass, then a sudden vision of crowded roofs and busy smoke across the sky, the shrill applause from children waiting for our speed, the people pacing active on the platform whizzing by, the long-drawn aisles between those lines of trucks of coal or harder merchandise down which we dash with the roar of a storm, and soft green fields again, where the white clouds are sailing silent above the curtsying wires—at each turn these thousands of living instances never cease to salute the audience of our listening eyes. Whirled with a magnificent ease through a panorama of life so generously presented, the worn man feels more than the atmospheric breeze that blows outside; he is strung by an altogether novel touch from the surrounding fact of *Existence*.

In these ways express speed can put a rainbow-fringe around our pictures of mankind and the earth, till our feeling about both is enlarged into something like the tender passion on a higher scale. An Englishman who knows his country well, if he take his seat by the window on a summer day, must admit, as he is hurried along the exquisite dales of the Derbyshire

<sup>1</sup> At any rate north of the Thames.

<sup>2</sup> Advertisement of express service between York and London, April, 1706.

heights,<sup>1</sup> or drawn with unflinching pace up the wild ascent of solemn Longdendale,<sup>2</sup> that of such speed we can truly say, It touches nothing that it does not adorn.

#### 4. *High Art Leaven, and Scientific Significance, in Express Trains.*

A fourth gift of express speed is the example of "finish" it offers, a stimulus to encourage people who are deep in the ruts of common circumstance. Familiarity with any of our great English lines breeds a disposition similar to that induced by acquaintance with splendid music or beautiful figures; the observer feels like Edmund in *King Lear*, that he pants for life and means some good to do—at any rate longs to do something well. There is a hankering after excellence inside every one, but it wants occasion to draw it out, and there is no charge for admission to the sight of an express. Now an express is the death of mediocrity, or mediocrity will be the death of it; and hence the quicker the speed of our trains the healthier<sup>3</sup> the effect of this demonstration of high art on a world compelled to so much that is "cheap and nasty." Certain old words, descriptive of excellence in men and women, are just now disfranchised from the public service. But the qualities they were used to denote are still extant; signs of them stud the rails at every yard, and each engine is a moving testimony to their persistence. Stamina, thoroughness, perse-

verance, are the "water-mark" of our English lines. And those who bewail "the noble characteristics of the coaching days" may find them all again upon the foot-plate; there stand men with coal-dust on their faces, but diamond qualities beneath.

And besides this leaven of real high art, one of those influences that give aristocratic zest to a life which without them would be stale and *bourgeois*, there is another of close kinship, the feature of scientific significance, which is never absent from any first-class product. Such trophies of achievement inspire the public imagination, for they serve as samples of the astounding successes that can be realised out of ordinary material by means of disciplined common-sense. As both material and common-sense are abundant, while discipline can be nursed by every one to some extent, we go away stronger for having seen an express. Those popular legends or doggerel ballads which in Shakespeare's hands became immortal legacies, or the vague suggestions which Beethoven worked out into movements that carry every one captive, these stages are not farther apart than were the North-umberland coal-waggons of a hundred years ago from the masterly fact of today, when we see express-engine and bogie-carriages flash across the fields—improved out of all knowledge of their ancestry, were it not for the four-foot-nine between their wheels, which still survives as a link of identification with the past.<sup>4</sup> This brilliant realisation of railway speed, by displaying one instance of our power over the monsters that used to frighten us—for the race was cradled like Hercules—gives intellectual satisfaction and readiness

<sup>1</sup> The Midland expresses to Manchester run up to a height of 999 feet near Peak Forest, where they tunnel a fork of the Pennine range.

<sup>2</sup> From Manchester to the top of the Woodhead tunnel, 1,010 above sea, is 22 miles of continuous ascent, averaging  $\frac{1}{4}$  all the way, only three miles of which are easier than  $\frac{1}{4}$ ; there is three-quarters of a mile level on the way, but no other rest. The M. S. & L. expresses mount this with a very off-hand alacrity.

<sup>3</sup> And, as for *safety*, the safest line is the one which is the best managed, but the one which runs the most and the fastest expresses is obliged to be the best managed; thus, those who prefer *slow* trains must yet acknowledge their debt to expresses.

<sup>4</sup> 4ft. 9in. was the gauge of the local coal-carts near Newcastle, which Stephenson adopted as the gauge of his first railway, in order that the coal-owners might the more readily fall in with his revolutionary change. [And similarly we may discover certain idiosyncracies of human nature which have persisted till the present day as "survivals;" they may have no merit of their own beyond that of transitory necessity, and we may reconsider their value without alarm.]

for the next problem. If some difficulties have been so ably mastered, why not others, for they all agree in being difficulties? Express trains are a type of true Epicurean achievement; but it is by getting these trophies from common material that "transcendental" hopes and purposes thrive; men are fired by such successes till their imagination leaps out into the future.

5. *The Mind braced by Straightforward Action.*

We must be grateful to expresses for another healthy influence particularly welcome now. At a time when legislation lingers, or has to fight its way by inches, when the channels of trade are blocked by stakes of ignorance or torpedoes of speculation, when thoughtful people, whether they know it or not, are deadened by that mental pyæmia due to "impacted" problems,—then is the time when we turn with thanks to a sight like that of English railways, where every day in a hundred directions, all over the country, wet or fine, peace or war, Tories in or Tories out, we find the same simple *menu* of

"Something attempted, something done."

There is a childish gratification in watching the manly performance of such every-day programmes as those issued by our leading lines; we imbibe a simple medicine which goes straight home, and acts where it is wanted. Those who are familiar with the daily work described in *Bradshaw* derive the same satisfaction that comes to the "gods" of a theatre when they watch the play push on its straightforward march towards the reward of virtue and collapse of the villain; something decisive has been duly done, and they started with the yearning that it should. So in the run of an express there is unity of action to satisfy the simplest. We have to be in a certain latitude and longitude at a certain minute, and start accordingly; we may trust the earth to

afford plenty of incident for diversifying the progress of the play. A constant repartee, of hill and tunnel, valley and viaduct, obstacle and curve, a rise or fall in the horizon, *diminuendos* or *crescendos* of speed, uninteresting landscape and fascinating pace, mountain grandeur and a slackening to observe it better, and all the way a dominant strain of one purpose—even when hushed for half an hour at York or Normanton.

6. *The effect of Express Trains in constructing a Social "Permanent Way" through the Surface-inequalities of Custom, Clique, and Locality.*

The last boon we notice here is indirectly by far the greatest. The primary effect of speed, in augmenting and intensifying the market energy of every man, was manifest with the first train that ran, and this constantly cumulating effect has grown before our eyes, inducing fresh potentiality along scores of secondary channels, till we have the obvious result of it to-day—a nation bristling with eagerness, and intent as it never was before to realise new paths for the discharge of its energy.

The influence at which we now glance works in a rather different way. It does not at first intensify raw local force, for its effect may be the contrary; but it pervades the whole society of individual centres of life, and works a gradual *readjustment* of their attitudes to one another, in such a manner that each unit becomes better disposed to exchange energy with his neighbour. It is this influence which is now to a great extent laying a permanent way for real society, while the first has been breeding a tremendous capacity for working on the new lines when open. When people mix, there is a change as great as when chemical action occurs in a test-tube, but the change is a happier one; the individuals do not disappear, only their characters modify, they become more pliant and readier to make terms with



their fellows, that is, more disposed to create life on a generous scale. As a result of a few years of expresses, we have in England new social phenomena, not simply aggregations of event; while the great British independence or stubborn self-sufficiency of the individual units mixed together has made the result much more valuable.

For express trains are through-currents of life, which arouse localism from its habit of aloofness, and stir up a disposition for contact, for intelligent "society." Then follow through-currents of social enthusiasm, as the linked individuals induce happiness all round, instead of radiating into space. Even now men and women are like bad engines, wasting nearly all the warmth inside them, instead of making it efficient outside; but what were they a hundred years ago? The gradual change of this kind effected by expresses may be compared to the acquisition of respiratory organs; for now the fresh air of intelligence pervades the life of the country, and eliminates the used-up products of clique and custom. Thus the old antithesis of "town" and "country" is fast losing its point, and a modern simplicity<sup>1</sup> of method is arising which is partly due to the discovery of our greatest common measure by travel. Vulgarity, snobishness, and parochial servility are dissolving into a thoughtful regard for the circumstances that inclose human affairs. We can see signs of this change all around us—in our books, our servants, our furniture, and nowhere more than in the eyes of children and the dress they wear. Along with this new simplicity may be also seen a new hope, which is coming on quietly like a sturdy child. Hope arrives in the train of new conditions, and a fresh breeze began to blow over the world when the railway was opened from Stockton to Darlington; for that extra-parochial enterprise ushered in extra-parochial reward.

We might continue dilating on the obvious—for everything healthy has so many endorsements,—but a recital of benefactors is apt to fatigue. Mill says: "This one operation, of putting things into fit places for being acted upon by their own internal forces and by those residing in other natural objects, is all that man does, or can do, with matter. He only moves one thing to or from another."<sup>2</sup> And the same analysis applies to what men "can do" with their fellows. Therefore an express, since its *raison d'être* is the perpetual motion of men themselves, marks the very quintessence of human ability.

Here we will stop our analytic admiration, and wander in a more diffuse panegyric. Through the work of George Stephenson<sup>3</sup> we have been enriched with two new gifts, which are worth remarking. The first is the

#### *Stamina in Modern Hops.*

There is an ozone in the nineteenth century air, much of which may be traced to railways. Men are for ever waging war against obstacles, and when a great victory is won over any one of these, the *morale* of the whole army is strengthened; they feel ready now for victory in general. The victory Stephenson won was over a special obstacle which no one hoped to conquer. His subjugation of distance made a specially vivid appeal to each man's imagination, because hitherto distance had been accepted as the death of so many of the best possibilities. But now Distance was led captive across the land in triumphal procession at forty miles an hour, and every one saw the sight. While this change was establishing itself the children who were being born drank in a new view of the material world; they grew up to look upon surrounding

<sup>1</sup> "Ancient simplicity is one of the illusions that vanish before historical criticism."—F. Pollock, *Fortnightly Review*, October, 1881.

<sup>2</sup> *Political Economy*, Bk. I., chap. i. § 2.

<sup>3</sup> *i.e.* Railways are the *mechanism* by which these gifts arrive, though they are not the ultimate source.

conditions as things to be tackled by intelligence rather than as vested interests to be touched with caution. If there were no great inventions, the world would soon seem like a cabinet full of intricate grooves and drawers, whose movements can be learnt only from tradition; but any achievement like that of Stephenson makes evident the fact that there are inexhaustible hidden drawers unknown to the old experts, with treasure which can be discovered by any one who brings resolution to the attempt. Every man has a current stock of force to work his daily programme with, but this capital swells or shrinks according as it finds an opening readily or not in the barriers of circumstance. Spirits are "high" or "low" in proportion as each beginning of purpose is too much obstructed or is quickly passed through its working stages. Each block to purpose deadens the energy that forged that purpose, while every favouring response has a magic effect in stimulating fresh creations of the originating effort. And express trains have introduced a new state of things in the world of people's business intentions; men turn over their nerve-capital of purpose ten times oftener than they used, and the result is that they develop a new elasticity of nature, as freshening as the breeze upon a sea-shore. Not only is the practical imagination touched with a tonic, but the raw energy saved leaves so much the more available for higher uses; the working day becomes double its old length, and there is a multiplied intensity to work it with.

But the gain must be immense to men who were once the serfs of distance and who now are free. And this emancipation leads to very much more than its own immediate benefits. Unsympathetic people are never tired of depreciating "those triumphs of material and mere machinery" which so illuminate the present century. But the sneer comes from ignorance. None of these things can be done without the partnership of some of

the finest moral qualities, and any summit of human excellence resembles all others in being at bottom the result of a victory over inertia. Our devotion to physical science will turn out to have been a schoolmaster which will bring us to a happier social state in the imminent future. And besides, we are beginning to admit now that "common material" details are to be treated with respect; they none of them *are* really "common," but are all so "highly connected" that a proper attention to any of them may at any moment result in the introduction of angels unawares. Such angels have been entertained in England since Stephenson sat up night after night over his pit fire, puzzling at boiler-tubes and the adhesion of smooth wheels.

This then is the insidious boon presented by the sight of our Scotch expresses running to Grantham<sup>2</sup> or Leicester<sup>3</sup> without a stop; the observer is mentally braced by seeing such a long course of obstacle so simply overcome, and the absence of fetters to such a feat of realisation allows his imagination to stand upright for a moment. The same kind influence comes when we listen to the performance of a great movement of Beethoven. Men walk in, badgered by business friction, or chafed by the fetters of legal delay, and sit down to listen in peace, undisturbed by any earthly jar, while a masterly inspiration makes its unimpeded flight along a permanent way of smooth musical tones to a splendid consummation. Both music and expresses feed the disposition to be enthusiastic, by affording public instances of what can be done when conditions are accurately grappled. The audience go away with a leaven inside them, feeling (though perhaps unconsciously) sure that things in general can be done and difficulties overcome.

<sup>1</sup> The same people who talk so contemptuously of "material" progress will say, "Oh, that's immaterial!" when they refer to something unimportant, and thus disclose their belief that whatever is material is important.

<sup>2</sup> 105½ miles.

<sup>3</sup> 99½ miles.

Every man has had once an infinite programme, but it is never long entertained, because the daily blocks to particular current effort degrade his disposition to tussle with remaining difficulties; and *vice versa* any swift possession of *one* end puts fresh force into his readiness to pursue other ends, makes him revert again to infinite attempt. This illusion of infinite capability, bred by such sights as expresses and such music as Beethoven's, is invaluable for giving men buoyancy. And though it may be an illusion to the men of each generation, it is not a delusion for the race; because human minds are growing, and they see round corners of the future by anticipation. On the basis of actual sterling work already achieved there rises up an edifice of credit to house the workers, and when they look into their mirrors they see "virtual" images of things to come. The faith of active men springs from their works. Hence railways feed the pluck of their creators, and that instinct of *hopefulness*, which though yet an infant, is full of promise, is one legacy of Stephenson's work.

*Railways have thrown men Out of Gear Mentally.*

But that modern elasticity of disposition is only one of the gifts we have received by means of Stephenson; we come now to the second, which at first sight seems destructive of the other. When express speed became established as a function of the national life, a widespread interaction began of the many types of rigid British individuality, each firmly hedged with the assurance of its own sufficiency; there was an interference allowed of currents of energy hitherto insulated. This mingling has now become so general that an unprecedented state of things has ensued. The air seems filled with a precipitate of shapeless beliefs, shifting and wandering like flakes in a snowstorm, and we hear people asking whether

long-trusted fundamental principles are really "true," while others buy expensive books to see if life be "worth living." Men who confine themselves to an atmosphere close with their own thoughts can easily show on paper that the prospect is very wretched, but out of doors, rubbing against one another and facing the encouragement of successful work, this dampness of printer's ink soon evaporates again.

In the game of "twirl the trencher" there comes now and then an incident called "twilight," when every child for a few moments is unseated, and chaos reigns supreme. George Stephenson was the unintentional means of calling "twilight" in our English nursery, and so thoroughly has inertia been disturbed that we are not likely to find our seats for some time to come. Or we may regard our island a hundred years ago as fast in the grip of a glacial period of theologic ice, while now, with the advent of more Nature and sunny intelligence, the massive floes begin to melt away. Whatever similes are used, the fact remains that thoughts and beliefs are at present blurred in their outline, vague and indistinct compared with those of our ancestors. Virtue and vice, some people complain, are nowadays fickle as to their features, which are given to fading out of focus when we interrogate them. It must, however, be their own promptitude in discovering good or bad tendencies, rather than the tendencies themselves, which has suffered change. We are none of us sure exactly where we are; we only know, from undeniable evidence of science, that we are out of our old reckoning; and so men go on with their daily work steeped in a restless discontent.

But this auspicious fog of discontent, it may be said, is surely due to the persevering work of *science*, and railways must not be allowed to play Jacob with the birthright of another. This, however, is the strongest reason for presenting in full the claim of

railways to our gratitude. Science of course is the mother of railways, which are only one of her splendid children; and in praising the fact of express speed we are only paying our tribute to her by a bit of concrete admiration. "Science" is common-sense gone into training, with imagination to steer, and railways are simply a very emphatic instance of what common gifts can do when properly used. At the same time it is not arrogant to claim for railways rather than for science the merit of having produced modern discontent. No doubt it is the scientific spirit of corroboration, which, by making us all more accurate, is convicting us of error, and apparently undoing discipline; but facts, like seed, must be sown, and by what except by railroads have the seeds of fertile thought been drilled across the receptive land? By the printing-press, it may be said; but newspapers and books depend on speed, and it is the *machinery* by which great results arrive that we are here examining. Besides, it is not so much the diffusion of books containing new knowledge as the diffusion of living people who entertain this knowledge which works such a change in the world; and personal contact is a startling factor in an age of expresses.<sup>1</sup>

If then it is granted that railways have *unsettled* us and made us discontented, the next thing is to point out the merit of this service.

A partial illustration is supplied by the instance of a modern pianoforte, and by a consideration of the way in which it is tuned. The tuner tries to observe deference to the recognised relations of "fourths" and "fifths," but finds that if he rigidly persists in tuning by these exact intervals the notes of one octave, he cannot have through communication with the notes of adjoining octaves similarly tuned. He therefore disregards a little the individual claims of each "fourth" and "fifth," making each concede a trifle from its absolute mathematical

precision, and he tunes away through a series of slightly flattened intervals. The result is that starting from any note we have a succession of exact "octaves" (indispensable intervals) up and down the keyboard, and a given number of wires is thus able to yield incomparably greater results, results quite superior in kind.

The application of this simile to railways in their effect on modern thought is obvious; the mere habit of swift locomotion has made us *tolerant*. Continual contact with the diverse views of different people whom we cannot help liking has subdued us into thoughtfulness and into cultivating a disposition to "give and take." *Toleration* is notoriously the key-note of the latter part of this century, and the children of each new generation are more and more educated so as to be attuned to easier intercourse with their fellows. When nations resemble a pianoforte in the ease with which great movements of happy intercourse can traverse the entire "social scale," then there will be a beginning of thorough "society," a disposition of units which till now has not been possible except in a fractional part of the human instrument.

It is 1882 years since "a star appeared in the East," and with it the first intimation that such a change might be effected, that men could be better off if they would live by means of one another instead of *on* one another, if they would adjust the intervals of their relations with their neighbours according to a system of intelligent rather than blind selfishness. But the idea was too far in advance of any practical instrument for its realisation, and it could not dovetail with the ordinary experience of those who listened to its attractions. The greatest idea has to wait for machinery to carry it out, and it is only sixty years ago that the details of such a mechanism were worked out by the local engineer on the banks of the Tyne. He of course was not concerned with this idea, nearly 1900

<sup>1</sup> As Mr. Gladstone well knows.

years old, of first throwing the world out of local tune in order that it might then be re-tuned on an "equal" system<sup>1</sup> of universal relations. He was simply in love with his own work, but he gave the world a practical form of exercise for the expression of its energy which is fast tending to the result originally proclaimed, and without which the result could not probably have been attained. Meanwhile, in the intervening centuries, "benighted Europe" had succeeded in establishing a basis of material security and a bond of industrial union; so that when expresses came into play with this un-tuning effect of theirs, they could not shake society in its material foundations, but were only able to throw it out of gear mentally. This they have done, and we are in the noise of the tuning. It is a distracting and uncomfortable time, especially to some selfish keys, who thought they were secure in their sanctuary, and much resent the overhauling. For a time nothing can be heard but the jarring of individual notes sternly tested; but the prospect is brighter, for every now and then we catch a hint of some brilliant passage of which the keyboard will in future be capable.

In fact a little reflection on our modern instinct of *toleration* discovers the two great modern facts which we have already described as legacies of Stephenson. *Why* is it that people now are so much more disposed to tolerate than they ever were before? For two reasons. First, because they are tough with a *new hope*, hope which comes from living in an atmosphere of practical ozone; and this hope, true to its breeding, makes them inclined to believe in new possibilities of good; while the scientific spirit—which railways have done everything to diffuse<sup>2</sup>

—persuades them of the intimate connection between all things: "*there is a soul of good in all things evil.*" Secondly—and here we have the un-tuning effect of railways—men are *not so cocksure* as they used to be with regard to the glib certainties Right and Wrong; wider information has made them more modest. Thus our toleration is only possible through the contemporaneous growth of that *confidence* and that *uncertainty* both of which we hold must be affiliated on the father of railways.

There is a tale told somewhere of a too fond youth who was once exiled from happiness and sent to the emptiness of a remote hamlet. There every morning he used to walk to where a line of railway ran through the solitude, and where he could watch the rails keeping their even course away into distance. When he stood on the bright metals he felt he was on a level with kind friends and happy haunts all over the country, and this feeling brought them nearer with a little warmth of comfort. And sometimes, out of indulgence to a sick fancy, he would put his ear to the metals, so as to catch the resonance from that favourite spot from which he had just been severed.

Now "science" has taken us away from some of our dearest friends, but when we are on a railway, though railways were the chief instrument she used to work her end, we feel in compensation that we are more closely linked with our fellow creatures. We cannot stand on any rural platform, or cross the rails that pass through the dreariest fen, without seeming to be for the moment arm-in-arm with our whole country. The shining track stands out as a route for better human consciousness, and we see a gift of nerves which promise a new order of happiness. We may be lonely out

<sup>1</sup> A certain amount of precision has to be sacrificed by each of the lesser intervals, in order that we may secure a true "octave;" when the tuner distributes this loss so that each interval makes the same contribution to the main result, he is said to be tuning on a system of *equal temperament*.

<sup>2</sup> It may seem an absurd want of proportion

to pass by with such scanty notice the immense influence of the Evolution theory on the growth of tolerance; but we are only considering the *mechanism* by which such irresistible forces become efficient.

among the stubbles of discredited beliefs, but the hand that performed the operation will probably heal the wound. The mental gloom so prevalent, which is caused by the admixture of so much new truth, is like what chemists call "a precipitate soluble in excess," which will disappear when brought in contact with more of its cause.

### *Feudalism and Localism.*

Two other points arrest our attention when we consider railways. One is the death of feudalism, the other the birth of localism. In fact these are only two aspects of the same process, for it is the growth of genuine localism which has killed feudalism, by striking its own roots into the soil on which the latter used to thrive. Railways, which have broken up the iron fetters of the middle ages, have been silently creating a better bond of union. Centralisation will soon find much of its old occupation gone in a land of confederate localism. Those who look round England now can see the beginning of this change in that hardy and sensible local instinct which is cropping out everywhere. This is the disposition that finds one place nearly as good as another for energetic men, and it is radically different from the cockney belief which makes a man miserable unless he is "near town." No doubt at first the effect of railways was to strengthen the *prestige* of the metropolis; but now the tables are turned, and vigorous cities have grown up where there were paltry towns before, in a widespread rivalry of independence. London is still by courtesy called the "capital," but the word conveys a false idea. Liverpool, Manchester, and the other towns in the north put it to shame in things that mark intelligence. The huge city has lost some of the properties of a real capital, and is as much like an enlarged liver as it is like a head.

In this new growth of *localism* we see exemplified the proper working of

Nemesis. "Here, at Killingworth," says Mr. Smiles, "without the aid of a farthing of Government money, a system of road locomotion had been in existence since 1814, which was destined, before many years, to revolutionise the internal communications of England and of the world, but of which the English public and the English Government as yet knew nothing."<sup>1</sup> It was the plucky local spirit that created railways, and this is the very spirit which is now being daily strengthened and dignified by their influence.

With regard to *feudalism*, and its disappearance before the magic touch of speed, we need only recall those words of Dr. Arnold, uttered forty years ago in a flash of intuition, when he saw the first trains of the North-Western on the line near Rugby. "I rejoice to see it," he said, as he stood on one of its arches, and watched the train pass on through the distant hedgerows—"I rejoice to see it, and think that feudality is gone for ever." That system has had its day, and we will not stop to speak ill of a bridge that carried us over in very rough weather. But, though the feudal system is dead and buried, injustice still remains. And some serious people are talking now of a social revolution which will soon come, when the poorest class will extort by force what "greedy capitalism" is too unjust to concede. Whether, or not, in sensible England any such violent change will occur, and passion prevail over intelligence, it is certain that in the meantime there is actually in operation, every day, a remedial force which is none the less capable because it is quiet in its action. Any one can see that railways are the worst enemies of injustice. For injustice now can hardly lurk in the remotest corner when the "bull's eye" of express communication lights up every parish in the land.

To give one concrete instance: At the beginning of the "nineteenth

<sup>1</sup> *Lives of the Engineers*, vol. iii., chap. viii.

century" trades-unions were illegal. But now that the plain truth about them is diffused, and their doings brought before every one's eyes instead of being known only by false report, these societies are protected by law as much as the wealthiest interests that used to crush them. Railways have been their good fairy.

And so with the many long-endured facts that disgrace society, though we may not yet have got much beyond a naïve indignation arising from the novelty of our knowledge that there were such evils, still it seems probable that in a very few years this resentment will find expression in some intelligent action for the prevention of them. It is the railways have excited this indignation, by bringing the evils before us so dramatically, and with such a wholesale shock. Men always knew that injustice and wrong went on within the radius of their own parish bells, but they were accustomed to it from their birth, and too lazy to want to alter it. But now railways bring us news every day with our breakfast that equal injustice constantly occurs in every other parish. We cannot stand this—we must protest against the beam when it protrudes from our brother's eye. Besides, a wrong state of things in one parish made no such vivid impression on our minds as the dramatic presentation of Wrong affecting hundreds of thousands. The consciousness *en bloc* was too strong to be resisted, and inertia was thoroughly waked up.

We can see, then, that railway speed has long been working a "silent and insensible" revolution—to quote the phrase of Adam Smith,<sup>1</sup> when he speaks of an equally momentous change effected by equally "material" agency. Indignation by itself cannot cure wrong, but the best of railways is, that while creating a widespread sense of wrong about social facts, they simultaneously promote that mingling of men and contagion of thought which are the only source of a

<sup>1</sup> *Wealth of Nations*, Bk. iii., chap. iv.

remedy. For motion is the favourite soil of intelligence.

There are spots on our English railways where the line is eloquent; the stones and "sleepers" seem to speak.

A man who is fond of contrast should take a look some fine morning at those Westminster slums—not a stone's throw from the Houses of Parliament—where fate has rolled men into gutters, where rents kill modesty, and so dirt and disgrace are accepted good-humouredly as a matter of course—and then, turning his back on this, let him rattle up to St. Pancras in time for the 10.35 express, and by five in the afternoon step out in romantic Westmoreland.<sup>2</sup> When he has had some food, he should return by rail to Hawes Junction. Strolling out there on the shadowy hills as the sun begins to set, he has come to a gathering of pure Nature, and he stands alone with an assemblage of mute mountain-peaks. An hour or two later, having walked to the top of the watershed, where rivulets rustle down the rocks, as he waits in the shelter where the Ure and Eden rise together, except for the faint crackling of the limestone crags he can almost hear the moonlight fall upon the stillness. Below him is the railway, a strange intruder, and Bow Fell looks down calm on this triumph over difficulties. Then there issues an earnest uproar<sup>3</sup> from the milk-blue air where Kirkby Stephen lies hid, and soon he sees three red lights diminishing past him till they vanish in the tunnel on the south.

At another part of the Midland route to Scotland, the landscape is almost audible with expression. Between Carlisle and Hawick we have to climb 950 feet of the Lowlands, and get over forty-six miles, in an hour and five minutes. When we leave the curves of the Esk, and run into higher Liddesdale, as we steam with discip-

<sup>2</sup> Appleby, arrive 5.20.

<sup>3</sup> 8 P.M. up express from Carlisle.

lined hurry up the sheltered slopes of this once international valley, past the sheep feeding undisturbed in the sunshine that entertains the silence of the region, like boys who come home after a long absence to find the same old furniture and mantelpiece changed because they can now see over it, or get their chins above it, so we from our modern rapid seat regard the unaltered hills, while we charge along the open scarp of moor above Newcastleton—up a gradient of 1 in 70 [for eight miles in succession] with unbroken wind. And Mr. Smiles, speaking from the other end of the ancient boundary, where the Tweed and the North Sea foam beneath the Border Bridge, re-echoes this sentiment:—"The warders at Berwick no longer look out from the castle walls to describe the glitter of Southron spears. The bell-tower, from which the alarm was sounded of old, though still standing, is deserted; the only bell heard within the precincts of the old castle being that of the railway porter announcing the arrival or departure of trains. You see the Scotch express pass along the bridge and speed southward on the wings of steam. But no alarm spreads along the Border now. Northumbrian beeves are safe. Chevy Chase and Otterburn are quiet sheep-pastures. The only men-at-arms on the battlements of Alnwick Castle are of stone. Bamborough Castle has become an asylum for shipwrecked mariners, and the Norman keep at Newcastle has been converted into a Museum of Antiquities. The railway has indeed consummated the Union."<sup>1</sup>

Or again, returning south by the "East Coast Route," and taking part in that fastest of express performances, we have half-an-hour to wait at York, the whole of which need not be spent inside the refreshment-room. Outside, at the northern end of the platform, is a picture as moving to an ordinary man as it is striking to an artist. Facing us are the old town, and older river, and the gray Minster broods

unvexed over the history of two thousand years. The Yorkshire fields lying level around, the blue stream, flowing tranquilly past the shadows of bridges and ancient irregular houses, the massive tower, aloft with circling birds and sunshine, the narrow old streets half hid by gables, the hillocks of red-tiled roofs in various tints of age seen softening through the city smoke, and the open plain beyond, stretching quiet in its own fertility, except where here and there the sunlight shows an eager train on one of the modern tracks that intersect its green expanse—this picture has a special charm when we turn and contrast it with the busy stir of the platform. The weather-worn cathedral and the brand-new station are the two rival objects; but though outwardly unlike they are in sympathy with each other. Both show a belief in possibilities; the first, an early one, which, feeling only that there *was* a responsiveness somewhere outside, stretched upwards to the sky; while the second, a thousand years later, finds hope at its elbow, and so its work is diffused upon earth. An equally earnest energy may have planned the two, but the change of investment is caused by the arrival of definite knowledge. We look out again on the heirloom of St. Mary's Abbey and the older Roman arches, and the plaintive part of the suggestion dies away before the dozens of ruddy children who expatiate on the soft turf or run for hide-and-seek behind the ruins. Their healthy laugh rings out with the everlasting freshness of the race, as it comes back from its dip in Lethe,—while the blue water keeps on its patient way to the Humber.

But time is up, and we must leave this station, one of the tonic sights of England. The guard blows his whistle, the eight-foot wheel of the "G. N. R." revolves, the last smoker is shut in, and in a few seconds the "Scotchman" is straining away into distance as if nothing else were worth living for—just like a lover, with single-minded

<sup>1</sup> *Lives of the Engineers*, vol. iii., p. 415.



enthusiasm. Those who remember this express at York in the icy winter of 1879-80, when the few travellers who did not remain thawing themselves at the waiting-room fires used to stamp up and down a sawdusted platform under a darkened roof, while day after day the train came gliding in from Grantham with "couplings" like wool, icicles pendent from the carriage eaves, and an air of punctual unconcern, or those who have known some of our other equally sterling trains—these will hardly mind if friendship does let them drift into exaggeration when speaking of expresses. Who ever admired any living thing without describing it in terms a little extreme! From the weakness of such a "personal equation" no honest man need ever pray to be delivered. And to those who think this praise of ex-

presses too arrogant and disproportionate, it may always be replied, What would England be without them? It is difficult for any one living now in the full sunshine of the *fait accompli* to have too much appreciation of that change concerning which calm Mr. Edward Pease, up before the dawn, made this pithy remark, "Let the country but make the railroads, and the railroads will make the country."<sup>1</sup>

But in this case our admiration can also show a satisfactory reference to statistics. In the next article the Companies shall march past, so that each may prove the extent to which—as regards speed—it is a public benefactor.

ERNEST FOXWELL.

<sup>1</sup> Smiles's *Lives of the Engineers*, vol. iii., ch. xvi.

DR. JOHN BROWN OF EDINBURGH.<sup>1</sup>

SINCE the last session of our University Edinburgh has lost two of her citizens of literary mark. Dr. John Brown died, in his house in Rutland Street, on the 11th of May, in the seventy-second year of his age; and his friend, Dr. William Hanna, died in London on the 24th of the same month, aged seventy-three. They were both buried in Edinburgh. I was absent at the time, and could not pay the last tribute of respect due at their funerals. But, as I had the honour of knowing them both well, I cannot let the present occasion pass without asking you to join with me in remembering them affectionately. I could say much to you of Dr. Hanna, the son-in-law and biographer of Dr. Chalmers. I could dwell on the merits of his *Life* of that great man and of his other well-known works, and on his fine liberality of intellect and the keen and warm geniality of his Scotch-Irish heart. In this place, however, it is naturally of Dr. John Brown that I feel myself entitled to speak at some length. He was, in a sense, during the latter part of his life, peculiarly our Edinburgh man of letters, the man most fondly thought of in that character by many people at a distance. They had begun, long before his death, to call him "The Scottish Charles Lamb"; and the name is applied to him still by English critics.

Born at Biggar in Lanarkshire, in 1810, the son of the secession minister of that town, and of a family already in the third generation of its remarkable distinction in the Scottish religious world as "The Browns of Haddington," our friend came to Edinburgh

in 1822, when he was twelve years old. His father had then removed from Biggar, to assume that pastorate of the Rose Street Secession Church in this city in which, and subsequently in his ministry in the Broughton Place Church, and in his theological Professorship in connexion with the Associate Synod, he attained such celebrity. When I first knew Edinburgh there was no more venerable-looking man in it than this Dr. John Brown of Broughton Place Church. People would turn in the streets to observe his tall, dignified figure, as he passed; and strangers who went to hear him preach were struck no less by the beauty of his appearance in the pulpit, the graceful fall of the silver locks round his fine head and sensitive face, than by the Pauline earnestness of his doctrine. At that time, the phrase "Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh," if used in any part of Scotland away from the metropolis, would have been taken as designating this venerable Calvinistic clergyman, and not his son. The son, meanwhile, it is true, was becoming well enough known within Edinburgh on his own account. Having been educated at our High School and University, and having chosen the medical profession, and been apprenticed for some time to our famous surgeon, Syme, he had taken his degree of M.D. in 1833, and had then,—with no other previous medical experience out of Edinburgh than a short probation among the sailors at Chatham,—settled down permanently in Edinburgh for medical practice. From that date, therefore, on to the time when I can draw upon my own first recollections of him,—say about 1846,—there had been two Dr. John Browns in Edinburgh, the father and the son,

<sup>1</sup> A portion of this paper was delivered as a lecture in the University of Edinburgh on Tuesday, October 24, 1882.

the theological doctor and the medical doctor. It was the senior or theological doctor, as I have said, that was then still the "Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh" *par excellence*, and the name had not transferred itself to the younger with its new signification. He was then about thirty-six years of age, with some little practice as a physician; and my remembrance of him at that time is of a darkish-haired, man, of shorter stature than his father, with fine soft eyes, spirited movement, and very benignant manner, the husband of a singularly beautiful young wife, and greatly liked and sought after in the Edinburgh social circles in which he and she appeared. This was partly from the charm of his vivid temperament and conversation, and partly because of a reputation for literary ability that had been recently gathering round him on account of occasional semi-anonymous articles of his in newspapers and periodicals, chiefly art-criticisms. For the hereditary genius of "The Prowns of Haddington" had, in this fourth generation of them, turned itself out of the strictly theological direction, to work in new ways. While Dr. Samuel Brown, a younger cousin of our Dr. John, and much more intimately my own friend at that time, had been astonishing Edinburgh by his brilliant speculations in Chemistry, Dr. John himself, in the midst of what medical practice came in his way, had been toying with Literature. Toying only it had been at first, and continued to be for a while; but, by degrees,—and especially after 1847, when the editorship of the *North British Review*, which had been founded in 1844, passed into the hands of his friend Dr. Hanna,—his contributions to periodical literature became more various and frequent. At length, in 1858, when he was forty-eight years of age, and had contributed pretty largely to the periodical named and to others, he came forth openly as an author, by publishing a volume of what he called his *Horæ Subsecivæ*,

consisting mainly of papers of medical biography and other medico-literary papers collected from the said periodicals, but including also his immortal little Scottish idyll called "Rab and His Friends." His father had died in that year, so that thenceforward, if people chose, the designation "Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh" could descend to the son without ambiguity. And it did so descend. For eleven years before that appearance of the first collection of his *Horæ Subsecivæ*, with "Rab and His Friends" included in it, I had been resident in London, and I remained there for seven years more. During all those eighteen years, therefore, my direct opportunities of cultivating his acquaintance had ceased; and, while I could take note through the press of the growth of his literary reputation, it was only by hearsay at a distance, or by a letter or two that passed between us, or by a glimpse of him now and then when I came north on a visit, that I was kept aware of his Edinburgh doings and circumstances. Not till the end of 1865, when I resumed residence in Edinburgh, were we brought again into close neighbourhood and intercourse. Then, certainly, I found him, at the age of five-and-fifty, as completely and popularly our "Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh" in the new sense as ever his father had been in the old one. His pen had been still busy in newspapers and periodicals, the subjects ranging away more and more from the medical; another volume of his *Horæ Subsecivæ*, or collected articles, had been published; and some of his papers, selected from that volume or its predecessor, or taken more directly from the manuscript, had been brought out separately, in various forms, under the discerning care of his friend and publisher, Mr. David Douglas, and had been in circulation almost with the rapidity of one of the serial parts of a novel by Dickens. Of both his *Minchmoor* and his *Jeems the Doorkeeper* more than 10,000 copies had been sold; his *Pet*

*Marjorie* had passed the sale of 15,000 copies ; and *Rab and His Friends* was already in its 50th thousand. With all this applause beating in upon him from the reading public, in Scotland, in England, and in America, there he still was in his old Edinburgh surroundings,—a widower now for some years, domesticated with his two children, and more solitary in his habits than he had been,—but to be seen walking along Princes Street of a forenoon, or sometimes at some hospitable dinner-table of an evening, always the same simple, wise, benevolent, lovable, and much-loved Dr. John. And so for sixteen years more and to the very end. The sixties crept upon him after the fifties, and the white touch of the first seventies followed, and the vivid darkish-haired Dr. John of my first memory had changed into the bald-headed and spectacled veteran you may see in the later photographs,—the spectacles before his fine eyes if he were looking to the front, but raised over the placid forehead if he were looking downwards at a print or a book. But these changes had come softly, and with a mellowing rather than withering effect ; and, as late as last winter, what veteran was there in our community whose face and presence in any company was more desired or gave greater pleasure ? If a stranger of literary tastes visited Edinburgh, about whom did he inquire more curiously, or whom was he more anxious to see, if possible, than Dr. John Brown ? We knew, most of us, that his calm face concealed sorrows ; we remembered his long widowerhood ; we were aware too of the occasional glooms and depressions that withdrew him from common society ; but, when he did appear among us, whether in any public gathering or in more private fashion, how uniformly cheerful he was, how bright and sunny ! It has been stated, in one obituary notice of him, that his medical practice declined as his literary reputation increased. I doubt the truth of the

statement, and imagine that the reverse might be nearer the truth. To the end he loved his profession ; to the end he practised it ; to the end there were not a few families, in and about Edinburgh, who would have no other medical attendant, if they could help it, than their dear and trusted Dr. John. My impression rather is that he was wrapt up in his profession more and more in his later days, using his pen only for a new trifle now and then as the whim struck him, and content in the main with the continued circulation of his former writings or their re-issue in new shapes. It was on the 12th of April in the present year, or only a month before his death, that he put the last prefatory touch to the first volume of that new edition of his *Horæ Subsecivæ* in three volumes in which his complete literary remains are now most conveniently accessible.

The title *Horæ Subsecivæ*, borrowed by Dr. John from the title-pages of some old volumes of the minor English literature of the seventeenth century, indicates, and was intended to indicate, the nature of his writings. They are all “Leisure Hours,” little things done at times snatched from business. There are between forty and fifty of them in all, none of them long, and most of them very short. It is vain in his case to repeat the regret, so common in similar cases, that the author did not throw his whole strength into some one or two suitable subjects, and produce one or two important works. By constitution, I believe, no less than by circumstances, Dr. John Brown was unfitted for large and continuous works, and was at home only in short occasional papers. One compensation is the spontaneity of his writings, the sense of immediate throb and impulse in each. Every paper he wrote was, as it were, a moment of himself, and we can read his own character in the collected series.

A considerable proportion of his papers, represented most directly by

his *Plain Lectures on Health addressed to Working People*, his little essay entitled *Art and Science*, and his other little essays called *Excursus Ethicus* and *Education through the Senses*, but also by his *Locke and Sydenham*, and others of his sketches of eminent physicians, are in a didactic vein. Moreover, they are all mainly didactic on one string. When these papers are read, it is found that they all propound and illustrate one idea, which had taken such strong hold of the author that it may be called one of his characteristics. It is the idea of the distinction or contrast between the speculative, theoretical, or scientific habit of mind, and the practical or active habit. In medical practice and medical education, more particularly, Dr. John Brown thought there had come to be too much attention to mere science, too much faith in mere increase of knowledge and in exquisiteness of research and apparatus, and too little regard for that solid breadth of mind, that soundness of practical observation and power of decision in emergencies, that instinctive or acquired sagacity, which had been conspicuous among the best

of the older physicians. As usual, he has put this idea into the form of humorous apologue:—

#### A DIALOGUE.

SCENE.—Clinical wards of Royal Infirmary. The Physician and his Clerk *loquuntur*.

John Murdoch, in the clinical ward with thoracic aneurism of the aorta, had at his bedside a liniment of aconite, &c. Under the stress of a paroxysm of pain, he drank it off, and was soon dead.

Physician.—Well, Sir, what about Murdoch? Did you see him alive?

Clerk.—Yes, Sir.

Physician.—Did you feel his pulse?

Clerk.—No, Sir.

Physician.—Did you examine his eyes?

Clerk.—No, Sir.

Physician.—Did you observe any frothing at the mouth and nose?

Clerk.—No, Sir.

Physician.—Did you count his respirations?

Clerk.—No, Sir.

Physician.—Then, Sir, what the d—l did you do?

Clerk.—I ran for the stomach-pump.

Dr. John was never tired of inculcating this distinction; it is the backbone of almost all those papers of his that have been just mentioned, and it reappears in others. In his special little essay, called *Art and Science*, he formulates it thus:—

#### SCIENCE

Looks to essence and cause.

Is diagnostic.

Has a system.

Is *post mortem*.

Looks to structure more than function.

Studies the phenomena of poisoning.

Submits to be ignorant of nothing.

Speaks.

#### IN MEDICINE

#### ART

Looks to symptoms and occasions.

Is therapeutic and prognostic.

Has a method.

Is *ante mortem*.

Looks to function more than structure.

Runs for the stomach-pump.

Submits to be ignorant of much.

Acts.

Now, in the particular matter in question, so far as it is here represented, we should, doubtless, all agree with our friend. We should all, for ourselves, in serious illness, infinitely prefer the attendance of any tolerable physician of the therapeutic and prognostic type to that of the ablest of the merely diagnostic type, especially if we thought that the genius of the latter inclined him to a *post-mortem* examination. Hence we may be disposed to think that Dr. John did good service in protesting against the run upon

science, ever new science, in the medicine of his day, and trying to hark back the profession to the good old virtues of common sense, practical clear-sightedness, and vigorous rule of thumb. What I detect, however, underneath all his expositions of this possibly salutary idea, and prompting to his reiterations of it, is something deeper. It is a dislike in his own nature to the abstract or theoretical in all matters whatsoever. Dr. John Brown's mind, I should say, was essentially anti-speculative. His writings

abound, of course, with tributes of respect to science and philosophy, and expressions of astonishment and gratitude for their achievements; but it may be observed that the thinkers and philosophers to whom he refers most fondly are chiefly those older magnates, including Bacon, Newton, Locke, and Bishop Butler, among the English, whose struggle was over long ago, whose results are an accepted inheritance, and who are now standards of orthodoxy. All later drifts of speculative thought, and especially the latest drifts of his own day, seem to make him uncomfortable. He actually warns against them as products of what he calls "the lust of innovation." This is a matter of so much consequence in the study of Dr. John Brown's character that it ought not to be passed over lightly.

There can be no doubt that his dislike of the purely speculative spirit, and especially of recent speculation of certain kinds, was rooted in some degree in the fine devoutness of his nature, his unswerving fidelity to his inherited religion. The system of beliefs which had been consecrated for him so dearly and powerfully by the lives and example of his immediate progenitors was still substantially that with which he went through the world himself, though it had been softened in the course of transmission, stripped of its more angular and sectarian features, and converted into a contemplative *religio medici*, not unlike that of his old English namesake, the philosopher and physician of Norwich. Like that philosopher, for whom he had all the regard of a felt affinity, he delighted in an *O altitudo!*, craved the refuge of an *O altitudo!* in all the difficulties of mere reason, and held that in that craving itself there is the sure gleam for the human spirit of the one golden key that unlocks those difficulties. A difference, however, between him and old Browne of Norwich is that he had much less of clear and definite thought, logical grasp of prior propositions and reasonings, with

which to prepare for an *altitudo*, justify it, and prop it up. Take as a specimen a passage relating to that very distinction between Art and Science which he valued so much:—

"It may be thought that I have shown myself, in this parallel and contrast, too much of a partisan of Art as against Science, and the same may be not unfairly said of much of the rest of this volume. It was in a measure on purpose—the general tendency being counteractive of the purely scientific and positive, or merely informative, current of our day. We need to remind ourselves constantly that this kind of knowledge puffeth up, and that it is something quite else that buildeth up. It has been finely said that Nature is the Art of God, and we may as truly say that all Art—in the widest sense, as practical and productive—is His Science. He knows all that goes to the making of everything, for He is Himself, in the strictest sense, the only maker. He knows what made Shakespeare and Newton, Julius Cæsar and Plato, what we know them to have been; and they are His by the same right as the sea is His, and the strength of the hills, for He made them and His hands formed them, as well as the dry land. This making the circle for ever meet, this bringing Omega eternally round to Alpha, is, I think, more and more revealing itself as a great central, personal, regulative truth, and is being carried down more than ever into the recesses of physical research, where Nature is fast telling her long-kept secrets, all her tribes speaking, each in their own tongue, the wonderful works of God—the sea saying 'It is not in me,' everything giving up any title to anything like substance, beyond being the result of one Supreme Will. The more chemistry, and electrology, and life, are searched into by the keenest and most remorseless experiment, the more do we find ourselves admitting that motive power and force, as manifested to us, is derived, is in its essence immaterial, is direct from Him in whom we live and move, and to whom, in a sense quite peculiar, belongeth power."

This is fine, it is eloquent, it is likeable; but one cannot call it lucid. Indeed, if interpreted literally, it is incoherent, for the end contradicts the beginning. "Abstain from excess of theory or speculation," it says, "for theory and speculation, prosecuted to the very utmost, lead to a profound religiousness." This is the only verbal construction of the passage, but it is the very opposite of what the author meant.

It is much the same with Dr. John

Brown in smaller matters. If he wants a definition or a distinction on any subject, he generally protests first against the desire for definitions and distinctions, maintaining the superiority of healthy practical sense and feelings over mere theory; then he produces in his own words, some "middle axiom," or passable first-hand notion on the subject, as sufficient for the purpose if anything theoretical is wanted; and then he proceeds to back this up by interesting quotations from favourite and accredited authors. In short, Dr. John Brown lived in an element of the "middle propositions," the accredited axioms, on all subjects, and was impatient of reasoning, novelty of theory, or search for ultimate principles. It is but the same thing in another form,—though it deserves separate statement,—to say that he disliked controversy. He shrank from controversy in all matters, social as well as intellectual; was irritated when it came near him; and kept rather on the conservative side in any new "cause" or "movement" that was exciting his neighbourhood. Perhaps the most marked exception in his writings to this disposition to rest in existing social arrangements, and also to his prevailing dislike of speculation, was his assertion of his unhesitating assent to that extreme development of Adam Smith's doctrines which would abolish the system of state-licensing for particular professions, or at all events for the profession of Medicine. He advocates this principle more than once in his papers, and he signifies his adherence to it in almost the last words he wrote. "I am more convinced than ever," he says in the prefatory note to the collected edition of his *Horæ Subsecivæ*, "of the futility and worse of the Licensing System, and think, with Adam Smith, that a mediciner should be as free to exercise his gifts as an architect or a mole-catcher. The public has its own shrewd way of knowing who should build its house or catch its moles, and it may quite safely be left to take the

"same line in choosing its doctor." This is bold enough, and speculative enough; but the fact is that this acceptance of the principle of absolute *laissez-faire*, or non-interference of the state, or any other authority, in Medicine, or in any analogous art or craft, was facilitated for him by his hereditary voluntarism in church matters, and indeed came to him ready-made in that form. What is surprising, and what corroborates our view of the essentially non-theoretical character of his intellect, is the unsystematic manner in which he was content to hold his principle, his failure to carry it out consistently, his apparent inability to perceive the full sweep of its logical consequences. Thus, to the words just quoted he appends these—"Lawyers, of course, are different, as they have to do with the state, with the law of the land." Was there ever a more innocent *non sequitur*? If any one may set up as a curer of diseases and make a living in that craft by charging fees from those who choose to employ him, why may not any one set up as a lawyer, and why may not I select and employ any one I please to plead my cause in court, instead of being bound to employ one of a limited number of wigged and gowned gentlemen?

If, then, it was not in theory or speculation that Dr. John Brown excelled,—and that there was no deficiency of hereditary speculative faculty in his family, but much the reverse, is proved not only by the theological distinction of his predecessors in the family, and by the brilliant career of his cousin, Dr. Samuel Brown, but also by the reputation among us at this moment of his still nearer relative, the eminent philosophical chemist of Edinburgh University,—in what was it that he did excel? It was in what I may call an unusual *appreciativeness* of all that did recommend itself to him as good and admirable. In few men has there been such a fulfilment of that memorable apostolic injunction: "Whatsoever things are true, what-

soever things are honourable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report,—if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise,—think on these things.” The context of that passage shows that what was enjoined on the Philip-pians was a habit of meditative and ruminative appreciation of all that was noteworthy, of every variety, within accredited and prescribed limits. Dr. John Brown was a model in this respect. Within the limits of his preference for the concrete and practical over the abstract and theoretical, he was a man of peculiarly keen relish for anything excellent, and of peculiar assiduity in imparting his likings to others.

His habit of appreciativeness is seen, on the small scale, even in such a matter as his appropriation and use of pithy phrases and anecdotes picked up miscellaneously. “‘Pray, “Mr. Opie, may I ask what you mix “your colours with?” said a brisk “dilettante student to the great “painter. ‘With brains, sir,’ was the “gruff reply.” Having met this story in some Life of the painter Opie, Dr. John Brown had fastened on it, or it had adhered to him; and not only did he hang one whole paper on it, entitled “*With Brains, Sir*,” but he made it do duty again and again in other papers. At times when Dr. Chalmers happened to be talked to about some person not already known to him, and was told that the person was a man of ability, “Yes, but has he *wecht*, “Sir, has he *wecht*?” was his common question in reply; and, as Dr. John Brown had also perceived that it is not mere cleverness that is effective in the world, and that *weight* is the main thing, he was never tired of bringing in Dr. Chalmers’s phrase to enforce that meaning. When Dr. John wanted to praise anything of the literary kind as being of the most robust intellectual quality, not food for babes but very “strong meat” indeed, he would say “This is lions’

marrow.” As he was not a man to conceal his obligations, even for a phrase, we learn from him incidentally that he had taken the metaphor originally from this passage in one of the pieces of the English poet Prior:—

“That great Achilles might employ  
The strength designed to ruin Troy,  
He dined on lions’ marrow, spread  
On toasts of ammunition bread.”

Dr. John had a repertory of such individual phrases and aphorisms, picked up from books or conversation, which he liked to use as flavouring particles for his own text. He dealt largely also in extracts and quotations of greater length. Any bit that struck him as fine in a new book of verses, any scrap of old Scottish ballad not generally known, any interesting little poem by a friend of his own that he had seen in manuscript, or any similar thing communicated to him as not having seen the light before, was apt to be pounced upon, stamped with his *imprimatur*, and turned into service in his own papers, as motto, relevant illustration, or pleasant addition. His fondness for quotation from his favourite prose authors has already been mentioned. In fact, some of his papers are little more than patches of quotations strung together by admiring comments. In such cases it is as if he said to his readers, “How nice this is, how capital! don’t you agree with me?” Sometimes you may not quite agree with him, or you may wish that he had thrown fewer quotations at you, and had said more on the subject out of his own head; but you always recognise his appreciativeness.

On the larger scale of the papers themselves the same appreciativeness is discernible. Take first the papers which are most in the nature of criticisms. Such are those entitled *Henry Vaughan*, *Arthur H. Hallam*, *Thackeray’s Death*, *Notes on Art*, *John Leech*, *Halle’s Recital*, and *Sir Henry Raeburn*. Whether in the literary papers of this group, or in the art papers, you can see how readily and strongly Dr. John Brown could



admire, and what a propagandist he was of his admirations. If Henry Vaughan, the Silurist, the quaint and thoughtful English poet of the seventeenth century, is now a better known figure in English literary history than he was a generation ago, it is owing, I believe, in some measure, to Dr. John Brown's resuscitation of him. So, when Tennyson's *In Memoriam* appeared in 1850, and all the world was moved by that extraordinary poem, who but Dr. John Brown could not rest till he had ascertained all that was possible about young Arthur Hallam, by obtaining a copy of his "Remains in Verse and Prose," privately printed in 1834, with a memoir by the author's father, Hallam the historian, and till he had been permitted to give to the public, in liberal extracts from the memoir, and by quotation from the pieces themselves, such an authentic account of Tennyson's dead friend as all were desiring? The paper called *Thackeray's Death*, though the only paper on Thackeray now to be found among Dr. John Brown's collected writings, is by no means, I believe, the only paper he wrote on Thackeray. If there was a Thackeray-worshipper within the British Islands, it was Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh. Thackeray was his greatest man by far, after Scott, or hardly after Scott, among our British novelists,—his idol, almost his demigod; he had signified this, if I mistake not, in an article on Thackeray, while Thackeray's fame was still only in the making; and the particular paper now left us is but a re-expression of this high regard for Thackeray as an author, blended with reminiscences of his own meetings with Thackeray in Edinburgh, and testimonies of his warm affection for the man. Another of his chief admirations was Ruskin. I can remember how, when the first volume of the *Modern Painters* appeared, the rumour of it ran at once through Edinburgh, causing a most unusual stir of interest in the new book, and

in the extraordinary "Oxford Graduate" who was its author; and I am pretty sure now that it was Dr. John Brown that had first imported the book among us, and had enlightened Dr. Chalmers and others as to its merits. There is no article on Ruskin among the collected papers; but there are frequent references to him, and his influence can be discerned in all the Art-criticisms. These Art-criticisms of Dr. John Brown, however, are hardly criticisms in the ordinary sense. No canons of Art are expounded or applied in them. All that the critic does is to stand, as it were, before the particular picture he is criticising,—a Wilkie, a Raeburn, a Turner, a Landseer, a Delaroche, a Holman Hunt, or, as it might happen, some new performance by one of his Edinburgh artist-friends, Duncan, Sir George Harvey, or Sir Noel Paton,—exclaiming, "How good this is, how true, how powerful, how pathetic!" while he attends to the direct human interest of the subject, interprets the story of the picture in his own way, and throws in kindly anecdotes about the painter. It is the same, *mutatis mutandis* for music, in his notices of pieces by Beethoven and others, as heard at Halle's concerts. His most elaborate paper of Art-criticism is that entitled *John Leech*. It is throughout a glowing eulogium on the celebrated caricaturist, with notices of some of his best cartoons, but passing into an affectionate memoir of the man, on his own account and as the friend of Thackeray, and indeed incorporating reminiscences of Leech and Thackeray that had been supplied him by a friend of both as material for a projected Memoir of Leech on a larger scale. If not in this particular paper, at least here and there in some of the others, the query may suggest itself whether the laudation is not excessive. One asks sometimes whether the good Dr. John was not carried away by the amiable fault of supposing that what happens to be present before one of a decidedly likeable kind

at any moment, especially if it be recommended by private friendship, must be the very nonsuch of its kind in the whole world. Another query forced on one is whether there did not sometimes lurk under Dr. John's superlative admiration of a chief favourite in any walk an antipathy to some other in the same walk. It is told of Sir Philip Francis, the reputed author of *Junius*, that, when he was an old man, he gave this counsel to a promising young member of the House of Commons whom he had heard deliver a speech distinguished by the generosity of its praises of some of his fellow-members,—“Young man, take my advice; never praise anybody unless it be *in odium tertii*,” i.e. “unless it be to the discredit of some third party.” No man ever acted less in the spirit of this detestable, this truly diabolic, advice than Dr. John Brown; and one's question rather is whether he did not actually reverse it by never attacking or finding fault with any one, unless it were *in laudem tertii*, to the increased credit of some third party. Whether he was so actuated, consciously or unconsciously, in his declaration of irreconcilable dislike to Maclise, and his exceptionally severe treatment of that artist, I will not venture to say; but I can find no other sufficient explanation of his habitual depreciation of Dickens. His antipathy to Dickens, his resentment of any attempted comparison between Dickens and Thackeray, was proverbial among his friends.

While, as will have been seen, Dr. John was by no means insensible to impressions from anything excellent coming from besouth the Tweed, it was naturally in his own Scotland, and among the things and persons immediately round about him there, that his faculty of appreciation revelled most constantly. With the majority of his literary fellow-countrymen that have attained popularity in Scotland during the last fifty years, he derived many of his literary instincts from the immense influence of

Scotticism that had been at work in the preceding generation, and is seen, in his choice of themes, following reverently in the wake of the great Sir Walter. He reminds one somewhat of Aytoun in this respect, though with a marked Presbyterian difference. Most of his papers are on Scottish subjects; and in some of them, such as his *Queen Mary's Child-Garden*, his *Minchmoor*, the paper called *The Enterkin*, that entitled *A Jacobite Family*, and that entitled *Biggar and the House of Fleming*, we have descriptions of Scottish scenes and places very much in the spirit of Sir Walter, though by no means slavishly so, with notes of their historical associations, and recovery of local legends, romances, and humours. In a more original vein, though also principally Scottish, are those papers which may be described as *Memoirs and Character Sketches* in a more express sense than the three or four already referred to as combining Memoir with criticism. By far the most important of these is his Memoir of his own Father, in supplement to the Life of his Father by the Rev. Dr. John Cairns, and published under the too vague title of *Letter to John Cairns, D.D.* It is a really beautiful piece of writing, not only full of filial affection, and painting for us his father's life and character with vivid fidelity, but also interesting for its reminiscences of the author's own early years, and its sketches of several eminent ministers of the Scottish secession communion whom he had known as friends of his father. The paper entitled *Dr. Chalmers*, though not particularly good, attests the strength of the impression made by that great man on Dr. John Brown, as on every one else that knew Dr. Chalmers. Better, and indeed fine, though slight, are *Edward Forbes*, *Dr. George Wilson*, *The Duke of Athole*, *Struan*, and *Miss Stirling Graham of Duntrune*. On the whole, however, the most characteristic papers of the Memoir class are those of Medical Biography,

including *Locke and Sydenham, Dr. Andrew Combe, Dr. Henry Marshall and Military Hygiene, Our Gideon Grays, Dr. Andrew Brown and Sydenham, Dr. Adams of Banchory, Dr. John Scott and His Son, Mr. Syme, and Sir Robert Christison*. Sydenham was Dr. John Brown's ideal of a physician, and his account of that English physician and of his place in the history of medicine is really valuable. The medical profession is indebted to him also for his warm-hearted vindication of those whom he calls, after Scott, "Our Gideon Grays,"—the hard-working and often poorly paid medical practitioners of our Scottish country villages and parishes,—and for the justice he has done to such a scholarly representative of that class as the late Dr. Adams of Banchory, and to such recent medical reformers as Dr. Andrew Combe and Dr. Henry Marshall. Especially interesting to us here ought to be the obituary sketches of Syme and Christison, so recently the ornaments of the Medical School of Edinburgh University. He threw his whole heart into his sketch of Syme, his admiration of whom, dating from the days when he had been Syme's pupil and apprentice in surgery, had been increased by life-long intimacy. I may therefore dwell a little on this sketch, the rather because it reminds me of perhaps the only occasion on which I was for some hours in the society of Syme and Dr. John Brown together.

In the autumn of 1868, Carlyle, then Lord Rector of our University, and in the seventy-third year of his age, was persuaded, on account of some little ailment of his, to come to Edinburgh and put himself under the care of Professor Syme for surgical treatment. Syme, proud of such a patient, and resolved that he should have his best skill, would hear of no other arrangement than that Carlyle should be his guest for the necessary time. For a fortnight or more, accordingly, Carlyle resided with Syme beautiful house of Millbank in

the southern suburb of our city. Pains were taken to prevent the fact from becoming known, that Carlyle might not be troubled by visitors. But, one day, when Carlyle was convalescent, there was a quiet little dinner party at Millbank to meet him. Besides Syme and Carlyle, and one or two of the members of Syme's family, there were present only Dr. John Carlyle, Dr. John Brown, and myself. It was very pleasant, at the dinner table, to observe the attention paid by the manly, energetic, and generally peremptory and pugnacious, little surgeon to his important guest, his satisfaction in having him there, and his half-amused, half-wondering glances at him as a being of another *genus* than his own, but whom he had found as lovable in private as he was publicly tremendous. There was no "tossing and goring of several persons" by Carlyle in that dining-room, at all events, but only genial and cheerful talk about this and that. After dinner, we five went up stairs to a smaller room, where the talk was continued, still more miscellaneously, Syme and Carlyle having most of it. That very day there had been sent to Carlyle, by his old friend David Laing, a copy of the new edition which Laing had just privately printed of the rare *Gude and Godly Ballates* by the brothers Wedderburn, originally published in 1578; and Carlyle, taking up the volume from the table, would dip into it here and there, and read some passages aloud, for his own amusement and ours. One piece of fourteen stanzas he read entire, with much gusto, and with excellent chaunt and pronunciation of the old Scotch. Here are three of the stanzas:—

"Thocht thou be Paip or Cardinal,  
Sa heich in thy Pontifical,  
Resist thou God that creat all,  
Than downe thou sall cum, downe.

"Thocht thou be Archebischop or Deane,  
Chantour, Chanslar, or Chaplane,  
Resist thou God, thy gloir is gane,  
And downe thou sall cum, downe.

"Thocht thow flow in Philosophie,  
Or graduate in Theologie,  
Zit, and thow fyle the veritie,  
Than downe thow sall cum, downe."

Most pleasant of all it was when, later in the evening, we moved to the low trellised verandah on the south side of the house, opening on the beautiful garden of flowers and evergreens in which Syme took such delight. It was a fine, still evening; and, as the talk went on in the open air, with the garden stretching in front of us and the views of the hills beyond, only with the accompaniment now of wreaths of tobacco-smoke, Syme, who disliked tobacco, was smilingly tolerant even of that accompaniment, in honour of the chief smoker.

For more than twelve years after that evening, which I remember now like a dream, Carlyle was still in the land of the living, advancing from his seventy-third year to his eighty-sixth; but hardly a year of the twelve had elapsed when the great surgeon who had entertained him, and who was so much his junior, was struck by the paralysis which carried him off. It is from Dr. John Brown that we have this touching record of Syme's last days:—

"I was the first to see him when struck down by *hemiplegia*. It was in Shandwick Place, where he had his chambers,—sleeping and enjoying his evenings in his beautiful Millbank, with its flowers, its matchless orchids and heaths and azaleas, its bananas and grapes and peaches: with Blackford Hill, —where Marmion saw the Scottish host mustering for Flodden,—in front, and the Pentlands, with Cairketton Hill, their advanced guard, cutting the sky, its ruddy porphyry *seaur* holding the slanting shadows in its bosom. He was, as before said, in his room in Shandwick Place, sitting in his chair, having been set up by his faithful Blackbell. His face was distorted. He said—'John, this is the conclusion'; and so it was, to his, and our, and the world's sad cost. He submitted to his fate with manly fortitude, but he felt it to the uttermost,—struck down in his prime, full of rich power, abler than ever to do good to men, his soul surviving his brain, and looking on at its steady ruin during many sad months. He became softer, gentler,—more easily moved, even to tears; but the judging power, the perspicacity, the piercing

to the core, remained untouched. Henceforward, of course, life was maimed. How he bore up against this, resigning his delights of teaching, of doing good to men, of seeing and cherishing his students, of living in the front of the world,—how he accepted all this only those nearest him can know. I have never seen anything more pathetic than when, near his death, he lay speechless, but full of feeling and mind, and made known in some inscrutable way to his old gardener and friend that he wished to see a certain orchid which he knew should be then in bloom. The big, clumsy, knowing Paterson, glum and victorious (he was for ever getting prizes at the Horticultural), brought it—the *Stanhopea tigrina*,—in, without a word. It was the very one,—radiant in beauty, white, with a brown freckle, like Imogen's mole, and, like it, 'right proud of that most delicate lodging.' He gazed at it, and, bursting into a passion of tears, motioned it away as insufferable."

To have been such a chronicler of the excellent as Dr. John Brown was, required more than endowment, however extraordinary, in any mere passive quality of appreciativeness. It required the poetic eye, the imaginative faculty in its active form, the power of infusing himself into his subject, the discernment and subtlety of a real artist. Visible to some extent in his criticisms of books and pictures, and also in his memoirs and character-sketches, and in a still higher degree in those papers of local Scottish description, legend, and reminiscence to which we have already referred—*Queen Mary's Child-Garden*, *Minchmoor*, *The Enterkin*, *A Jacobite Family*, and *Biggar and the House of Fleming*,—this rising of sympathetic appreciation into poetic art and phantasy appears most conspicuously of all in those papers or parts of papers in which the matter is whimsical or out of the common track. Perhaps it is his affection for out-of-the-way subjects, evident even in the titles of some of his papers, that has led to the comparison of Dr. John Brown with Charles Lamb. Like that English humourist, he did go into odd corners for his themes,—still, however, keeping within Scottish ground, and finding his oddities, whether of humour or of pathos, in native Scottish life and tradition. Or rather, by his very appreciativeness, he was a

kind of magnet to which stray and hitherto unpublished curiosities, whether humorous or pathetic, floating in Scottish society, attached themselves naturally, as if seeking an editor. In addition to the illustrations of this furnished by the already-mentioned papers of Scottish legend, or by parts of them, one may mention now his paper entitled *The Black Dwarf's Bones*, that entitled *Mystifications*, his *Marjorie Fleming* or *Pet Marjorie*, his *Jeems the Doorkeeper*, and the quaint little trifle entitled *Oh ! I'm Wat, Wat*. In the first three of these Dr. John Brown is seen distinctly as the editor of previously unpublished curiosities. There were relics of information respecting that strange being, David Ritchie, the deformed misanthropist of Peeblesshire, who had been the original of one of Scott's shorter novels. These came to Dr. John Brown, and he strung them together, extracts and quotations, on a thread of connecting narrative. Again, having the privilege of knowing intimately that venerable Miss Stirling Graham of Duntrune who is the subject of one of his memorial sketches, and who used to reside in Edinburgh every winter till within a few years of her death in 1877 at the age of ninety-five, who but Dr. John Brown first persuaded the venerable lady to give to the world her recollections of the marvellous dramatic feats of her earlier days, when she used to mystify Scott, and Jeffrey, and Lord Gillies, and John Clerk of Eldin, and Count Flahault, and whole companies of their contemporaries in Edinburgh drawing-rooms, by her disguised appearances in the dress and character of an eccentric old Scottish gentlewoman ; and who but Dr. John immortalised the tradition by telling her story over again, and re-imagining for us the whole of that Edinburgh society of 1820—21 in which Miss Stirling Graham had moved so bewitchingly ? Ten years before that, or in December 1811, there had died in Edinburgh a little

girl of a family with whom Scott was particularly intimate, and who lived near him in Charlotte Street. She was but in her ninth year ; but for several years she had been the pet and wonder of her friends, for her precocious humours and abilities, her knowledge of books and poetry, the signs of genius in all her ways and in her own little attempts in prose and verse. Many a heart was sore, Scott's for one, when poor little Pet Marjorie died ; and no one that knew her ever forgot her. One sister of hers, who survived her for seventy years, cherished her memory to the last like a religion, and had preserved all her childish and queerly spelt letters and journals, and other scraps of writing, tied up with a lock of her light-brown hair. To these faded letters and papers Dr. John Brown had access ; and the result was that exquisitely tender *Pet Marjorie* or *Marjorie Fleming* which is the gem in its kind among all his papers, and perhaps the most touching illustration in our language of Shakespeare's text, "How quick bright things come to confusion !" Here, as in some other cases, it may be said that Dr. John Brown only edited material that came ready to his hand. Even in that view of the matter one could wish that there were more such editing ; but it is an insufficient view. He had recovered the long-dead little Marjorie Fleming for himself ; and the paper, though consisting so much of quotations and extracts, is as properly his own as any of the rest. But, should there be a disposition still with some to distinguish between editing and invention, and to regard *Mystifications* and *Marjorie Fleming* as merely well-edited curiosities of a fascinating kind, no such distinction will trouble one who passes to *Jeems the Doorkeeper*. A real person, as he tells us, sat for that sketch too, and we have a portrait of the actual Jeems who officiated as his father's beadle in Broughton Place Church ; but with what originality and inventiveness of humour is the portrait drawn, and

how fantastically the paper breaks in the end into streaks of a skyward sermon! There is the same quaint originality, or Lamb-like oddity of conglomerate, in the little fragment called "*Oh I'm Wat, Wat,*" and in one or two other trifles, with similarly fantastic titles, which I have not named.

There is no better test of imaginative or poetic faculty in a man than susceptibility to anything verging on the preternaturally solemn, or ghastly. Of the strength of this susceptibility in Dr. John Brown's nature there are evidences, here and there, in not a few of his writings. Take for example the following reminiscence of a walk with Thackeray in his paper entitled *Thackeray's Death*:—

"We cannot resist here recalling one Sunday evening in December when he was walking with two friends along the Dean Road, to the west of Edinburgh,—one of the noblest outlets to any city. It was a lovely evening,—such a sunset as one never forgets: a rich dark bar of cloud hovered over the sun, going down behind the Highland hills, lying bathed in amethystine bloom; between this cloud and the hills there was a narrow slip of the pure ether, of a tender cowslip colour, lucid, and as it were the very body of heaven in its clearness; every object standing out as if etched upon the sky. The north-west end of Corstorphine Hill, with its trees and rocks, lay in the heart of this pure radiance; and there a wooden crane, used in the quarry below, was so placed as to assume the figure of a cross: there it was, unmistakable, lifted up against the crystalline sky. All three gazed at it silently. As they gazed, he gave utterance, in a tremulous, gentle, and rapid voice, to what we all were feeling, in the word '*CALVARY!*' The friends walked on in silence, and then turned to other things."

Even a more remarkable example is that furnished by the paper entitled "*In Clear Dream and Solemn Vision.*" The paper purports to be the record of a singular dream, dreamt by a man whom Dr. John Brown counted among his most intimate friends, and of whose great abilities, powers of jest and humour, and powers of a still higher kind, there are yet lively recollections in the lawyer-world of Edinburgh,—the late A. S. Logan, sheriff of Forfarshire. I prefer here to tell the

dream in my own words, as it has remained in my memory since I first heard it many years ago. This I do because, while the version of it I have so retained came to me originally from Dr. John Brown himself, it seems to me better than the version subsequently given by him in his own paper, attenuated and diluted as it is there by explanations and comments, and also by the insertion of a metrical expansion of it which Logan himself had attempted.

The Dream may be entitled *The Death of Judas*, and was as follows:—

—The dreamer seemed to be in a lonely, dreary landscape somewhere, the nearer vicinity of which consisted of a low piece of marshy ground, with dull, stagnant pools, overgrown with reeds. The air was heavy and thick, not a sound of life, or sight of anything indicating human presence or habitation, save that on the other side of the marshy ground from the dreamer, and near the margin of the pools and reeds, was what seemed to be a deserted wooden hut, the door half-broken, and the side-timbers and rafters also ragged, so that through the rifts there was a dim perception of the dark interior. But lo! as the dreamer gazed, it appeared as if there were a motion of something or other within the hut, signs of some living thing moving uneasily and haggardly to and fro. Hardly has one taken notice of this when one is aware of a new sight outside the hut,—a beautiful dove, or dove-like bird, of spotless white, that has somehow stationed itself close to the door, and is brooding there, intent and motionless, in a guardian-like attitude. For a while the ugly, ragged hut, with the mysterious signs of motion inside of it, and this white dove-like creature outside at its door, are the only things in the marshy tract of ground that hold the eye. But, suddenly, what is this third thing? Round from the gable of the hut it emerges slowly towards the marshy front, another bird-like figure, but dark and hor-

rible looking, with long and lean legs and neck, like a crane. Past the hut it stalks and still forward, slowly and with loathsome gait, its long neck undulating as it moves, till it has reached the pools and their beds of reeds. There, standing for a moment, it dips down its head among the reeds into the ooze of one of the pools; and, when it raises its head again, there is seen wriggling in its mouth something like a small, black, slimy snake, or worm. With this in its mouth, it stalks slowly back, making straight for the white dove that is still brooding at the door of the hut. When it has reached the door, there seems to be a struggle of life and death between the two creatures,—the obscene, hideous, crane-like bird, and the pure, white innocent,—till, at last, by force, the dove is compelled to open its throat, into which its enemy drops the worm or snake. Immediately the dove drops dead; and at that same instant the mysterious motion within the hut increases and becomes more violent,—no mere motion now, but a fierce strife and commotion, with nothing distinctly visible or decipherable even yet, but a vague sense of some agony transacting itself in the dark interior within the loop-holed timbers and rafters, and of two human arms swung round and round like flails. Then, all at once, it flashed upon the dreamer what he had been beholding. It was Judas that was within the hut, and that was the suicide of the Betrayer.

Every author is to be estimated by specimens of him at his very best. Dr. John Brown had a favourite phrase for such specimens of what he thought the very best in the authors he liked. Of a passage, or of a whole paper, that seemed to him perfect in its kind, perfect in workmanship, as well as in conception, he would say that it was "done to the quick." The phrase indicates, in the first place, Dr. John Brown's notions of what constitutes true literature of any kind, or at least true literature of a popular kind, as

distinct from miscellaneous printed matter. It must be something that will reach the feelings. This being presupposed, then that is best in any author which reaches the feelings most swiftly and directly,—cuts at once, as it were, and with knife-like precision, to the most sensitive depths. That there are not a few individual passages scattered through Dr. John's own writings, and also some entire papers of his, that seem to us to answer this description, will have appeared by our review of his writings so far as they have been yet enumerated. In such papers and passages, as every reader will observe, even the workmanship is at its best. The author gathers himself up, as it were; his artistic craft becomes more decisive and subtle with the heightened glow of his feelings; his style, apt to be a little diffuse and slipshod at other times, becomes nervous and firm. Of whatever other productions of Dr. John Brown's pen this may be asserted, of whatever other things of his it may be said that they are thus masterly at all points and "done to the quick," that supreme praise must be accorded, at all events, to the two papers I have reserved to the last,—*Rab and his Friends* and *Our Dogs*. Among the many fine and humane qualities of our late fellow-citizen it so happened that love of the lower animals, and especially of the most faithful and most companionable of them, was one of the chief. Since Sir Walter Scott limped along Princes Street, and the passing dogs used to fawn upon him, recognising him as the friend of their kind, there has been no such lover of dogs, no such expert in dog-nature, in this city at least, as was Dr. John Brown. It was impossible that he should leave this part of himself, one of the ruling affections of his life, unrepresented in his literary effusions. Hence, while there are dogs incidentally elsewhere, these two papers are all but dedicated to dogs. What need to quote from them? What need to describe them? They have been read,

one of them at least, by perhaps two millions of the English-reading population of the earth; the very children of our Board Schools know the story of *Rab and his Friends*. How laughingly it opens; with what fun and rollick we follow the two boys in their scamper through the Edinburgh streets sixty years ago after the hullabaloo of the dog-fight near the Tron Kirk; what a sensation on our first introduction, in the Cowgate, under the South Bridge, to the great Rab, the carrier's dog, rambling about idly "as if with his hands in his pockets," till the little bull-terrier that has been baulked of his victory in the former fight insensibly attacks him and finds the consequence; and then what a mournful sequel, as we come, six years afterwards, to know the Howgate carrier himself and his wife, and the wife is brought to the hospital at Minto House, and the carrier and Rab remain there till the operation is over, and the dead body of poor Ailie is carried home by her husband in his cart over the miles of snowy country road, and the curtain falls black at last over the death of the carrier too and the end of poor Rab himself!

Though the story, as the author vouches, "is in all essentials strictly matter of fact," who could have told it like Dr. John Brown? Little wonder that it has taken rank as his masterpiece, and that he was so commonly spoken of while he was alive as "The author of *Rab and His Friends*." It is by that story, and by those other papers that may be associated with it as also masterly in their different varieties, as all equally "done to the quick," that his name will live. Yes, many long years hence, when all of us are gone, I can imagine that a little volume will be in circulation, containing *Rab and his Friends* and *Our Dogs*, and also let us say the *Letter to Dr. Cairns*, and *Queen Mary's Child-Garden*, and *Jeems the Door-keeper*, and the paper called *Mystifications*, and that called *Pet Marjorie* or *Marjorie Fleming*, and that then readers now unborn, thrilled by that peculiar touch which only things of heart and genius can give, will confess to the same charm that now fascinates us, and will think with interest of Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh.

DAVID MASSON.



## CHURCHYARD POETRY.

EVERY artist knows the value of contrast. Light is best shown by the depth of shadow. A red roof comes out well when backed by a grey sky ; a scarlet geranium can hardly be rendered save against a dark green leaf. This is a canon of art. A *sforzando* must leap out from a *piano*, a *diminuendo* must follow on a *forte*. Shakespeare relieved the most thrilling scenes of his tragedies by others which were actually farcical : Hamlet and the gravedigger are in juxtaposition.

So in our sorrows what better medicine is there than the prattle of a merry child ? And why is the rest of Heaven so longed for, but because we are so wearied by the unrest of earth ?

Wit has been defined as the power to perceive "La différence des choses semblables, et la ressemblance des choses différentes." Perhaps this delight which we feel in contrast is one of the reasons why odd and incongruous epitaphs never fail to amuse us. There is such a strong opposition between the grim seriousness of death and the absurd commemoration of the dead, that we smile when we ought to sigh, and think less of the virtues of the departed than of the folly of the survivors.

It seems hardly fair to place on the tombstone of one who cannot expostulate or resist, such lines as these, which may be seen in a churchyard in the Isle of Wight :—

To the memory of Miss Martha Grin.  
She was so very pure within,  
She cracked the shell of her earthly skin,  
And hatched herself a cherubim.

Perhaps few epitaphs are more utterly ridiculous than the above ; and yet in it one traces the old simile of the chrysalis changing into the butterfly, and also the stupid idea,

which still lingers in thoughtless minds, that good men and women and children, when they die, turn into angels ; an idea equally repugnant to the teaching of Holy Scripture and to common sense.

There are cases in which an absurdity is suggested to the mind of the reader, though not in the least intended or perceived by the inscriber. In a cemetery near Windsor this verse of Holy Scripture appears on a headstone beneath the name of a man who died, advanced in years :—

‘ Behold, I come as a thief.’

Given thus without any context the first suggestion is that the deceased says to the passer-by, "Behold, I come as a thief !" One requires some time and some thought fully to take in the object of this epitaph, if one may call it so ; which is, doubtless, to act as a warning to those now living, as we may suppose it once acted to the dead man at our feet.

In somewhat the same manner a sharp contrast is suggested to the mind of the reader by an epitaph in the parish church of Richmond, Surrey ; though very probably the composer thereof did not perceive the lurking jest. It is in memory of a barrister who bore the appropriate surname of Lawes ; although a member of the profession which exists only by reason of men's quarrels and disputes, and which would die out if men were all pacific, he was, it is recorded here, "so great a lover of peace, that when a contention arose between Life and Death, he immediately yielded up the ghost to end the dispute."

Then again a mere misreading may, for the moment, render an inscription entirely ludicrous, though no suspicion of a jest is in the actual epitaph, nor

in the minds of those who composed and placed it above the grave. Two friends were walking in the churchyard of Folkestone parish church, when one of them who had lingered a little, exclaimed, "What a very odd epitaph!" The other asked what it was. "Why, it is this :—

In memory of Mrs. So-and-so ;  
alias my Mother."

It did indeed sound odd ; but a closer investigation proved it to be :—

Alas, my Mother !

An adaptation of the words "Alas, my brother!" with which the old prophet of Bethel mourned over the man of God from Judah, whose disobedience was punished by a terrible death.

A Mr. Charles Lamb, not the Elia with whom and for whom we have laughed and wept, sleeps beneath an epitaph of which even the authors of the words of comic songs might be ashamed :—

Here lies the body of poor Charles Lamb,  
Killed by a tree that fell slap bang.

If one were not assured that this and many others equally absurd are genuine, one would doubt how any sane person could have composed, and any relative or clergyman have permitted, such inscriptions. The power of veto is vested in some one, but to exercise it and run counter to the wishes of mourning and affectionate, though foolish relatives, would be an invidious task. A faithful pastor and true poet (the Rev. S. J. Stone) finding that a grieving widower was about to place above his wife's remains the very old and very silly "Afflictions sore, &c.," obtained leave to substitute an original verse. Every clergyman is not a poet, but if the parish priest fears some folly or indecency may be perpetrated, he might, at least, suggest a suitable text, and his suggestion would, in most cases, be thankfully accepted. What inscription can be more lovely than—

"So He giveth His beloved sleep :"

And what can be more indecent than—

Here lies the body of Deborah Dent.  
She kicked up her heels and away she went,

which appears in a churchyard near Bury St. Edmunds? But the clergyman thus acting as censor, should not be too critical, nor set aside what is only *gauche* not objectionable, nor needlessly disappoint and pain the composers of the epitaph. It seems especially hard that when a man composes his own epitaph it should not be placed above his remains.

Great grief was caused to an aged widow by the refusal of a clergyman to allow her to have inscribed the lines which her husband had written for himself :—

Here lies at rest from earthly wars  
A sergeant of the 8th Hussars ;  
He lies confined in narrow borders,  
Here to wait till further orders.

These lines are homely, but not vulgar ; and one regrets that the churchyard at Leeds, for which they were intended, is not embellished and enriched by them. In general, when persons compose their own epitaphs, they rather design to satirise their contemporaries than to commemorate themselves. Piron, in his famous couplet, merely sneered at the French Academy ; while Prior, in his stanza, only scoffed at nobles and heralds. "Miserrimus"<sup>1</sup> was an exception ; he left no record of either himself or others ; his one rebellious, despairing word neither teaches nor warns. The following lines are engraved on a modest stone in Kensal Green Cemetery :—

When I lie beneath the soft, green grass,  
With the mould upon my breast,  
Say not that she did ill or well,  
But only, She did her best.

To one who knows what her life was, both its *ill* and its *well*, that verse has a rugged and pathetic ring of truth ; and its deep humility prompts us to echo, She did her best.

<sup>1</sup> In Worcester cathedral.

Probably the following, which may be seen in the parish church of All Saints', Fulham, was not written by Thomas Bonde, for a man can hardly name beforehand the place of his decease. It is a quaint inscription, and has been beaten by the weather of nearly three hundred years :—

At Earth<sup>1</sup> in Cornwell was my first beginning  
From Bondes and Corringtons as it may appere  
Now to Earth in Fulham has God disposed  
my end

In March one thousand and six hundred of  
Christ

In whom my body here doth rest  
Till both in body and soul I shall be fully  
blest

Thomas Bonde.

In the matter of rhyme churchyard poets are very careless. It is a carelessness in which they are countenanced by greater poets than themselves. Mr. Tennyson has made words of one syllable rhyme with those of two, as when *higher* in one place does duty with *fire*, and in another with *desire*. And these are both in *In Memoriam*, his greatest and most perfect poem. Also, the one female poet whom England has produced (though many Englishwomen have written beautiful verses) is satisfied with half-rhymes, and with very faint appearances of rhyme; in her grand poem, *The Children*, that word is supposed to rhyme with *bewildering*. We easily forgive Mrs. Browning, with tears in our eyes, as we read her powerful, painful lines. We have a little more difficulty in forgiving Coleridge—who can rhyme so beautifully—for making *humming* answer to *women*, and thus ruining a really lovely poem.<sup>1</sup> The Frenchman who, essaying English, made *plain stone* rhyme with *Shenstone*, and *natural* with *rural*, may be dismissed with compassion. But how can we forgive, even with a smile on our lips, the author of the following epitaph in the churchyard of Walton-on-Thames?

Here lieth the body  
of Thomas Lyme Distiller  
who departed this life October 11  
1719.

Who in his strength and prime  
Unto his Maker did his soul resign  
Above the reach of humane kind.

We may be *humane*, and we may be *kind*, but we cannot help being critical as well.

There are also churchyard poets whose one merit lies in their conscientious rhymes; with heroic fortitude they devote their best efforts to the discovery or the manufacture of a rhyme to some unlucky word for which they feel a strange affection. Here is an inscription in the burying ground of St. Peter's Church, near Broadstairs :—

In memory of Mr. Rich<sup>d</sup>. Joy  
(called the Kentish Samson)  
who died May 8, 1742,  
aged 67.

Herculean Hero, famed for strength  
At last lies here his breadth and length,  
See how the mighty man is fallen,  
To death y<sup>e</sup> strong and weak are all one,  
And the same judgment doth befall  
Goliath great as David small.

Richard Joy is likened to Samson, Hercules, and Goliath, all in a breath; it takes away ours!

Who will not wonder at and admire the skill, the originality, of the genius whose brain furnished him with the means of putting into verse the sad event which he has thus recorded?

The wedding day appointed was,  
The wedding clothes provided;  
But ere the wedding day arrived  
She sickened and she died dead.

After this instance of a poet's ingenuity in overcoming the exigencies and difficulties of rhyme, it may be as well to point out how another genius did not overcome, but evaded, similar difficulties. The following appears in a churchyard in Devonshire, and Devonshire men pride themselves on their indomitable energy and pluck :—

Here lies John Meadow  
Who passed away like a shadow.  
N.B. His name was Field,  
but it would not rhyme.

<sup>1</sup> St. Erth in Cornwall.

<sup>2</sup> *A Day Dream*.

This is really very neat, and much more worthy of record than any couplet ending in *shield*, *yield*, or *wield*, would have been.

The trade or profession of the deceased may often be used with good effect to point a moral on his tombstone. The following, in Weybridge churchyard, is a rather good specimen of what one may call the professional epitaph :—

Though Boreas' blasts and Neptune's waves  
have toss'd me to and fro,  
In spite of both by God's decree I harbour  
here below ;  
And now at Anchor I do lie with many of  
our Fleet,  
We must one day set sail again our Saviour  
Christ to meet.

Another nautical epitaph is worth preserving ; it is over the grave of a family drowned off Aldeburgh, Suffolk, in the wreck of a schooner, and buried in Aldeburgh churchyard :—

They parted in the angry sea,  
Forlorn as things of earth might be,  
The mother and her children twain ;  
Heaven heard ascend the cry profound,  
And lo ! in pure and hallowed ground  
The loved, the lost are met again.

O happy Mother, children blest,  
That here in consecrated rest,  
Safe in the Lord's appointed room,  
In soft embrace together lie,  
While beauteous spirits from on high  
Watch with them in the tomb.

The notion of angelic spirits being entombed with the dead is most extraordinary.

We all know that volumes might be written on the mighty subject, "How not to do it." It is a subject on which we all have practical experience ; in our own persons if we are lazy, stupid, or awkward ; in the persons of others if we are energetic, clever, or capable. But if one had to compose an epitaph for a man of whom one desired to say nothing, then how not to write it might become difficult. In such a dilemma, many years ago, a Sussex squire found himself. He had a bailiff, whom he had discovered to have indulged in all kinds of mal-practices. This unjust steward had robbed his

master in every possible way, and when detected was dismissed. Whether he could dig, or whether he was not ashamed to beg, history sayeth not. His master, when bidding him begone, added these words, "for the sake of your wife and family I will do nothing to you, but after your death I will punish you severely." It may be supposed that the bailiff did not trouble himself much about this threat. But it was carried out. The man died ; the master took on himself the task of erecting his tombstone and of composing his epitaph, which was as follows :—

In memory of  
John Smith.  
He was

This singular inscription was recently, and no doubt is still, to be seen in Horsham churchyard. The author of it would lead persons to view it, and when they inquired "What was he?" would tell them the story of his bailiff's delinquencies. This story was passed on from mouth to mouth and became far more impressive and more widely known than it would have been if recorded at length on the stone. Indeed, the squire could hardly, with any regard to public opinion, inscribe a man's misdeeds above his mouldering bones ; but the blank which said nothing offensive, was amply sufficient to fulfil the threat of posthumous punishment, which was thus inflicted on this unjust steward.

From the south Saxon country we will travel northward and stay our flight at Stirling, whose bridge over the Forth used formerly to be considered the gate of the Highlands. There we will reverently admire the beautiful Grey Friars' Church ; we will muse over the Douglas tower, and Marr's work ; we will smile at the first *babes* ; stand in Knox's pulpit, and sit in Mary Stuart's chair. Thence we will go to the lovely cemetery, where there is much that is interesting. The guide will point out

to us an epitaph of which the leading idea is so uncommon yet so true, that it is well worth reproducing in this place :—

1809  
Alex<sup>r</sup>. Meffen  
Chief-constable Stirlingshire  
Our life is but a winter day  
Some only breakfast and away  
others to dinner stay  
and are full fed  
the oldest man but sups  
and goes to bed  
large is his debt  
that lingers out the day  
he that goes soonest  
has the least to pay.

It is probable that Alexander Meffen was at least one of those who to dinner stay, even if he did not live to sup; his official position indicates middle, if not old, age. But leaving the banks of the Forth and returning to those of the Thames, we will enter the small churchyard of Shepperton, and read what is inscribed above a little child :—

Margaret Peacock  
Born March 25<sup>th</sup> 1823  
Died January 13<sup>th</sup> 1826.

Long night succeeds thy little day  
Oh blighted blossom ! can it be  
That this grey stone and grassy clay  
Have closed our anxious care of thee ?

The half formed words of liveliest thought  
That spoke a mind beyond thy years ;  
The song, the dance by nature taught,  
The sunny smiles ; the transient tears ;

The symmetry of face and form ;  
The eye with light and life replete ;  
The little heart so fondly warm ;  
The voice so musically sweet ;

These, lost to hope, in memory yet  
Around the heart that loved thee cling,  
Shadowing with long and vain regret  
The too fair promise of thy spring.

The two last lines of the above are obscure as to their meaning, but the whole poem is very simple and tender. Little Margaret did but "breakfast and away," and though more than half a century has elapsed since she passed from earth on that "winter day," we cannot stand by her quiet grave without something of regret and something of envy. For deep

truth lies in four lines by an unknown thinker and writer :—

Our life is only death ! time that ensu'th  
Is but the death of time that went before ;  
Youth is the death of childhood, age of youth ;  
Die once to God, and then thou diest no more.

If, as we began by saying, contrast has a great and unique charm, then after the above lines in memory of Baby Margaret, we will turn to the epitaph placed over the grave of a child who died in infancy. It is somewhat vulgar and irreverent, yet it asks a question not easily answered :—

If I was so soon to be done for  
I wonder what I was begun for !

Indeed, there is no answer to this question, whether asked by the babe or the nonagenarian, unless we look forward to a life beyond the grave, to which this present life, whether short or long, is but the prelude or overture.

A few generations back an epitaph in verse was the tribute usually paid to departed virtue or greatness. There is no need to quote the famous lines on "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother," or those which Pope composed in memory of Gay. Of the style of his time the epitaph by Thomas Carew on the Lady Mary Villiers is a fair specimen, forced and affected as it appears to us :—

The Lady Mary Villiers lies  
Under this stone : with weeping eyes  
The parents that first gave her birth,  
And their sad friends, laid her in earth.  
If any of them, reader, were  
Known unto thee, shed a tear :  
Or if thyself possess a gem,  
As dear to thee as this to them,  
Though a stranger to this place,  
Bewail in their's thine own hard case ;  
For thou perhaps at thy return  
Mayst find thy darling in an urn.

Even more forced and affected, laboriously wrought by the brain, not spontaneously outpoured by the heart, as surely were the lines on Baby Margaret Peacock, is this curious triplet by Robert Wild :—

Here lies a piece of Christ ; a star in dust  
A vein of gold ; a china dish that must  
Be used in heaven, when God shall feast the  
just.

The declension from a piece of Christ, through a star and a vein of gold, to a china dish, is very odd ; the idea being, no doubt, that the once living clay will be a vessel of honour when raised to the mansions prepared for the just.

A conceit fully as quaint as these, though more touching from the simple piety which breathes through the epitaph, is found on a tombstone in the "Little Cloisters" of Westminster Abbey. It is in memory of a certain "Mr. Thomas Smith, of Elmly Lovet, who through the spotted veil of the small-pox yielded up a pure and unspotted soul to God, expecting but not fearing death."

A puzzling epitaph—puzzling because either the lady was very thin, or the bunghole unusually large—is the following from Stonehouse Churchyard, Gloucestershire :—

In memory of  
John Collins and Mary his wife  
She {died} May 1st. 1791. {Ætatis} 74  
He {died} Aug. 19th. 1797. {Ætatis} 78

Also the children of John and Ann Collins

George {born} Feb. 4th. 1794. {died} March 2nd 1796  
Martha {born} Sept. 27th. 1791. {died} Aug. 1st 1800

'Twas as she tript from cask to cask  
In at a Bunghole quickly fell  
Suffocation was her task  
She had no time to say farewell.

Ann Collins died Sept. 11th 1801 Ætatis 49.

In contrast to these, the following, from the cemetery at Chertsey, Surrey, will serve as an example of the extremely natural and unaffected style of some other churchyard poets. The last line is simple to ruggedness :—

The cup was bitter the sting severe  
To part from those he loved so dear  
But hoping through Christ to meet them again  
Though suffering much he did not complain.

It was at Chertsey that Abraham Cowley lived ; his house bears a tablet pointing out to the passer-by the historical and poetical interest which

attaches to it. On the occasion of his death Pope wrote some rather pompous lines in his *Windsor Forest*, and Denham eulogised his learning and genius in some pedantic verses. On Cowley's fellow townsmen the mantle of poetry does not appear to have fallen, at least if we may judge by the inscriptions in the churchyard. A very old stone rests against the east end of the church—apparently placed there in order to preserve it. The letters are almost illegible, but after considerable trouble and time spent on it, we are rewarded by the discovery that it commemorates Mrs. Elizabeth Wright, of whom we are told :—

Gentile her carriage, temper meek  
Her language whors likewise discreet  
Prudent her conduct without pride  
With these good gifts Possess she died

In the first line *gentile* no doubt means either *gentile* or *genteel* ; in the second, *whors* would appear to be equivalent to *was* ; in the last, the capital P to *possest* is merely ornamental. Either the author or the mason had strange notions of orthography ; instead of the proverbial action of dropping a tear to the memory of this good woman, we smile upon her tombstone. And it is more fitting to smile than to weep upon the graves of the righteous.

Our smile-gives place to a knitting of the brows as we peruse some elaborate lines on a stone placed above the narrow cell of Mr. Richard Smith, surgeon, who died May 28th, 1800 :—

The friend of all, embalmed by Virtue's tears  
Drops to the grave mature and full of years ;  
A Spirit mild, beneficent and True  
With worthy Smith from this vain world withdrew,  
Virtue survives when nature sinks to rest  
And stamps her Image on each feeling breast,  
For faithful Mem'ry loves an honest name  
And Truth consigns it to immortal Fame.

The glimmer of meaning is very faint among "Virtue," "Nature," "Image," "Mem'ry," "Truth," and "Fame." But no doubt "worthy Smith" deserved all that his eulogist desired to say of

him, and after eighty years of semi-oblivion we hereby add a few hours to his "immortal Fame."

Before we leave Chertsey churchyard we will glance at one more epitaph, and surely an unbidden smile must dry the falling tear:—

Charlotte daughter of  
John and Phoebe Stibbs  
died May 19<sup>th</sup> 1828.

Weep'st kind parents, Sisters dear,  
O dry that falling tear  
The voice of reason and religion hear  
By them instructed ah reflect how blest  
The favoured souls recalled to early rest  
But faith reflects to thee on earth was given  
To toil and suffer thou rest we hope in  
heaven.

The poem commences, we may opine, with Charlotte Stibbs's inquiry and her entreaty to her relatives to mitigate their grief for her loss; it concludes, apparently, with the survivors' charitable hope that her departed spirit is at rest. But it is an inscription difficult to understand and to explain.

We can easily understand, and it were well if in the moments of temptation we could always recall, the following lines in memory of Richard Cogwell, who died on the 12th June, 1534:—

"Whoso him bethoft inwardly and oft,  
How hard it were to flitt from bed unto the  
pitt,  
From pitt unto payne that ne'er shall cease,  
certayne,  
He wold not doe one sin all the world to  
winn."

These quaint lines are given in a note to the third chapter of Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Dying*; they are still to be seen on a brass plate near the middle of a large stone in Faversham Church. The brass is in good preservation.

In the same church is another inscription, to the memory of "Semanus Tong. Nat. 1334; ob. 1414." On a

brass appears his effigy, and below it a Latin epitaph, curious for its absence of all attempt at poetic diction, though rhyme is carefully introduced:—

"Hic probus et dignus, vir honestus, amansq;  
benignus  
Ut vere scitur, Semanus Tong sepelitur,  
Hic vir opportunus, Baro de portubus unus,  
In Thrugleigh natus fuit, in Fever-  
shamq; moratus  
Mortuus ipse die celsa fuit Epiphanie  
Anno milleno C quarter, quarto quoque  
deno,  
Hujus Semani fuerant quadraginta bis anni  
Tempus in hac vita, sibi cælica sit via  
scita.—Amen."

Which has been translated by the present vicar of Faversham, the Rev. C. E. Donne, into lines which represent very faithfully the spirit and style of the original:—

"Here rests in the grave a benevolent man,  
Benign, and right honest, deny it who can,  
He was good to his neighbours and friends  
every one,  
And none more respected than Semanus  
Tong.  
Of the Cinque Ports a Baron, he did his  
work truly,  
And though dwelling at Faversham, born  
was at Thoroughleigh,  
On Epiphany day, fourteen hundred and  
fourteen,  
To the Church, in a coffin Semanus was  
brought in,  
The years of Semanus were just eight times  
ten,  
May his pathway to heaven be certain.—  
Amen."

Our present stock of quaint epitaphs is nearly exhausted, for we do not wish to quote those that are old and hackneyed. One more, and we have done:—

Here lies the Landlord of the Lion,  
He's buried here in hopes of Zion;  
His wife, resigned to Heaven's Will,  
Carries on the business still.

The force of advertising could no further go.

F. BAYFORD HARRISON.

FRANCE, EGYPT, AND THE SUEZ CANAL IN 1775:  
AN UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENT.

IN going through the London Foreign Office Records for the year 1792, I came upon the following paper relating to Egypt, which is certainly a very curious and interesting one. It is well known that the French monarchy had designs upon Egypt before the Revolution; it is not, I believe, known that plans for its conquest were actually drawn up and discussed, and measurements made to ascertain the possibility of constructing the Suez Canal. A very few words are necessary to explain the correspondence that follows. Baron Tott was a French officer engaged in diplomacy in the East under Louis XV. He wrote a well-known book on Turkey, and, as the representative of France, was employed in reorganising the forces of the Porte, with which France was in alliance. At the Revolution he became an *émigré*. In September, 1792, during Brunswick's invasion of France, he made a deposition which the Prussian Government communicated to Lord Elgin, English envoy at Brussels, and which Elgin sent to the British Foreign Minister (Grenville), with the accompanying note:—

"September 29, 1792.—I beg to inclose to your Lordship a paper which may possibly appear deserving perusal at the present conjuncture. . . . It was communicated to me by the Prussian Minister; but as the subject may prove interesting to his Majesty, I have obtained from Baron Tott himself a confirmation of the contents of this paper, and have likewise learnt from him many details relative to this subject. . . . Your Lordship will perceive that his inducement to make this deposition is an apprehension that the Jacobins are aiming at the execution of this project, and a desire, as

far as possible, to prevent their success."

Tott's deposition, in French, follows. I have translated it literally, only omitting one or two redundancies.

"Returning from Turkey in the year 1775, knowing the strength and the weakness of this Power thoroughly, always anxious to serve France, and convinced that France would never get compensation for the enormous losses which her alliance with the Porte had caused her, I formed the project of indemnifying France in another manner, and at the cost of the Ottoman Power itself. Understanding, through my own connexions with its government, to what degree Egypt groaned under the yoke of tyranny, I formed the plan of a French conquest of Egypt. I drew up several memoirs on this subject, and demonstrated that, in consequence of the miserable condition of Alexandria, the disposition of the inhabitants of Egypt, and the facility of conquering a country where tyranny and oppression are at their height, it would be easy for us, with 15,000 men, 15 million francs, and a fleet of six vessels of the line, to make this conquest, and to hold it against all the Powers of Europe together. M. de Vergennes, whose whole period of office was distinguished only by weakness and pusillanimity, was alarmed at the project; but the rest of the ministers viewed it so favourably that, in spite of his opposition, I was sent on a mission to Egypt with a large suite, under the pretext of renewing commercial connections, but with the real object of sounding men's minds and examining the locality anew. After the closest examination, everything having confirmed my



opinion, I proved to the French ministry not only that the conquest could easily be made; not only that, while we greatly improved the condition of the Egyptian people, France might draw fifteen million francs a month from this country; but that we might open a canal from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean, traces of the ancient existence of which are still visible. I satisfied myself of the possibility of executing this project by ascertaining the level of the two seas, and taking the level of the land for a distance of twelve leagues.

"At the time of the war between Turkey and Russia,<sup>1</sup> M. de Vergennes limited his desires to the conquest of Crete, in case the Turkish empire should be destroyed; and France, instead of embracing a policy which might have saved it,<sup>2</sup> preferred to intrigue in America, and to take part in that colonial war in which it dug its own grave.

"My memoirs and other details relating to the Egyptian enterprise were deposited at the Bureau des Affaires Étrangères, and the subject was not again mooted while the American war lasted. When France was clear of that embarrassment, I again pressed my views on the Ministry. But to my great surprise, I was desired to consult on the execution of the plan with M. de la Fayette and other enterprising persons who had distinguished themselves in America or elsewhere. I accordingly communicated with M. de la Fayette, who entered into the design with enthusiasm; but after several discussions he said to me, to my great astonishment: 'My friend, we shall be fools to carry out a plan like this for a Government which will sooner or later repay us with ingratitude. Let us carry it out for ourselves. I undertake to procure money, troops, and

ships. I am an older campaigner than you; we can arrange it between us; we are friends.'

"It was in vain that I represented to him how chimerical such a plan was; he insisted upon it. So, seeing the apathy of the Government, and having no intention of going on a filibustering expedition with M. de la Fayette, I let the matter drop, and retired to my post, and the matter was no more heard of.

"I am quite certain that the National Assembly (1789) found all the documents relating to the enterprise in the Bureau des Affaires Étrangères; and the instructions given to M. Semonville<sup>3</sup> confirm me in the belief that the conquest of Egypt enters into the plans of the present Government, and that the request for a station in one of the islands of the Archipelago has been made with a view to the execution of this project."

This narrative, if true, affords a good illustration of the double-system of French diplomacy under Louis XV. and his successor, and shows how correct is that striking and little-understood passage in Burke's "Second Letter on a Regicide Peace,"<sup>4</sup> in which he traces back the aggressions of the Republic to designs formed under the Bourbon monarchy. It also bears on the question recently raised, whether Bonaparte invented his own plan of conquering Egypt, or derived it from Leibnitz or elsewhere. Had Tott's deposition been made after Bonaparte's invasion of Egypt, it might reasonably have passed for a romance: coming six years before it, it perhaps supplies the real origin of that campaign.

C. A. FYFFE.

<sup>3</sup> Nominated French Ambassador to Constantinople in 1792.

<sup>4</sup> *Regicide Peace*, p. 122, Clarendon Press edit.

<sup>1</sup> 1768—1774.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. from the Revolution, by giving prestige to the Monarchy.

## A SPANISH ROMANTICIST: GUSTAVO BECQUER

THE history of letters in Spain since the revolution of 1808 is for the most part melancholy reading; so much of it is a record of incessant and yet sterile effort, of undeveloped powers, of wasted enthusiasms, of brilliant lives squandered and cut short, or of long careers running out to mere emptiness and nothingness for lack of rational and adequate aims. Its opening chapter shows us the birth of a modern Spanish literature during the revolutionary years from 1808 to 1814, when the people of Cadiz, stimulated by the presence of the National Government within and of the French without their walls, assisted by day at the deliberations of the Central Junta or the Constituent Cortes, and by night went feverishly to see the patriotic plays of Martinez de la Rosa performed in a temporary wooden playhouse erected out of reach of the French bombs. It was during these years that Parliamentary oratory began, that a newspaper press sprang into being, while the poets and writers of the Peninsula, with Quintana at their head, exhausted themselves in arguments and appeals drawn from the great ages of Spanish history, and intended to rouse their country from the second childhood to which the administration of Charles IV. had reduced her. Under their leadership the nation, impatient of everything French, endeavoured to sweep from her memory the hundred years of the Bourbons, in order to feast her eyes on the legends, the conquests, the glories, all magnified through a golden mist, of her remoter past. It was impossible indeed for Spain to find lasting guidance or fruitful inspiration for her life as a modern nation among the ideas and principles of the sixteenth century. Side by side with all

this glorification of her old kings and her ancient faith, and contrasting strangely enough with it, there had entered within her borders, never to be expelled again, the revolution spirit, and in the hands of this restless all-transforming *Zeitgeist* lay the destinies of the coming years. Two or three great leaders, education, and a free press might have guided the Spanish people without too many misfortunes through that *selva oscura* of change which lurks in the middle way of national as of individual life. But this is only to say that if the course of history had been other than it was, and if Spain's crisis had come upon her fifty years later, she might have taken her place without intolerable difficulty as the youngest child of an enfranchised Europe. As it was, in 1814 the old Europe was shaken indeed, but still dominant, still mistress of the new, and Spain's nascent liberties shared the same fate, dealt out in sterner measure, as those of France or Germany. Upon all her ardent crowd of new-made poets and orators descended the tyranny of Ferdinand VII. like some heavy hand upon a callow, half-fledged brood. Most of the writers of the revolutionary period expiated their six short years of liberty by exile or imprisonment, the Inquisition was re-established, and the censorship of the stage passed into the hands of such people as the Augustinian monk, Father Carillo, who was for years at once the laughing stock and the king of literary Madrid. The insurrectionary movement of 1820 brought a momentary lightening of the yoke, and again the press, polite literature, oratory became realities for the liberal Spaniard, a being more hopeful, more impressionable, more elastic perhaps than any other

creature of his kind. Three years of feverish effort followed, to end in the violent reaction of 1823, imposed on Spain by the bayonets of the Duc d'Angoulême. It seemed for long as if Liberalism and reaction were to remain equally sterile for the good of the country. In no party was there any sign of that spirit of sequence, that respect for law, which are among the rudiments of political education, while behind the hubbub of parties stood the Spain of the country districts, as ignorant, as superstitious, as remote from the modern world almost as she had been in the worst days of Godoy, Charles IV.'s infamous minister. "Since 1808," says a modern historian, writing before the revolution which overthrew Isabella, "in all the various alterations of government in the Peninsula, whether led by Liberals or Royalists, everything has been violent, absolute, extreme—either revolution to the point of delirium, or reaction to the point of absurdity. Everybody has ruled instead of administering; everybody has tyrannised instead of protecting."

The days of July, 1830, came at last to repair the broken fortunes of the popular party in Spain, and the years which closed the reign of that sinister intriguer Ferdinand VII., and opened that of the baby Isabella II., were years of extraordinary ferment and enthusiasm. In spite of the horrors of the Carlist War, the Liberals exulted in the forced alliance which it brought about between Christina and the Constitutionalists as against the clergy and Don Carlos. Events hurried on to the dissolution of the monasteries and the sale of the church lands, while a flood of French ideas, both literary and political, poured into the country. A knot of brilliant writers, some of them like the Duque de Rivas and Martinez de la Rosa, the survivors of the first revolutionary period, some of them like Larra the pamphleteer, and Espronceda the poet, in the first bloom of youth, threw themselves into liter-

ature with that zest which only those who have lived under a Catholic censorship and shaken it off can fully know. "An all-pervading excitement showed itself in our younger men," says a Spanish writer of the time, "a consuming desire for political, literary, or artistic glory, for every kind of glory, or rather for every kind of reputation or popularity." Of this early generation of Spanish romanticists, the counterparts and imitators at Madrid of Victor Hugo and his circle in Paris, Espronceda was the most striking figure. Exile, republican, poet, journalist, he had almost drained the cup of human experience before he died at thirty-two, worn out by moral and intellectual excitement. He should be compared with his elder and his model in literature, Byron, and with his junior, Alfred de Musset. Without the in-born elemental force of Byron or the education of De Musset, he had their rhetorical gift, their facility, their thirst for the bye-ways and fastnesses of experience, and at the present moment to a literary Spaniard he represents all that is brilliant, tumultuous, and romantic in their modern literature.

But time passed on, and the hopes of 1830 sank in disillusion and disappointment. Literature, which could no longer be crushed, now ran the risk of being patronised to death. The court laid itself out to make friends with it. Verse-making or play-writing became the recognised roads to office and dignity. "The embassies and the ministries were peopled with poets and novelists, and lured by this brilliant perspective, a world of *faux esprits* sprang into activity, intent not upon palms or laurels, but upon incomes and decorations, and seeking their ends by halting verses, by frantic speech-making, or by novels which were so many ignoble bids for place and power." The Neo-Catholic reaction of Isabella's reign succeeded eventually in pressing into its service almost all the poets and novelists of

the time. Fernan Caballero and Trueba fought for the glories of Old Spain against the absurdities of modern progress. Amador de los Rios or Lafuente defended the Catholic and monarchical ideal in elaborate histories of the past, which were at the bottom controversial pamphlets, and the court circle was always open to every young poet who could mate his pretty characterless verse to the old themes of loyalty and fanaticism. Still all the time things were inevitably slipping on to their appointed goal, and in the end, as we all know, the revolution came down upon Isabella, upon Sor Patrocinio and Father Claret, and all the crowd of *littérateurs* devoted to their service. Since then literature in Spain has had on the whole a fair field, and poetry has ceased to be the direct road either to exile or to office. Most of the young literary men of the present generation are pessimists, which only means perhaps that Spain is beginning to rate herself and her past at a truer value, and to realise the enormous distance she still has to make up in the European march. But education and liberal ideas are spreading, wealth is increasing in spite of all the drawbacks of the Spanish soil and climate, and that most wholesome of all perceptions is steadily gaining ground, that before one can practise one must learn, and that the first condition of a successful struggle with the problems of the modern world is to *know*. There are still many difficulties in the path of the government of King Alfonso, but the situation of to-day is infinitely more stable than was the situation of five years ago, and if the present political peace and economical development can be permanently maintained, the whole conditions of literary, as well as of commercial and political life in Spain, will change for the better, and we may expect before long to see the country of Cervantes counting once more for something in the common march of European thought.

So much general preface seemed necessary to put the subject of this sketch into proper relations with the reader; for in the case of a Spanish writer it is impossible to take for granted, in an English audience, that body of surrounding knowledge which one would naturally assume in the case of a Frenchman or a German. But we may now have done with politics. Our Spanish romanticist indeed was singularly little concerned with them. His working years were spent in Madrid under the Isabella *régime*, but it is one of his principal titles to honour that at a time when poets and novelists were systematically bought by those in power, he yet remained so wholly detached from party ties, so wholly unknown to all who possessed authority and influence, that his life and death passed almost equally unnoticed except by a small circle of friends. His literary importance indeed is only now beginning to be understood. Of Gustavo Becquer we may almost say that in a generation of rhymers he alone was a poet; using a language which more perhaps than any other lends itself to a kind of magnificent emptiness both in poetry and prose, he alone among his contemporaries spent all his effort, so far as his verse was concerned, upon reproducing the deepest feeling in the plainest and simplest garb; and now that his work is all that remains to us of his brilliant and lovable personality, he only, it seems to us, among the crowd of modern Spanish versifiers, has any claim to a European audience or any chance of living to posterity. And yet he died at thirty-four, exhausted with hardships and poverty, and when his friends came to put together and publish the poems and prose papers which fill the two small volumes of his works, they were dismayed at the disproportion between them and the Becquer they had known. Were these short stories and fragments of literary criticism, and this half volume of poems, all that was left of the gifted, original,

impressionable creature they remembered? Señor Correa's very interesting preface to the first edition was written under the influence of this feeling of contrast and irremediable loss, and his sketch of Becquer's life is devoted to bringing out in strong relief the obstacles which had stood so fatally in his friend's way, and the practical impossibility in Spain of making a living out of pure literature.

Becquer was born at Seville in February, 1836, a few years before the death of Espronceda. He was the son of a well-known Sevillian painter, and both he and his brother Valeriano spent their childish years in their father's studio, learning to handle brush and pencil with their small fingers, and peopling their earliest memories with those exciting, many-coloured impressions which are the lot of artists' children. When Gustavo was five he lost his father. His mother struggled on with her boys as she best could. They were sent to a day-school in Seville till Gustavo was nine, when he took the common boyish fancy for a sailor's life, and was entered at the naval college of San Telmo. Before he was ten, however, his mother died, and the children were alone in the world. Gustavo's godmother took him in hand, and being a well-to-do person, with good business connections, she would have started her *protégé* in some respectable commercial career, and would probably eventually have made him her heir, but that, as he grew older, Gustavo entirely declined to lend himself to any such plan of life. "The child," says Señor Correa, "who had learnt to draw before he could write, whose passion for reading had raised in him other ambitions than that of book-keeping, and to whom a sum in mental arithmetic was an impossibility, was already finding an audience for his first poems," and at seventeen his mind was made up for art and independence.

Without more money than sufficed to

take him to Madrid, the delicate, enthusiastic, handsome boy set out for the capital in 1854, intent upon winning for himself "glory and fortune" by his pen. "As if both these good things had ever been achieved by any Spanish man of letters!" cries Señor Correa. The thing was impossible, and for the next sixteen years Becquer wore himself out in a hopeless struggle with circumstance. How he supported himself in the early period of his Madrid life his friends can hardly guess. In 1857, when he was fighting with serious illness, he published his first story, a paraphrase of an Indian legend, in a daily newspaper, and shortly afterwards a compassionate friend found him a modest office in a public department at a salary of 30*l.* a year. Gustavo accepted the *empleo* sorely against his will, and only because he could not bear to disappoint the donor; but the uncongenial employment soon came to an end. One of those periodical epidemics of economy to which even Spanish governments are liable attacked the O'Donnell ministry, and Gustavo's office was one of the first to suffer. An active director, convinced that the office was employing too many clerks for its work, came round on a tour of inspection. When the critical moment arrived, Becquer, who was accustomed to spend half his time in copying official documents, and half in reading and illustrating some of his favourite poets, was sketching away as usual. Every one in the room rose at the director's entrance, except Becquer, who was absorbed, and his companions watched the little drama which followed with breathless interest. "What is this?" said the astonished chief, standing behind Becquer's chair. "Hush!" said Becquer, not recognising a stranger's voice. "This is Ophelia, scattering her flowers. That old man is the grave-digger, and over there—" At this point, startled by the universal silence, Becquer turned his head slowly round. "Here at least is somebody

who can be done without," cried the triumphant director, and Becquer got his dismissal the same day.

He went back with delight to his literary life, but he was determined not to mix himself up with politics, and without political connections or court patronage it was absolutely impossible to make a living out of letters in the Madrid of Isabella. For politics, indeed, he had the very strongest distaste. Before all things he was an artist with an artist's prejudices, and an artist's standards, and though his quick intelligence was easily impressed by the width of the modern horizon and the rapidity of modern change, it was his imagination which ultimately governed him. "He was indolent in small things," says Correa, "and for him our political parties were small things. At any rate he was always to be found wherever he had most friends and wherever people would talk most to him of pictures, poems, cathedrals, kings, and nobles. Incapable of hatred, he never could be induced to place his gifts as a writer at the service of political animosities, and on the other hand servility or flattery were impossible to him." He stood, in fact, by himself. He had been brought up in one of the most beautiful of Spanish towns, and under the shadow of the grandest of Spanish cathedrals, and the passion for all that was mediæval and romantic was ingrained in him. So far the Ultramontane circle of writers surrounding the court might well have hoped to find a promising recruit in him, another flavourless showman of past times like Zorrilla. But happily his inborn self-forgetfulness, his *insouciance*, his passionate interest in beautiful things and thoughts as such saved him both from sordid temptations and from that conventional picturesqueness which is the bane of the literary Spaniard. Sincerity and *naïveté* were throughout his distinguishing marks, and, for all his misfortunes, upon his friends his prevailing effect seems to have been that

of some gay, clear-souled child. His literary work indeed might be often hurried, poor, and unequal. A poet must eat, whatever may be his powers of singing, and for a long time Becquer could only earn his daily bread by the most menial of labours, by incessant translation for the newspapers,—by house-painting sometimes!—and at the best by stories very much below the level of what he could have done under more favourable conditions. But through it all he kept his freedom, his spontaneity, his hopefulness. He wrote as he could; by and by he told himself he would write as he liked, for art, for pleasure and not for mere subsistence. Through all his troubles he never sacrificed a principle or a friend; he never ceased working, and he never complained.

Such a man, whether he made money or no, was sure to make friends, and many were his friends' efforts to help him. The foundation of the newspaper, *El Contemporáneo*, about 1858, by the able and liberal-minded José Luis Albareda, gave Correa, who was associated with Albareda in its management, a chance of bringing Becquer forward, and from that time till the suppression of the paper, he was a tolerably regular contributor. He wrote for it a number of short stories of a romantic kind, but his best contributions were the letters *Desde mi Celda* (From my Cell) written in 1864, which excited a good deal of notice, and undoubtedly contain his most finished prose. A second small *empleo* which a friend procured for him shortly afterwards seems to have encouraged him to marry. As if providing for himself had not been strain enough for his weak frame and health, he must now take upon himself to provide for a wife and children! A bitter struggle followed. Again his *empleo* fell through, this time through no fault of his own, and every hour was taken up in writing for bread. His brother, Valeriano, now a promising painter, but as poor as himself, joined him in Madrid in 1862, and the two

consoled each other as best they could through several dark years. "The two brothers lived together," writes Señor Correa, "and while one drew admirable wood-cuts for the *Ilustracion de Madrid*, the other translated worthless novels, or wrote original articles, content both of them to be near each other, to be earning food for their young children, and always ready to talk, the painter of the pictures he should paint as soon as he could afford to buy canvases, and the poet of the grandiose conceptions he hoped to realise as soon as the peremptory necessities of daily life were no longer the tyrants of his every effort."

At one time the joint household moved for a year to Toledo, always an enchanted city in the eyes of both brothers, at another Becquer was staying for his health at the old monastery of Veruela in Aragon, from which the *Desde mi Celda* letters were written, or exploring the provinces of Avila and Soria in search of picturesque antiquities. He knew every stone and legend of Toledo, and was never so happy as when wandering about it with his brother, the one drawing, the other talking or writing as his fancy took him. One moonlight night the pair sat for several hours sketching and chattering on the top of a ruined wall which commanded a view of the city. Some zealous *Guardias Civiles* crept up beneath, listened to their mysterious talk of arches, apses, and machicoulis, and congratulated themselves on having run to earth a couple of dangerous conspirators. Isabella had fallen, and the air was full of rival Republican and Royalist intrigues soon to end for the moment in the kingship of Amadeo. Two persons who could sit chattering in unintelligible terms on a wall, at such a time, in the small hours of the morning, must, argued the Dogberrys of Toledo, be either lunatics or disturbers of the peace, and they promptly laid hold of poet, artist, and portfolio, and locked them all up in the common prison of Toledo. The next morning the redaction of *El Contemporaneo*

received a moving letter from Gustavo, full as usual of explanatory sketches, "and representing with harrowing detail the passion and death of both innocents. The redaction *en masse* wrote to their gaolers, and at last the prisoners arrived safe and sound, parodying before us with words and pencil the famous *Prigioni* of Silvio Pellico. Who in those brilliant eyes, that ringing laughter, that surprising facility for all the arts of expression would have been able to divine the approach of sterile and inopportune death?"

But alas! undivined, undreaded, death was nearing with swift steps. Fortune had just begun to smile a little on the two brothers. "An independent future lay before them; and just as it was possible for the painter to paint a friend because he loved him, and for the poet to write an ode because the spirit moved him, the death of Valeriano plunged his friends in mourning, and struck a cold chill to the heart of Gustavo." The shock was too great and the fragile frame of the survivor, which had been for so long fighting a battle beyond its powers, gave way under it. On the 23rd of September Valeriano died, and on the 22nd of December of the same year Gustavo drew his last breath. His illness seems to have been consumption under various forms. Much of it was very painful, but through it all, writes Correa, "his brain was clear, his frank gentleness the same as ever. He went on, submitting himself to every experiment, accepting every medicine, and dying inch by inch." "*Todo mortal!*" were the murmured words his friends caught, just before all was over, as if for a nature so in love with life, the reality of death had been a last sharp surprise.

After his death the first thought of those about him was to set a subscription on foot for the two orphaned families. The appeal was responded to with a generosity and sympathy peculiarly Spanish, and then came the publication of Becquer's literary remains. Before his death, suspecting that all

was nearly over for him, he had tried to collect and revise his published articles, adding to them his poems, the majority of which were then unprinted, and an imaginative and beautiful preface. The final editing of the book fell to Señor Correa, whose short biographical notice of his friend shows throughout the deepest personal feeling. "It seems to me," he says, "as I write, that I am speaking in his presence, and that at each expression of praise his child-like modesty rebels, while at every error in style his artistic feeling is wounded, and his affectionate voice scolds me, as it used to do so often, for my blunders and my indolence. Gustavo was an angel. There are two writers from whom I never heard an ill-natured word: one was Becquer, the other Miguel de los Santos Alvarez. Sometimes, sorely against his will, he was obliged to write reviews, and it was amusing to see his perplexity, in a strait, as he generally was, between the priesthood of art and truth on the one side and his own kind-heartedness on the other. Of his sad life and his miserable health he was never known to complain. Dumb so long as he was unhappy, he only found voice for moments of pleasure. When he had to describe his own misfortunes, he did it with a jest, or with some light turn of poetry. Therefore when I read his *rimas* they touched me profoundly. It was as if in that artist's nature even the cry of grief was measured and beautiful, and as if, like the gladiators of old, he strove to die with grace."

Such was the man,—a rare and winning personality, of whom one would willingly know more than Señor Correa's short sketch can tell us. As a writer, Becquer naturally leaves upon us a more divided impression. Scarcely one of the prose tales and sketches in the two posthumous volumes was written under such conditions as almost all good literary work requires. They were produced hurriedly, in a garret or a newspaper office, and sent to press while the ink

was still wet, so that Becquer was seldom able to give them that last handling upon which the bloom and exquisiteness of imaginative prose almost always depend. His stories of midnight cathedrals, of the ghostly presences which inhabit the woods and streams, of the horrors of haunted castles, or of phantom monks chanting a phantom music in some ruined monastery, are like hundreds of others with which the archives of modern romanticism are stored. Such work, so full of flavour and charm for the generation of Byron, Chateaubriand, and "Werther," is now in itself rather repellent than attractive to modern taste. We know it all by heart, and its spell has departed, except in those rare instances where the skill of a Théophile Gautier or a Prosper Mérimée succeeds in wedding some old supernatural or chivalrous story to the subtlest essence of modern feeling. Becquer was writing for a public more childish and immature in literary respects than the public of England or France, and this reacted upon his work. Had he lived in the France of 1860, the demands of his audience would have conditioned his effort more stringently, while the more favourable circumstances of literary life would have enabled him to develop and cherish his gift in ways which were impossible to him as it was. Still Becquer's stories, with their fluent picturesqueness and grace, are pleasant reading, and the more condensed of them are often striking and effective. A short dramatic piece, in particular, founded upon a theme of Venetian jealousy and revenge, and treated in the tone and style of Alfred de Musset, is excellent, and would bear translation as a whole if we had room for it. It is not however in the stories, but in the two series of letters—those "From my Cell," and those called "Literary Letters to a Woman,"—in the introduction to the collected papers, and in some short pieces of criticism, that Becquer's prose is at its best. The



letters from Veruela are so many delicate transcripts of the feelings and experiences which would naturally occur to a hard-worked literary man in a scene of mountain solitude to which the presence of an old and dismantled monastery gave a welcome touch of romance. His journey to the ancient Aragonese town of Tarazona, once the Roman Turiasso, and the seat of one of the oldest bishoprics in Spain, and now forgotten and decaying; his mule journey thence into the heart of the Moncayo Chain; the high valley of Veruela, with its towered and battlemented monastery, its poplar avenues, its streams, its flowers, and its sheltering mountains studded with distant hamlets; his quiet life there, broken only by the daily post and the arrival of *El Contemporáneo*, with all its associations of toiling, revolution-making Madrid; the village churchyard with its message of disillusion or of rest; the legends, the customs, the antiquities, the barbarisms of the surrounding country,—these are the kind of subjects with which the letters are filled. It is difficult to do them justice by short extracts, for each letter is complete in itself, but perhaps the following passage may give some idea of their style and point of view.

He is dwelling on the quiet of the valley, and on the incongruity of its remote peace with the memories of political strife and hurried labour, excited by the daily arrival of the *Contemporáneo*.

"Every afternoon, towards the time of sunset, I wander out on to the road which passes before the gates of the monastery in order to wait for the postman who brings me the Madrid newspapers. In front of the archway which leads into the first inclosure of the abbey stretches a long avenue of poplars, so high that when the evening wind blows through the branches their summits touch and form one immense vault of verdure. On both sides of the road, leaping and falling with a quiet murmur amid the twisted roots

of the trees, run two streams of water, crystalline and transparent, cold as a sword-blade, and gleaming like its edge. The ground, over which float the shadows of the poplars, broken by moving patches of light, is covered at intervals with the thickest and finest of tall grass, mingled so closely with white marguerites, that at first sight one confuses it with the blossom-carpet of flowering April. At the sides of the road, and amid the brambles and reeds of the stream, grow wood violets, which, although almost hidden by their creeping leaves, proclaim themselves at a great distance by their penetrating scent. And finally, also near the water, and forming as it were a second boundary, one sees through the spaces which intervene between trunk and trunk a double line of thickset walnut-trees with their dark and rounded masses of leaf."

About half way down the avenue a ruined marble cross rises under the trees. "Nowhere could one find a place more sombrely beautiful. On one side the view is closed by the monastery, with its arches, its peaked towers, its imposing battlemented walls; on the other one sees the ruins of a small hermitage at the foot of a hill covered with thyme and rosemary in full flower. There, seated below the cross, and holding in my hands a book I scarcely ever read, and which is often left forgotten on the stone steps, I pass one, two, sometimes four hours, waiting for the post."

And at last the newspapers arrive, and the crackling sheet of the *Contemporáneo* carries the recluse back in a moment to Madrid and its interests. The noise of the printing presses, the strain of the night-work, the chill of the Madrid dawn, the thronged benches of the Cortes, the chatter of clubs and ministerial ante-rooms,—all these memories and impressions come back upon him with full force. "The *Diario Español*, the *Pensamiento*, the *Iberia* say so and so, affirm this, deny that, says the *Contemporáneo*, and I,

forgetting where I am, stretch out my hands for them as if they were all beside me, and I sitting as usual at the office table."

But the impression is short-lived. "I have scarcely finished reading the first columns of the newspaper when the last rays of the sun, which is slowly sinking behind the peak of the Moncayo, fade from the highest tower of the monastery, flaming a moment on its metal cross before they go. The shadows of the mountains descend to the road and spread over the level ground, the moon begins to show herself in the east a silver luminous circle, and twilight falls upon the avenue. Reading becomes impossible. On one side one sees still through the crevices of the trees the red sparkle of the sunset, on the other the cool violet clearness of night. Little by little my ear opens again to the confused harmony around, made by the noise of the leaves and the murmur of the water, and to its measure, vaguely sweet, my thoughts shape themselves once more, moving slower and slower in a cadenced round which lingers with the music, till at last they vanish one by one like those scarcely perceptible sparks which as children it amused us to watch dying out of some fragment of burnt paper."

The bells of the monastery begin to ring, and are answered by all the other mountain churches round. Their clamorous music "seems now to descend from heaven and now to rise from earth. It is as it were the last murmur of the dying day blent with the first sigh of new-born night. Madrid, politics, struggle, misery, passion, difficulty, desire, sink drowned in the current of that divine music." And in the consciousness of an infinite destiny, a mysterious beyond, "the lesser consciousness of the morrow, that sting and spur of all human effort, is silenced and absorbed."

So ends a graceful reverie, not very original, not very distinguished as thought, but full of a musical refinement which recalls to one the country

letters and descriptions of Maurice de Guérin. There was a good deal in common between the two men, both sensitive and gifted, and both victims in the prime of youth of a premature exhaustion of mind and body.

The following extracts, from the "Literary Letters to a Woman," and from a preface to a friend's poems, will lead naturally to Becquer's verse. They contain as it were his poetical theory expressed in a picturesque, high-coloured way, and it is a theory of which no one who is conversant with Spanish poetry will miss the significance. The friend was one Augusto Ferran y Forniés, and the poems were a collection of songs, some of them Andalusian *Volkslieder*, and others original. The bare intensity and simplicity which marked the most successful of them appealed strongly to Becquer's sympathy, and he thus describes the two kinds of poetry between which, as he conceives his art, the modern poet has to choose, and of which Señor Ferran and he himself had chosen the second.

"There is a poetry which is magnificent and sonorous, a poetry which adorns itself with all the pomps of language, which moves with cadenced majesty, perfecting all it touches, and beguiling imagination at will through unknown paths of harmony and beauty.

"There is another poetry, natural, rapid, terse, which breaks from the soul like an electric spark, which strikes our feelings with a word and flies. Bare and inartificial, free within a free form, it wakens by the aid of one kindred idea a thousand others asleep in the bottomless ocean of fancy. The first has a recognised value, it is the poetry of all the world. The second cannot be measured by any absolute standard; it takes the proportions of the imagination it impresses; it may be called the poetry of poets."

Surely a fine definition of the poetry of rapid, elemental impressions. We may compare with it the account given in the "Literary Letters" of the process by which such verse is actually written

down. Poetry of this kind may spring, as Becquer says, from the "shock of sentiment and passion," but before it can present itself in the world of art the poet must, as it were, steep it for a while in his own inmost being.

"There is a belief sufficiently widespread even among those persons whose lives are devoted to giving form to what they think, which to my mind is one of the least founded of prejudices. If we are to believe what some tell us, it may be raised to the category of an axiom that ideas are never poured forth with so much life and precision as in the very moment when they rise like soaring vapour, intoxicating the fancy and setting every nerve vibrating as if an electric spark had touched it. I do not deny that it may happen so. I deny nothing; but so far as I am concerned I can only assure you that when I feel I do not write. I keep indeed prisoned within the mysterious circle of the brain the quick and fleeting impressions of the past; those light and ardent daughters of sensation sleep there, grouped together in the recesses of memory, till the moment comes when pure, serene, and clothed so to speak in supernatural power, the mind calls them forth, and they spread their rustling transparent wings and pass once more before my eyes in a luminous and magnificent vision. Then one feels no longer with the quivering nerves, the choking breath, and all the rude material shock produced by the first contact of passion or affection: I feel, yes, but in a way which may be called artificial; I write like one who copies from a written page; I draw like the painter who reproduces the landscape spread before his eyes and losing itself in the mists of the horizon. All the world feels, but only to a few is it given to store as it were in a treasure-house the living memory of what they have felt. These in my belief are the poets, and only in this way do they become poets. It is more grand, more beautiful indeed, to figure to one's self genius drunk with sensations and inspirations, its hand

still tremulous with anger, its eyes still dim with tears, throwing rapidly together those poems which later on are the admiration of the world. But what will you have? What is true is not always the most sublime. As I told you a little while ago when we were discussing a similar question, when a poet paints you his love in magnificent verses, doubt, when he tells it you in prose and bad prose, believe. There is a small, mechanical, material part in all the works of man which the primitive, the true inspiration disdains in its first ardent moments of transport. So in my last letter I spoke of love, and at the word my pen stopped and my letter came to an end as if I were weary of the task. You thought no doubt—why deny it?—that it was for lack of feeling. Now have I explained myself? At the word a troop of nameless and confused ideas rose within and hovered round me in a fantastic circle of chimerical visions—the world swam before my eyes. Write! oh, if I could have written then, I would not have changed places with the first poet in the world. But—then I felt and now I speak. And if I feel what I feel in order to say what I say, what vast oceans of light and inspiration must have surged in the minds of those men who have written what is the wonder of us all!"

All this is very eloquent and much of it very true, but one does undoubtedly feel about it that both criticism and description are pitched in a rather higher key than our modern taste willingly tolerates in prose. Becquer's prose, indeed, compared with that of most other Spanish prose writers of the present day, is restrained, weighty, and full of variety. But, compared with the best French or English prose, we see that it is over ornamented, over picturesque, that in writing it Becquer has not been careful enough to avoid the cheap rhetorical effects which are the natural snares of those who use a Romance language. This is especially true of his tales, which are very inferior in finish and material to the

work we have been quoting from. Altogether the character of his prose compared with the character of his poetry seems to show that for him verse was the true medium of expression. His prose is highly elaborated, but by no means uniformly satisfactory. The distinguishing notes of his poetry are simplicity and brevity, and yet there are very few indeed of his poems which fail to realise and embody the impression which gave birth to them in a way full of beauty and originality. As a poet he aimed, to use his own words, at "rapidity, terseness, naturalness." His constant endeavour was to convey an idea or a picture in as few words as would clothe it decently and effectually. The impressions themselves, "those light and ardent daughters of sensation" are to him all-important, and he tries to realise them with absolute clearness and intensity. Instead of analysing and describing them as a whole, he strikes as it were at the heart of them, he endeavours to get at their very pith and marrow, at what is vital and elemental in them. A man who is anything short of a poet arrives too often at mere baldness and commonplace in the effort to be simple and direct; the poems of Becquer's imitators, according to Señor Correa, are so many proofs of it; but the sensitiveness and the divination of the true poet are nowhere shown to greater advantage than in this poetry of rapid outline and broad, unlaboured effects. Heine of course is the great master of the school, and from him as well as from other German poets Becquer probably learnt much. He may have learnt it directly or indirectly—Señor Correa believes that if he read Heine at all it was only quite towards the end of his life—but undoubtedly the spirit of German verse had touched him, and had guided him into the ways of expression which best suited his poetic gift. To judge from the numerous sketches of epics and narrative poems which were found among his papers after his death, he too, if he had lived, would have tried the Byronic vein in

which the poets of modern Spain have commonly worked. In all probability, if he had, he would only have won the same sort of success in it that he won in prose. His strength lay in short, vivid expressions of romantic feeling, and in a mixture of intensity with lightness such as the oratorical southern temperament very seldom achieves.

Before we begin to try and justify all this praise, it will be well to say a few words as to the method of translation which has been adopted in the following extracts. Becquer's poems are written in a mixed iambic and anapæstic metre, very freely handled, and, with very few exceptions, rhymed in assonant. Assonant rhyme, as everybody knows who is interested in poetical forms, depends solely upon the similarity of the vowel sounds. *Ara* and *aba*, *iba* and *isa*, *mar* and *claridad*, *acosan* and *encona*, are assonant rhymes. The Spaniards, trained by centuries of practice, have developed a great skill in using them, and their best verse in this form has a delicate and subtle melody which soon wins upon even a foreign ear. But it is almost impossible to transplant its peculiar effect into a northern tongue. The task has been once or twice attempted in English, but never, as it seems to us, with great success. Our language is too poor in vowel-sounds and sonorous word-endings to lend itself to such an attempt, and the result is either very harsh or very monotonous. Rhymed translation seemed excluded by the consideration that it is hardly wise in the translator to fetter himself with stricter conditions than those which had limited the author. On the other hand, plain prose translation, such as the French commonly use for all kinds of foreign poetry, gives a very poor idea of such work as Becquer's. His music, his grace, his movement, evaporate altogether when one comes to transmute these passionate lyrics into ordinary English prose. The two methods of expression have absolutely nothing in common, and in the

attempt to blend them all which make the soul and essence of the original verse disappears. On the whole it seemed best to attempt a rendering half-prose, half-rhythmical, which should reproduce something of the grace and movement of the Spanish, while keeping very closely to the sense and to the order both of words and thoughts. The translated poems are printed in lines as far as possible exactly corresponding to those of the original, but at the same time they do not pretend to be anything more than rhythmical prose or to achieve anything beyond a general similarity of metrical effect.

The half-volume of verse, which is all that Becquer left behind him, contains seventy-six short poems, linked together by a common autobiographical theme. The poet describes in them his own life, or that of the hero into whose person he throws himself, and we are led through some introductory reveries on poetry and the poetic gift to a swiftly-moving, passionate story of youth, love, treachery, despair, and final submission. In two or three of the latest poems of the series either the first love-story passes into a fresh phase, or, as seems more probable, the poet's early love for a cold-hearted, faithless mistress becomes merged in a later devotion to some one from whom he is separated by the *grille* of the cloister, and ultimately by death. And, lastly, regret and passion are alike hushed in the presence of that voiceless love which shines on the face of the dead, and before the eternal and tranquil slumber of the grave. We need hardly dwell upon the introductory poems. They are meant to represent a stage of absorption in the beauty and complexity of the natural world, during which the poet, conscious of his own high, incommunicable gift, by which he sees into the life of things, is conscious also of an aimless fever and restlessness which is for ever turning delight into weariness. Two or three of them are extremely

graceful and melodious. But Becquer as a philosopher is not often of great account. His thoughts are never so well worth having as his impressions, and his best poems are those in which we feel the painter in him almost as strongly as the poet. The following beautiful little pieces strike another note, and bring before us in an instant that bright-coloured romantic world in which Becquer's fancy was most at home. In their vague imaginativeness they are a kind of prelude to the love-story itself with which the poems are filled:—

The viewless atoms of the air  
Around me palpitate and burn,  
All heaven dissolves in gold, and earth  
Quivers with new-found joy.  
Floating on waves of harmony I hear  
A stir of kisses, and a sweep of wings;  
Mine eyelids close—"What pageant nears?"  
"Tis Love that passes by!"

## XI.

"Brown-locked I am and ardent souled,  
Passion and I are close akin,  
My heart is all athirst with fond desires,  
Dost thou seek me?" "Nay, nay,—not thee!"

"My brow is pale, my tresses gold,  
With me is endless joy,  
And store of tenderness untold,—  
Dost thou seek me?" "Nay, nay,—not thee!"

"A dream I am—empty, impossible,  
A phantom shape, snow-white and golden-red,  
Intangible and bodiless—and thee  
I may not love!" "Oh come!—come thou!"

Two more poems of the same indefinite tone bring us to the real experience at the heart of the series. We shall let this central group of poems speak for themselves, choosing those for illustration which throw most light on the story:—

I saw thee but a moment, and hovering  
still before me  
Tarried the vision of thine eyes,  
Like the dark mote, flame-bordered,  
Which floats and blinds us, when we dare  
the sun.

For wheresoe'er my gaze I turn  
I see their pupils flame.  
It is not thee I find—'tis but thy glance,  
Some eyes,—thy eyes,—no more!

In my room's furthest corner I behold  
Their strange fantastic blaze,  
And when I sleep I feel them watch  
Unmoved and open o'er my head.

Marsh-fires there are I know, which in the  
night  
Beguile the wanderer to his doom,  
So do thine eyes beguile and lead me on,—  
I know not to what goal !

XVI.

If on thy balcony thou seest thy flowers  
Quiver and sway,  
And thinkest that murmuring through them  
Sigheth the wind,—  
Know then that hidden 'neath their leafy  
green  
'Tis I that sigh !

If o'er thy shoulder thou hearest a murmur  
Vaguely resounding,  
And thinkest by thy name there hath  
called thee  
Some distant voice,  
Know that amid the shadows which sur-  
round thee  
'Tis I that call !

If thy heart, waking in the depths of night,  
Quivers and sinks,  
As on thy lips thou feel'st a breath,  
A breath of flame,—  
Know that unseen beside thee  
'Tis I that breathe !

XXIII.

For glance of thine a world ;  
For smile of thine a heaven ;  
For kiss of thine—I know not  
What I would give thee for a kiss !

XXVII.

Awake—I tremble before thee ;  
Asleep—I may dare to behold thee :  
So, life of my life, let me watch  
While thou sleepest.

Awake, thou laugh'st, and as they laugh,  
thy lips,  
So restless, seem to me  
Like scarlet lightnings circling  
Upon a heaven of snow.

Asleep, the corners of thy mouth  
A light smile upcurls,  
Sweet as the luminous trail  
Left by the dying sun—  
Sleep !

Awake, thou speak'st, and as thou speak'st,  
thy words  
Vibrating seem  
A rain of pearls that in a golden cup  
Plashes in torrents.

But while thou sleep'st, in thy breath's beat  
So regular, so soft,  
A poem murmurs to my heart, which Love,  
Kind Love, interprets—  
Sleep !

Upon my heart my hand is pressed  
Lest its wild beating mar  
And trouble the deep calm  
And solemn peace of night.

And o'er thy window I have drawn  
The shutters close, lest soon  
The unwelcome light  
Of the red dawn awake thee—  
Sleep !

XXX.

To her eyes there sprang a tear  
And to my lips a pardoning word,  
Pride spoke, and her tear was checked  
And the word on my lips died away.

I go on my way, she on hers,  
Yet as we think upon our mutual love,  
I murmur still—"Why was I dumb that  
day ?"  
And she, "I should have wept—alas !"

XXXI.

Our passion was a tragic comedieta,  
And in its outlines strange  
Pathos and farce, confused and intertwining,  
Laughter and tears awakened.  
But yet the worst was of that changing  
drama,  
That when the day was over  
Laughter and tears were found with her  
remaining  
—With me were only tears !

XXXVII.

Before thou diest I shall die, for still  
Within my heart I bear  
The steel with which thy hand dealt home  
The broad death-wound.

Before thou diest I shall die, and then my  
soul,  
True to its constant aim,  
Will seat itself before the gates of death  
To wait thee there.

Days after hours, years after days  
Shall fly and pass,  
And at that portal thou shalt knock at last,  
For all must knock.—

Then while the earth lies soft  
Upon thy sin and all thy mortal frame,  
When thou hast plunged thee in Death's  
Jordan stream  
And washed thee pure—

There, where the murmurous stir of life  
Trembles and dies away—  
As the spent wave upon the shore,  
Silently breaks and falls—

There, where the closing grave  
Opens eternity,  
All that we spake not here  
Shall spring to speech !

## XXXVIII.

Sighs are but air and go to air,  
Tears water are, and travel toward the sea,  
Oh ! tell me maiden—when sweet love's  
forgot  
Whither it hastes away ?

## XXXIX.

Why wilt thou bait me thus ?—yes, she is  
vain,  
Haughty and cold, capricious endlessly ;  
Sooner shall water from the sterile rock  
Break forth than feeling from her heart.  
I know that in her breast where serpents  
brood  
There's not a fibre answereth to love,  
A thing of stone she is, inanimate,—but yet  
She is so beautiful !

## XL.

Her hand within my hands,  
Her eyes upon my eyes,  
Her amorous head  
Reclined upon my breast.—  
God knows how many times,  
With languid step,  
We wandered on together  
Beneath the high-topped elms,  
Which round her portal throw  
Shadow and mystery !—  
And yesterday, scarcely a year  
Flown like a breath,  
With what a finished grace,  
With what a smiling calm,  
She said, as an officious friend  
Presented each to each—  
“I think somewhere we've met,  
Your face is known to me”—  
Ah ! fools and high-horn gossips  
Who chase athwart the *salons*  
Your prey of scandalous love-tales,  
What a prize is lost you here !  
How exquisite a morsel  
Meant to be devoured  
Mid whispers—in corners,  
Behind your fans  
Of feathers and of gold !—  
O ! chaste and silent moon,  
O ! tall and leafy elms,  
O ! walls which gird her house,  
O ! shadows of her gate—  
Keep silence, let none guess !  
Keep silence !—for my part  
I have forgotten all,  
And she—she—there is no mask  
Like to her face !

## XLI.

I put the light aside and on the edge  
Of the tossed bed I sat me down

Speechless and sombre and with moveless  
eyes  
Fixed on the wall.

How long ? you ask—I know not—but  
when passed  
The horrible stupor of my grief,  
The light was dying, and on my windows  
Laughed the sun.

I know not either in such terrible hours  
Of what I thought, or what revolved in me,  
Curses and tears—these only I remember,  
And that in one night of anguish I grew  
old !

## XV.

To thine eyes' deepest depths  
I read as in an opened page—  
Ah ! why should the red lips feign  
Smiles which the eyes belie ?

Oh weep ! Be not ashamed  
To confess thou didst love me a little,  
Weep—none are looking, and see  
I am a man—yet I weep !

## XLVII.

I have approached the gulfs profound  
Of earth and heaven,  
And gauged their depths or with my eyes  
Or with my mind.

But when I neared a heart's abyss  
And bent to behold it,  
My soul and my eyes drew back  
So deep it was, so dark !

## LIII.

The dusky swallows will return  
To hang their nests beneath thy eaves,  
And playing to their nestlings call  
As once they called of old.

But those who checked their flight  
To gaze upon thy beauty and my joy,  
Who learnt our names—Ah Love !  
They—will return no more !

The twining honeysuckles once again  
Shall scale thy garden walls ;  
And once again at eve, more beautiful,  
Their flowers will unfold.

But those of yore, begemmed with dews  
Whose drops we watched together  
Tremble and fall like tears of the bright  
day,  
They—will return no more !

Once more within thine ears, the words  
Of burning love shall sound,  
And from its slumber deep, perchance  
Thy heart shall wake.

But spell-bound, speechless, kneeling low,  
As saints before their altars are adored,  
As I have loved thee—oh ! deceive thee not !  
Thus shall none love thee more !

With this passionate and melancholy poem, full in the Spanish of cadences which cling to the memory, the love-story proper seems to come to an end. The remaining poems are all so many cries of melancholy and despair, without, however, any special reference to the treacherous mistress of the earlier series. It was in these that Becquer's friends found, after his death, that pitiful expression of the pain and suffering of his life, which so profoundly moved and startled them. In the latter part of Heine's *Intermezzo*, with which these Spanish poems will naturally be compared, the faithless *Liebe* is still predominant, still the chief thought round which the poet weaves the bitter-sweetness of his verse. But in Becquer's simpler nature, inferior to Heine's in grasp and profundity, and incapable of the irony out of which the German poet wins some of his greatest effects, the melancholy, no doubt more than half-imaginary and poetical, of his love poems, seems to have broadened out into a deeper sadness embracing life as a whole, and in which disappointed passion is but one of many elements. Read in the light of what we know of his long struggle, his frail physical health, his sensitive temper, his crushing double defeat at the hands of death, these sombre verses have an individual, personal note, hardly present, perhaps, in the love-poems, with all their passionate beauty. Take, as an illustration, the following piece—the most painful in the collection :—

From whence I come? the harshest and unkindest  
Of earth's pathways seek.—  
The traces of some torn and bleeding feet  
On the unyielding rock,  
The fragments of a soul, left fluttering  
Upon the sharp-thorned brakes,  
Will point thee out the road  
Which to my birth leads back.

Whither I go? The darkest and the saddest  
Of earth's deserts cross,—  
Where in a vale of endless snows,  
And sad eternal mists,

Uphears its head a solitary stone  
Inscriptionless, unknown,  
Where dwells oblivion—there  
Seek for my tomb!

Or again—

I know not what I dreamt  
In the fled hours of night,  
But sad, ah sad, that vision must have been,  
Since in my waking thoughts its sting remained.

For when I woke I saw  
The pillow wet beside me,  
And as I marked it, through my heart once more  
Swelled a great wave of bitter-sweet delight.

Sad truly is the dream  
Which leaves behind it weeping!  
Yet in my grief there springs a hidden joy,  
For thus I know ye still are left me—tears!

But intermingled with these poems of despair there are two or three expressions of what seems to be a wholly new relation to a new beloved. Is "the cloister" of which they speak to be taken literally, or is the mysterious fair one—"flower in secret growing, within a cloister's shade"—simply meant to represent the unattainable ideal to whose presence death only admits the soul? However this may be, the mixture of reality and subtle suggestiveness in the few pieces which deal with this theme is full of charm. What could be fuller of the spirit of romanticism than this exquisite picture of the dead mistress dimly seen within the mysterious barriers of dreamland?—

With robes ungirt  
And gleaming swords,  
Upon the golden threshold of the door  
Two angels vigil kept.

To the high screen I came,  
Which entrance there forbade,  
And far within its latticed veil beheld  
Her image vaguely white.

I saw her as in sleep—  
A dre un-shape passing by,  
A slender ray of faintly glimmering light—  
On the dark tide of night.

I felt my soul o'erfilled  
With passionate desire,  
And as to some unknown abyss, that  
mystery  
Allured me to itself.



But ah ! those angel looks—  
 Methought their gaze still bent on me took  
 voice—  
 "This threshold's shadowy floor  
 God only doth o'erpass !"

One word more as to Becquer's relation to Heine. No one can read Heine's *Intermezzo* without feeling it most probable that either the original or some French translation of it first suggested a somewhat similar collection of short lyrics to the Spanish poet. At the same time there is no direct imitation on Becquer's part, nor indeed is there any radical similarity in tone and general treatment. In Heine, romance, as we all know, is lined throughout with mockery; pathos running into sarcasm, or sarcasm deepening into pathos is his characteristic note among poets. But Becquer's distinguishing note is something quite different. It may be found in a certain tender and passionate simplicity very seldom relieved by humour, and which no doubt, every here and there, tends to fall into platitude or monotony. Becquer's peril is sentimentality—he tends to overdo feeling; Heine tends to overdo satire. No sane critic would dream of comparing Becquer's whole production with Heine's. In all that makes intellectual greatness, ideas, knowledge, command over different kinds of expression, Heine mounts into regions where our young, imperfectly-educated Spaniard has no place. But within his infinitely narrower limits, Becquer was as true a poet as Heine: he had the poet's sensitiveness, the poet's

intuitions, the poet's gift for fixing and crystallising feeling in beautiful shapes. The influence upon him of other writers beside Heine may no doubt be easily traced; Alfred de Musset has been often quoted as one of his models, and the poetical school of his own Seville—a school dating back to the days of Lope's contemporary, Herrera—had its due share in developing and colouring his lyrical gift. But when we have made all allowances for what the spirit of his age and other men's books had taught him, Becquer's own personality remains warm and living at the heart of his work. His intimate and sympathetic ways of seeing and describing; his personal brilliancy and charm; his burdened life and early death, one and all combine to endear him to us. He used to dream, he tells us, in his boyish visions, of a marble tomb by the Guadalquivir, of which his fellow-townsmen should proudly say as they pointed it out to strangers, "Here sleeps the poet!" In his later days, oppressed with drudgery and ill-health, as he looked towards the future he bitterly saw himself forgotten, and oblivion settling down on all his half-finished activities of heart and brain. One may look in vain for the gleaming tomb beside the Seville river; but Becquer is not forgotten, and it is our belief that instead of retreating from notice, he and his poems, few and scanty as they are, will win year by year a more general recognition.

MARY A. WARD.

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## THE WIZARD'S SON.

### CHAPTER XIII.

"AND so you have made acquaintance with the young lord—tell us what kind of person he is, Mr. Forrester—tell us what you think of him, Oona."

This was the unanimous voice which rose from the party assembled on the second day after Walter's visit in the drawing-room in the Isle.

It was by no means out of the world, though to all appearances so far removed from its commotions. A low cottage-mansion on the crest of a rock, in the middle of Loch Houran, six miles from the railway at the nearest spot on which you could land, and with a mile or so of water, often rough, between you and the post-office, is it possible to imagine a more complete seclusion? and yet it was not a seclusion at all. Oona cared very little for the roughness of the water between the Isle and the post-office, and Hamish nothing at all, and news came as constantly and as regularly to the two ladies on their island as to any newspaper—news from all quarters of the world. The mail days were almost as important to them—in one way far more important than to any merchant in his office. Budgets came and went every week, and both Oona and her mother would be busy till late at night, the little gleam of their lighted windows shining over the dark loch, that no one might

miss his or her weekly letter. These letters went up into the hill countries in India, far away to the borders of Cashmere, round the world to Australia, dropt midway into the coffee groves of Ceylon. When one of the boys was quartered in Canada, to which there is a mail three times a week, *that* looked like next parish, and they thought nothing of it. Neither need it be supposed that this was the only enlivenment of their lives. The loch, though to the tourist it looks silent enough, was in fact fringed by a number of houses in which the liveliest existence was going on. The big new house at the point, which had been built by a wealthy man of Glasgow, with every possible splendour, threw the homelier houses of the native gentry a little into the shade; but nobody bore him any malice, his neighbours being all so well aware that their own "position" was known and unassailable, that his finery and his costliness gave them no pang. They were all a little particular about their "position:" but then nobody on the loch could make any mistake about that, or for a moment imagine that Mr. Williamson from Glasgow could rival the Scotts of Inverhouran, the Campbells of Ellermore, of Glen-truan, and half a dozen names beside, or the Forresters of Eaglescairn, or the old Montroses, who, in fact, were a branch of the Macnabs, and held their

house on the Isle from that important but extinct clan. This was so clearly understood that there was not an exception made to the Williamsons, who knew their place, and were very nice, and made a joke of their money, which was their social standing ground. They had called their house, which was as big as a castle, in the most unobtrusive manner Birkenbraes, thus proving at once that they were new people and Lowlanders: so much better taste, everybody said, than any pretence at Highland importance or name. And this being once acknowledged the gentry of the loch adopted the Williamsons cordially, and there was not a word to be said. But all the Campbells about, and those excellent Williamsons, and a few families who were not Campbells, yet belonged to Loch Houran, kept a good deal of life "on the loch," which was a phrase that meant in the district generally. And the Isle was not a dull habitation, whatever a stranger might think. There was seldom a day when a boat or two was not to be seen, sometimes for hours together, drawn up upon the rocky beach. And the number of persons entertained by Mrs. Forrester at the early dinner which was politely called luncheon would have appeared quite out of proportion with her means by any one unacquainted with Highland ways. There was trout from the loch, which cost nothing except Hamish's time, a commodity not too valuable, and there was grouse during the season, which cost still less, seeing it came from all the sportsmen about. And the scones, of every variety known in Scotland, which is a wide word, were home-made. So that hospitality reigned, and yet Mrs. Forrester, who was a skilled housekeeper, and Mysie, to whom the family resources were as her own, and its credit still more precious than her own, managed somehow to make ends meet.

On this particular afternoon the drawing-room with all its slim sofas and old-fashioned curiosities was full of Campbells, for young Colin of

Ellermore was at home for his holiday, and it was a matter of course that his sisters and Tom, the youngest, who was at home reading (very little) for his coming examination, should bring him to the Isle. Colin was rather a finer gentleman than flourished by nature upon the loch. He had little company ways which made his people laugh; but when he had been long enough at home to forget these he was very nice they all said. He was in London, and though in trade, in "tea," which is rather aristocratic, he was in society too.

"What kind of person is he, Mrs. Forrester? Tell us what you think of him, Oona," was what this youthful band said.

"Well, my dears," said Mrs. Forrester, "he is just a very nice young man. I don't know how I can describe him better, for young men now-a-days are very like one another. They all wear the same clothes—not but what," she added graciously, "I would know Colin anywhere for a London gentleman with his things all so well made: but Lord Erradeen was just in a kind of tweed suit, and nothing remarkable. And his hands in his pockets, like all of ye. But he answered very nicely when I spoke to him, and said he was more used to Walter Methven than to any other name, and that to be neighbourlike would just be his pleasure. It is not possible to be more pleasant and well-spoken than the young man was."

"Oh, but I want a little more," cried Marjorie Campbell; "that tells nothing; is he fair, or is he dark? is he tall or is he little—is he—"

"He couldn't be little," cried Janet, indignantly, "or he would not be a hero: and I've made up my mind he's to be a hero. He'll have to do something grand, but I don't know what: and to spoil it all with making him small—"

"Heroes are all short," said Tom, "and all the great generals. You don't want weedy, long-legged fellows like Colin and the rest of them. But you

of her slim figure, as she rejected the possibility.

"Watching him!" She was too proud even to permit herself to resent it.

"Ah! but you never can tell what a silly lad may take into his head," said Mrs. Forrester; and, having thus cleared her conscience, she went in and took off her cloak, and shut the drawing-room door, and made herself very comfortable in her own cosy chair in the ruddy firelight. She laid her head back upon the soft cushions and looked round her with a quiet sense of content. Everything was so comfortable, so pretty and homelike; and by and by she permitted herself, for ten minutes or so, to fall into a soft oblivion. "I just closed my eyes," was Mrs. Forrester's little euphuism to herself.

Meanwhile Oona stood and looked at sky and sea and shore. The soft splash of the oars came through the great stillness, and, by and by, there was the sound of the boat run up upon the shingle, and the noise of the disembarkation, the voices swelling out in louder tones and laughter. As they waved their hands in a final good-night to the watcher on the isle before they drove away, the young people, as Mrs. Forrester had said, laughed and assured Colin that it was not for them Oona stood out in the evening chill. But, as a matter of fact, there was nothing so little in Oona's mind. She was looking round her with that sort of exaltation which great loneliness and stillness and natural beauty so naturally give: the water gleaming all round, the sky losing its orange glow and melting into soft primrose tints the colour of the daffodil.

"The holy time is quiet as a nun  
Breathless with adoration."

All the sensations that belong to such a moment are exquisite; a visionary elevation above the earth and all things earthly, a soft pensiveness, an elation, yet wistful longing, of the soul. Before her the old castle of Kinloch Houran

lay gloomy and dark on the edge of the water. If she thought of anything it was of the young neighbour, to whom she felt so strangely near in wonder and sympathy. Who might be with him at that moment in the ghostly quiet? What thoughts, what suggestions, were being placed before him? Oona put her hands together, and breathed into the still air a wish of wondering and wistful pity which was almost a prayer. And then, rousing herself with a slight shiver and shake, she turned and went in, shutting out behind her the lingering glory of the water and sky.

Mysie was lighting the candles when she went in, and Mrs. Forrester had opened her eyes. Two candles on the mantelpiece and two on the table were all the ladies allowed themselves, except on great occasions, when the argand lamp, which was the pride of the household, was lighted in honour of a visitor. The warmth of this genial interior was very welcome after the cold of the twilight, and Oona brought her work to the table, and the book from which her mother was in the habit of reading aloud. Mrs. Forrester thought she improved her daughter's mind by these readings; but, to tell the truth, Oona's young soul, with all the world and life yet before it, often fled far enough away while her mother's soft voice, with the pretty tricks of elocution, which were part of her old-fashioned training, went on. Never was there a prettier indoor scene. In the midst of that great solitude of woods and water, the genial comfort of this feminine room, so warm, so softly lighted, so peaceful and serene, struck the imagination like a miracle. Such a tranquil retirement would have been natural enough safely planted amid the safeguards and peaceful surroundings of a village: but in being here there was a touching incongruity. The little play of the mother's voice as she read with innocent artifice and the simple vanity which belonged to her, the pretty work, of no great use, with which the girl

an increase of force the doubt in his sister's tone. Oona was not without a healthful little temper, which showed in the flash of her eye and the reddening of her cheek. But she answered very steadily, with much suppressed feeling in her tone—

"What do you call believing?" she said. "You believe in things you cannot see? then I don't believe in the Kinloch Houran light. Because I see it, and have seen it a hundred times as clear as day."

At this there was a little pause among the party of visitors, that pause of half-amused superiority and scepticism, with which all believers in the mysterious are acquainted. And then Marjorie, who was the boldest, replied—

"Papa says it is a sort of phosphorescence, which is quite explainable: and that where there is so much decaying matter, and so much damp, and so much——"

"Faith, perhaps," said Colin, with that slight laugh; "but we are outsiders, and we have no right to interfere with the doctrines of the loch. Oona, give us that credit that we are outside the circle, and you must not send us to the stake."

"Oh, my dears," said Mrs. Forrester, "and that is quite true. I have heard very clever men say that there was nothing made so much difference in what you believed as just the place you were born in, and that people would go to the stake, as you say, on one side of the border for a thing they just laughed at on the other."

This, which was a very profound deliverance for Mrs. Forrester, she carried off at the end with a pretty profession of her own disabilities.

"I never trust to my own judgment," she said. "But Oona is just very decided on the subject, and so are all our people on the isle, and I never put myself forward one way or another. Are you sure you will not take a cup of tea before you go? a cup of tea is never out of place. It is true that the day is very short,

and Colin, after his town life, will be out of the way of rowing. You are just going across by the ferry, and then driving? Well, that is perhaps the best way. And in that case there is plenty of time for a cup of tea. Just ring the bell, or perhaps it will be safer, Oona, if you will cry upon Mysie and tell her to lose no time. Just the tea, and a few of the cream scones, and a little cake. She need not spread the table as there is so little time."

The interlude of the tea and the cream scones made it late before the visitors got away. Their waggonette was visible waiting for them on the road below Auchnasheen, and five minutes were enough to get them across, so that they dallied over this refreshment with little thought of the waning afternoon. Then there was a little bustle to escort them down to the beach, to see them carefully wrapped up, to persuade Marjorie that another "hap" would be desirable, and Janet that her "cloud" should be twisted once more about her throat. The sunset was waning when at last they were fairly off, and the loch lay in a still, yellow radiance, against which every tree and twig, every rock and stone, stood out dark in full significance of outline. It was cold, and Mrs. Forrester shivered in her furred cloak.

"The shore looks so near that you could touch it," she said; "there will be rain to-morrow, Oona."

"What does it matter about to-morrow?" cried the girl; "it's beautiful to-night. Go in, mamma, to the fireside; but I will stay here and see them drive away."

The mother consented to this arrangement, which was so natural; but a moment afterwards came back and called from the porch, where she stood sheltered from the keen and eager air,

"Oona! Come in, my dear. That Colin one, with his London ways, will think you are watching him."

There was something sublime in the fling of Oona's head, and the erection

of her slim figure, as she rejected the possibility.

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was busy, both heightened the sense of absolute trust with which they lived in the bosom of nature. A sudden storm, one could not but think, might have swept them away into the dark gleaming water that hemmed them round. They were not afraid: they were as safe as in a citadel. They were like the birds in their nests; warm and soft, though in the heart of Loch Houran. Mrs. Forrester was reading a historical novel, one of the kind which she thought so good for improving Oona's mind; amusing, yet instructing her. But Oona's mind, refusing to be improved, was giving only a mechanical attention. It was away making a little pilgrimage of wonder about the mystic house which was so near them, longing to know, and trying to divine, what was going on there.

But when the afternoon closes in at four o'clock, and the candles are lighted shortly after, the night is long. It seemed endless on this occasion, because of the too early tea, which Mrs. Forrester had thought it would be "just a farce" to produce again at six o'clock, their usual hour; and from half-past four till nine, when the small and light repast known in the house under the pleasantly indefinite name of "the tray" made its appearance, is a long time. There had been two or three interruptions of a little talk, and the book had been laid down and resumed again, and Oona's work had dropped two or three times upon her knee, when Mysie, coming in, announced that it was just an uncommon fine night, though all the signs (including the glass, which, however, does not always count in the west of Scotland) pointed to rain, and that Hamish was going to take advantage of the moonlight to do an errand at the village above Auchnasheen. Would Miss Oona like to go? It was just awfu' bonny, and with plenty of haps she could take no harm, Mysie said. To see how the girl sprang from her seat was a proof of the gentle tedium that had stolen upon her soul.

"But, my dear, it will be cold, cold.

I am afraid of you catching cold, Oona," Mrs. Forrester cried.

"Oh, mother, no. I never catch cold; and besides, if I did, what would it matter? Tell him I'm coming, Mysie; tell him to wait for me. I'll put on my thick ulster, or the fur cloak, if you like."

"Certainly, the fur cloak, Oona. I will not hear of it without that. But, my dear, just think, Hamish will have to leave you in the boat while he goes to the village; and what would you do, Oona, if there is any one on the road?"

"Do, mamma? Look at them, to see if I knew them. And, if it was a stranger, just sit still and say nothing."

"But, my dear! It might be somebody that would speak to you, and—annoy you, Oona."

"There is no person up the loch or down the loch that would dare to do that, mem," said Mysie, composedly.

"How can we tell? It might be some tourist or gangrel body."

"Annoy me!" said Oona, as if indeed this suggestion was too far-fetched for possibility. "If anything so ridiculous happened I would just push out into the loch. Don't you trouble, mother, about me."

Mrs. Forrester got up to envelop her child's throat in fold after fold of the fleecy white "cloud." She shook her head a little, but she was resigned, for such little controversies occurred almost daily. The evening had changed when Oona ran lightly down the bank to the boat in which Hamish was waiting. Everything about was flooded with the keen, clear white moonlight, which in its penetrating chilly fashion was almost more light than day. The loch was shining like silver, but with a blackness behind the shining, and all the shadows were like midnight profound in inky gloom. The boat seemed to hang suspended in the keen atmosphere rather than to float, and the silence was shrill, and seemed to cut into the soul. It was but a few minutes across the cold white glitter-

ing strait that lay between the isle and the mainland. Hamish jumped out with an exaggerated noise upon the slippery shingle, and fastened the boat with a rattle of the ring to which it was attached, which woke echoes all around both from land and water, everything under the mingled influence of winter and night being so still. A chance spectator would have thought that the mother had very good cause for her alarm, and that to sit there in the rough boat absolutely alone, like the one living atom in a world all voiceless and asleep, was not a cheerful amusement for a girl. But Oona had neither fear nor sense of strangeness in an experience which she had gone through so often. She called out lightly to Hamish to make haste, and looked after him as he set out on the white road, the peculiarities of his thick-set figure coming out drolly in the curious dab of foreshortened shadow flung upon the road by his side. She laughed at this to herself, and the laugh ran all about with a wonderful cheerful thrill of the silence. How still it was! When her laugh ceased, there was nothing but the steps of Hamish in all the world—and by and by even the steps ceased, and that stillness which could be felt settled down. There was not a breath astir, not enough to cause the faintest ripple on the beach. Now and then a pebble which had been pushed out of its place by the man's foot toppled over, and made a sound as if something great had fallen. Otherwise not a breath was stirring; the shadows of the fir-trees looked as if they were gummed upon the road. And Oona held her breath; it seemed almost profane to disturb the intense and perfect quiet. She knew every hue of every rock, and the profile of every tree. And presently, which no doubt was partly because of this perfect acquaintance, and partly because of some mesmeric consciousness in the air, such as almost invariably betrays the presence of a human being, her eyes fixed upon one spot where the

rock seemed higher than she had been used to. Was it possible that somebody was there? She changed her place to look more closely; and so fearless was the girl that she had nearly jumped out of the boat to satisfy herself whether it was a man or a rock. But just when she was about making up her mind to do so, the figure moved, and came down towards the beach. Oona's heart gave a jump; several well-authenticated stories which she had heard from her childhood came into her mind with a rush. She took the end of the rope softly in her hand so as to be able to detach it in a moment. To row back to the Isle was easy enough.

"Is it you, Miss Forrester?" a voice said.

Oona let go the rope, and her heart beat more calmly. "I might with more reason cry out, Is it you, Lord Erradeen? for if you are at the old Castle you are a long way from home, and I am quite near."

"I am at Auchnasheen," he said. A great change had come over his tone; it was very grave; no longer the airy voice of youth which had jested and laughed on the Isle. He came down and stood with his hand on the bow of the boat. He looked very pale, very serious, but that might be only the blackness of the shadows and the whiteness of the light.

"Did you ever see so spiritual a night?" said Oona. "There might be anything abroad; not fairies who belong to summer, but serious things."

"Do you believe then in—ghosts?" he said.

"Ghosts is an injurious phrase. Why should we call the poor people so who are only—dead?" said Oona. "But that is a false way of speaking too, isn't it? for it is not because they are dead, but living, that they come back."

"I am no judge," he said, with a little shiver. "I never have thought on the subject. I suppose superstition lingers longer up among the mountains."



"Superstition!" said Oona, with a laugh. "What ugly words you use!"

Once more the laugh seemed to ripple about, and break the solemnity of the night. But young Lord Erradeen was as solemn as the night, and his countenance was not touched even by a responsive smile. His gravity produced upon the girl's mind that feeling of visionary panic and distrust which had not been roused by the external circumstances. She felt herself grow solemn too, but struggled against it.

"Hamish has gone up with some mysterious communication to the game-keeper," she said; "and in those long nights one is glad of a little change. I came out with him to keep myself from going to sleep."

Which was not perhaps exactly true; but there had arisen a little embarrassment in her mind, and she wanted something to say.

"And I came out—" he said; then paused. "The night is not so ghostly as the day," he added, hurriedly; "nor dead people so alarming as the living."

"You mean that you disapprove of our superstitions, as you call them," said Oona. "Most people laugh and believe a little; but I know some are angry and think it wrong."

"I—angry! That was not what I meant. I meant— It is a strange question which is living and which is— To be sure, you are right, Miss Forrester. What is dead cannot come in contact with us, only what is living. It is a mystery altogether."

"You are not a sceptic then?" said Oona. "I am glad of that."

"I am not—anything. I don't know how to form an opinion. How lovely it is to be sure," he burst out all at once; "especially to have some one to talk to. That is the great charm."

"If that is all," said Oona, trying to speak cheerfully, "you will soon have dozens of people to talk to, for

everybody in the county—and that is a wide word—is coming to call. They will arrive in shoals as soon as they know."

"I think I shall go—in a day or two," he said.

At this moment the step of Hamish, heard far off through the great stillness, interrupted the conversation. It had been as if they two were alone in this silent world; and the far-off step brought in a third and disturbed them. They were silent, listening as it came nearer and nearer, the sound growing with every repetition. When Hamish appeared in the broad white band of road coming from between the shadows of the trees, the young man dropped his hand from the bow of the boat. He had not spoken again, nor did Oona feel herself disposed to speak. Hamish quickened his pace when he saw another figure on the beach.

"Ye'll no' have been crying upon me, Miss Oona," he said, with a suspicious look at the stranger.

"Oh no, Hamish!" cried Oona, cheerfully. "I have not been wearying at all, for this is Lord Erradeen that has been so kind as to come and keep me company."

"Oh, it'll be my Lord Erradeen!" said Hamish, with a curious look into Walter's face.

Then there was a repetition of the noises with which the still loch rang, the rattle of the iron ring, the grating of the bow on the shingle as she was pushed off. Hamish left no time for leave-taking. There were a few yards of clear water between the boat and the beach when Oona waved her hand to the still figure left behind. "My mother will like to see you to-morrow," she cried, with an impulse of sympathy. "Good-night."

He took his hat off, and waved his hand in reply, but said nothing, and stood motionless till they lost sight of him round the corner of the isle. Then Hamish, who had been exerting himself more than usual, paused a little.

"Miss Oona," he said, "yon will

maybe be the young lord, but maybe no. I would not be speaking to the first that comes upon the loch side——”

“Oh, if you are beginning to preach propriety——” the girl cried.

“It’ll not be propriety, it will just be that they’re a family that is not canny. Who will tell you if it’s one or if it’s the other? Did ye never hear the tale of the leddy that fell off the castle wall?”

“But this is not the castle,” cried Oona, “and I know him very well—and I’m sorry for him, Hamish. He looks so changed.”

“Oh, what would you do being sorry for him? He has nothing ado with us—nothing ado with us,” Hamish said.

And how strange it was to come in again from that brilliant whiteness and silence—the ghostly loch, the visionary night—into the ruddy room full of firelight and warmth, all shut in, sheltered, full of companionship.

“Come away, come away to the fire; you must be nearly frozen, Oona, and I fear ye have caught your death of cold,” her mother said.

Oona remembered with a pang the solitary figure on the water’s edge, and wondered if he were still standing there forlorn. A whole chapter of life seemed to have interposed between her going and coming, though she had been but half an hour away.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

Two days after this night scene there was a gathering such as was of weekly occurrence in the Manse of Loch Houran parish. The houses were far apart, and those of the gentry who were old-fashioned enough to remain for the second service, were in the habit of spending the short interval between in the minister’s house, where an abundant meal, called by his house-keeper a cold collation, was spread in the dining-room for whosoever chose to partake. As it was the fashion in the country to dine early on Sunday, this repast was but sparingly par-

taken of, and most of the company, after the glass of wine or milk, the sandwich or biscuit, which was all they cared to take, would sit round the fire in the minister’s library, or examine his books, or, what was still more prized, talk to him of their own or their neighbour’s affairs. The minister of Loch Houran was one of those celibates who are always powerful ecclesiastically, though the modern mind is so strongly opposed to any artificial manufacture of them such as that which the Church of Rome in her wisdom has thought expedient. We all know the arguments in favour of a married clergy, but those on the other side of the question it is the fashion to ignore. He who has kept this natural distinction by fair means, and without compulsion, has however an unforced advantage of his own which the most Protestant and the most matrimonial of polemics will scarcely deny. He is more safe to confide in, being one, not two. He is more detached and individual; it is more natural that all the world about him should have a closer claim upon the man who has no nearer claims to rival those of his spiritual children. Mr. Cameron was one of this natural priesthood. If he had come to his present calm by reason of passion and disappointment in his past, such as we obstinately and romantically hope to have founded the tranquillity of subdued, sunny, and sober age, nobody could tell. An old minister may perhaps be let off more easily in this respect than an old monk; but he was the friend and consoler of everybody; the depositary of all the secrets of the parish; the one adviser of whose disinterestedness and secrecy every perplexed individual was sure. He did all that man could do to be absolutely impartial and divide himself, as he divided his provisions, among his guests as their needs required. But flesh is weak, and Mr. Cameron could not disown one soft place in his heart for Oona Forrester, of which that young person was quite

aware. Oona was his pupil and his favourite, and he was, if not her spiritual director, which is a position officially unknown to his Church, at least her confidant in all her little difficulties, which comes to much the same thing: and this notwithstanding the fact that Mrs. Forrester attended the parish church under protest, and prided herself on belonging to the Scottish Episcopal community, the Church of the gentry, though debarred by providence from her privileges. Mrs. Forrester at this moment, with her feet on the fender, was employed in bewailing this sad circumstance with another landed lady in the same position; but Oona was standing by the old minister's side, with her hand laid lightly within his arm, which was a pretty way she had when she was with her oldest friend. It did not interfere with this attitude, that he was exchanging various remarks with other people, and scarcely talking to Oona at all. He looked down upon her from time to time with a sort of proud tenderness, as her grandfather might have done. It pleased the old man to feel the girl's slim small fingers upon his arm. And as there were no secrets discussed in this weekly assembly her presence interrupted nothing. She added her word from time to time, or the still readier comment of smiles and varying looks that changed like the Highland sky outside, and were never for two minutes the same. It was not, however, till Mr. Shaw, the factor, came in, that the easy superficial interest of all the parish talk quickened into something more eager and warm in her sympathetic countenance. Shaw's ruddy face was full of care; this was indeed its usual expression, an expression all the more marked from the blunt and open simplicity of its natural mood to which care seemed alien. The puckers about his hazel grey eyes, the lines on his forehead which exposure to the air had reddened rather than browned, were more than usually evident. Those honest eyes seemed to be remon-

strating with the world and fate. They had an appearance half-comic to the spectator, but by no means comic to their own consciousness of grieved interrogation as if asking every one on whom they turned, "Why did you do it?" "Why did you let it be done?" It was this look which he fixed upon the minister who indeed was most innocent of all share in the cause of his trouble.

"I told you," he said, "the other day, about the good intentions of our young lord. I left various things with him to be settled that would bide no delay—things that had been waiting for the late Lord Erradeen from day to day. And all this putting off has been bad, bad. There's those poor crofters that will have to be put out of their bits of places to-morrow. I can hold off no longer without his lordship's warrant. And not a word from him—not a word!" cried the good man, with that appealing look, to which the natural reply was, It is not my fault. But the minister knew better, and returned a look of sympathy, shaking his white head.

"What has become of the young man? they tell me he has left the Castle."

"He is not far off—he is at Auchnasheen; but he is just like all the rest, full of goodwill one day, and just inaccessible the next—just inaccessible!" repeated the factor. "And what am I to do? I am just wild to have advice from somebody. What am I to do?"

"Can you not get at him to speak to him?" the minister asked.

"I have written to know if he will see me. I have said I was waiting an answer, but there's no answer comes. They say he's on the hill all the day, though the keepers know nothing about his movements, and he does not even carry a gun. What am I to do? He sees nobody; two or three have called, but cannot get at him. He's always out—he's never there. That old Symington goes about wringing his hands. What says he? he says,

'This is the worst of a'; this is the worst of a'. He's just got it on him——'

"What does that mean?"

"Can I tell what that means? According to the old wives it is the weird of the Methvens; but you don't believe such rubbish, nor do I. It has, maybe, something to do with the drainage, or the water, or the sanitary arrangements, one way or the other!" cried the factor with a harsh and angry laugh.

Then there was a momentary pause, and the hum of the other people's talk came in, filling up with easier tones of conversation the somewhat strained feeling of this: "He's a good shot and a fine oar, and just a devil for spunk and courage: and yet because he's a little vague in his speaking!" "But, I say, we must put up with what we can get, and though it's a trial the surplice is not just salvation." "And it turned out to be measles, and not fever at all, and nothing to speak of: so we just cheated the doctors." These were the broken scraps that came in to fill up the pause.

"I saw Lord Erradeen the other night," said Oona, whose light grasp on the old minister's arm had been tightening and slackening all through this dialogue, in the interest she felt. Both of the gentlemen turned to look at her inquiringly, and the girl blushed—not for any reason, as she explained to herself indignantly afterwards, but because it was a foolish way she had; but somehow the idea suggested to all their minds was not without an effect upon the events of her after life.

"And what did he say to you? and what is he intending? and why does he shut himself up and let all the business hang suspended like yon fellow Machomet's coffin?" cried the factor, with a guttural in the prophet's name which was due to the energy of his feelings. He turned upon Oona those remonstrating eyes of his, as if he had at last come to the final cause of all the confusion,

and meant to demand of her, without any quibbling, an answer to the question, Why did you do it? on the spot.

"Indeed, he said very little to me, Mr. Shaw. He looked like a ghost, and he said—he was going away in a day or two."

Sudden reflection in the midst of what she was saying made it apparent to Oona that it was unnecessary to give all the details of the interview. Mr. Cameron, for his part, laid his large, soft old hand tenderly upon hers which was on his arm, and said, in the voice which always softened when he addressed her—

"And where would that be, my bonnie Oona, that you met with Lord Erradeen?"

"It was on the beach below Auchnasheen," said Oona, with an almost indignant frankness, holding her head high, but feeling, to her anger and distress, the blush burn upon her cheek. "Hamish had some errand on shore, and I went with him in the boat. I was waiting for him, when some one came down from the road and spoke to me. I was half-frightened, for I did not know any one was there. It was Lord Erradeen."

"And what?—and why?—and—"

The factor was too much disturbed to form his questions reasonably, even putting aside the evident fact that Oona had no answer to give him. But at this moment the little cracked bell began to sound, which was the warning that the hour of afternoon service approached. The ladies rose from their seats round the fire, the little knots of men broke up. "Oona, my dear, will ye come and tie my bonnet? I never was clever at making a bow," said Mrs. Forrester; and the minister left his guests to make his preparations for church. Mr. Shaw felt himself left in the lurch. He kept hovering about Oona with a quick decision in his own mind, which was totally unjustified by any foundation; he went summarily through a whole romance, and came to its conclusion in the

most matter-of-fact and expeditious way. "If that comes to pass now!" he said to himself. "*She's* no *Me'ven*; there's no weird on her; he can give her the management of the estates, and all will go well. She has a head upon her shoulders, though she is nothing but a bit girlie—and there will be me to make everything plain!" Such was the brief epitome of the situation that passed in the factor's mind. He was very anxious to get speech of Oona on the way to church, and it is to be feared that Mr. Cameron's excellent afternoon discourse (which many people said was always his best, though as it was listened to but drowsily the fact may be doubted) made little impression upon Shaw, though he was a serious man, who could say his say upon religious subjects, and was an elder, and had sat in the Assembly in his day. He had his opportunity when the service was over, when the boats were being pushed off from the beach, and the carriages got under way, for those who had far to go. Mrs. Forrester had a great many last words to say before she put on her furred mantle and her white cloud, and took her place in the boat; and Mysie, who stood ready with the mantle to place it on her mistress's shoulders, had also her own little talks to carry on at that genial moment when all the parish—or all the loch, if you like the expression better—stood about exchanging friendly greetings and news from outlying places. While all the world was thus engaged, Oona fell at last into the hands of the factor, and became his prey.

"Miss Oona," he said, "if ye will accord me a moment, I would like well, well, to know what's your opinion about Lord Erradeen."

"But I have no opinion!" cried Oona, who had been prepared for the attack. She could not keep herself from blushing (so ridiculous! but I will do it, she said to herself, as if that "I" was an independent person over whom she had no control), but otherwise she was on her guard. "How

could I have any opinion when I have only seen Lord Erradeen twice—thrice?" she added, with a heightening of the blush, as she remembered the adventure of the coach.

"Twice—thrice; but that gives you facilities—and ladies are so quick-witted. I've seen him but once," said the factor. "I was much taken with him, that is the truth, and was so rash as to think our troubles were over; but here has everything fallen to confusion in the old way. Miss Oona, do you use your influence if you should see his lordship again."

"But, Mr. Shaw, there is no likelihood that I shall see him again—and I have no influence."

"Oh no, you'll not tell me that," said the factor, shaking his head, with a troubled smile. "Them that are like you, young and bonnie, have always influence, if they like to use it. And as for seeing him again, he will never leave the place, Miss Oona, without going at least to bid you good-bye."

"Lord Erradeen may come to take leave of my mother," said Oona, with dignity. "It is possible, though he did not say so; but even if he does, what can I do? I know nothing about his affairs, and I have no right to say anything to him—no right, more than any one else who has met him three times."

"Which is just no person—except yourself, so far as I can learn," the factor said.

"After all, when you come to think of it, it is only once I have seen him," said Oona, "for the night on the loch was by chance, and the day on the coach I did not know him; so that after all I have only, so to speak, seen him once, and how could I venture to speak to him about business? Oh no, that is out of the question. Yes, mamma, I am quite ready. Mr. Shaw wishes, if Lord Erradeen comes to bid us good-bye that we should tell him—"

"Yes?" said Mrs. Forrester, briskly, coming forward, while Mysie arranged

around her her heavy cloak. "I am sure I shall be very glad to give Lord Erradeen any message. He is a very nice young man, so far as I can judge; people think him very like my Ronald, Mr. Shaw. Perhaps it has not struck you? for likenesses are just one of the things that no two people see. But we are very good friends, him and me: he is just a nice simple gentlemanly young man—oh, very gentlemanly. He would never go away without saying good-bye. And I am sure I shall be delighted to give him any message. That will do, Mysie, that will do; do not suffocate me with that cloak. Dear me, you have scarcely left me a corner to breathe out of. But Mr. Shaw, certainly—any message——"

"I am much obliged to you; but I will no doubt see Lord Erradeen myself, and I'll not trouble a lady about business," said the factor. He cast a look at Oona, in which with more reason than usual his eyes said, How could you do it? And the girl was a little compunctious. She laughed, but she felt guilty, as she took her mother's arm to lead her to the boat. Mrs. Forrester had still a dozen things to say, and waved her hands to the departing groups on every side, while Shaw, half-angry, stood grimly watching the embarkation.

"There are the Kilhouran Campbells driving away, and I have not had a word with them: and there is old Jess, who always expects to be taken notice of: and the Ellermore folk, that I had no time to ask about Tom's examination: and Mr. Cameron himself, that I never got a chance of telling how well I liked the sermon. Dear me, Oona, you are always in such a hurry! And take care now, take care; one would think you took me for your own age. But I am not wanting to be hoisted up either, as if I were too old to know how to step into a boat. Good-bye, Mr. Shaw, good-bye," Mrs. Forrester added cheerfully, waving her hand as she got herself safely established in the bow,

and Hamish, not half so picturesque as usual in his Sunday clothes, pushed off the boat. "Good-bye, and I'll not forget your message." She even kissed her hand, if not to him, to the parish in general, in the friendliness of her heart.

Mr. Shaw had very nearly shaken his clenched fist in reply. Old fool he called her in his heart, and even launched an expletive (silently) at Oona, "the heartless monkey," who had betrayed him to her mother. He went back to the manse with Mr. Cameron, when all the little talks and consultations were over and everybody gone, and once more poured out the story of his perplexities.

"If I do not hear from him, I'll have to proceed to extremities to-morrow, and it is like to break my heart," he said. "For the poor folk have got into their heads that I will stand their friend whatever happens, and they are just keeping their minds easy."

"But, man, they should pay their rents," said Mr. Cameron, who, when all was said that could be said in his favour, was not a Loch Houran man.

"Rents! where would you have them get the siller? Their bit harvest has failed, and the cows are dry for want of fodder. If they have a penny laid by they must take it to live upon. They have enough ado to live, without thinking of rents."

"But in that case, Shaw," said the minister, gravely—"you must not blame me for saying so, it's what all the wise men say—would they not do better to emigrate, and make a new start in a new country, where there's plenty of room?"

"Oh, I know that argument very well," said Shaw, with a snort of indignation. "I have it all at my fingers' ends. I've preached it many a day. But what does it mean, when all's done? It means just sheep, or it means deer, and a pickle roofless houses standing here and there, and not a soul in the glen. There was a time even when I had just an enthu-

siasm for it—and I've sent away as many as most. But after all, they're harmless, God-fearing folk; the land is the better of them, and none the worse. There's John Paterson has had great losses with his sheep, and there's yon English loon that had the shooting, and shot every feather on the place; both the one and the other will be far more out of his lordship's pocket than my poor bit crofters. I laid all that before him; and he showed a manful spirit, that I will always say. No, minister, it was not to argue the case from its foundations that I came to you. I know very well what the economists say. I think they're not more than half right, though they're so cocksure. But if you'll tell me what I should do——"

This, however, was what Mr. Cameron was not capable of. He said, after an interval, "I will go to-morrow and try if I can see him, if you think it would not be ill taken."

"To-morrow is the last day," said the factor gloomily: and after a little while he followed the example of all the others, and sent for his dog-cart and drove himself away. But a more anxious man did not traverse any road in Great Britain on that wintry afternoon: and bitter thoughts were in his heart of the capricious family, whose interests were in his hands, and to whom he was almost too faithful a servant. "Oh, the weird of the Me'vens!" said Mr. Shaw to himself, "if they were not so taken up with themselves and took more thought for other folk we would hear little of any weirds. I have no time for weirds. I have just my work to do and I do it. The Lord preserve us from idleness, and luxury, and occupation with ourselves!" Here the good man in his righteous wrath and trouble and disappointment was unjust, as many a good man has been before.

When Hamish had pushed off from the beach, and the little party were afloat, Oona repented her of that movement of mingled offence and *espèglerie*

which had made her transfer the factor's appeal from herself to her mother: and it was only then that Mrs. Forrester recollected how imperfect the communication was. "Bless me," Mrs. Forrester said, "I forgot to ask after all what it was he wanted me to say. That was a daft like thing, to charge me with a message and never to tell me what it was. And how can I tell my Lord Erradeen! I suppose you could not put back, Hamish, to inquire?—but there's nobody left yonder at the landing that I can see, so it would be little use. How could you let me do such a silly thing, Oona, my dear?"

"Most likely, mamma, we shall not see Lord Erradeen, and so no harm will be done."

"Not see Lord Erradeen! Do ye think then, Oona, that he has no manners, or that he's ignorant how to behave? I wonder what has made ye take an ill-will at such a nice young man. There was nothing in him to justify it, that I could see. And to think I should have a message for him and not know what it is! How am I to give him the message when it was never given to me? I just never heard of such a dilemma. Something perhaps of importance, and me charged to give it, and not to know what it was!"

"Maybe, mem," said Mysie from the other end of the boat, with that serene certainty that her mistress's affairs were her own, which distinguishes an old Scotch family retainer, "maybe Miss Oona will ken."

"Oh, yes, I suppose I know," said Oona, reluctantly. "It is something about the cotters at the Truach-Glas, who will be turned out to-morrow unless Lord Erradeen interferes; but why should we be charged with that? We are very unlikely to see Lord Erradeen, and to-morrow is the day."

This piece of information caused a great excitement in the little party. The cotters to be turned out!

"But no, nó, that was just to frighten you. He will never do it,"

said Mrs. Forrester, putting on a smile to reassure herself after a great flutter and outcry. "No, no; it must just have been to give us all a fright. John Shaw is a very decent man. I knew his father perfectly well, who was the minister at Rannoch, and a very good preacher. No, no, Oona, my dear—he could never do it; and you fine lad that is so like my Ronald (though you will not see it) would never do it. You need not look so pale. It is just his way of joking with you. Many a man thinks it pleasant to tell a story like that to a lady just to hear what she says."

"Eh, but it's ill joking with poor folks' lives," cried Mysie, craning over Hamish's shoulder to hear every word.

"It's none joking," said Hamish, gruffly, between the sweep of his oars.

"It's none joking, say ye? Na, it's grim earnest, or I'm sair mistaken," said the woman. "Eh, Miss Oona, but I would gang round the loch on my bare feet, Sabbath though it be, rather than no give a message like yon."

"How can we do it?" cried Oona; "how are we to see Lord Erradeen? I am sure he will not come to call; and even if he did come to-morrow in the afternoon it would be too late."

"My dear," said Mrs. Forrester, "we will keep a look out in the morning. Hamish will just be fishing at the point, and hail him as soon as he sees him. For it was in the morning he came before."

"Oh, mem!" cried Mysie, "but would you wait for that? It's ill to lippen to a young man's fancy. He might be late of getting up (they're mostly lazy in the morning), or he might be writing his letters, or he might be seeing to his guns, or there's just a hundred things he might be doing. What would ye say if, maybe, Miss Oona was to write one of her bonnie little noddies on that awfu' bonnie paper, with her name upon't, and tell him ye wanted to see him

at ten o'clock or eleven o'clock, or whatever time you please?"

"Or we might go over to-night in the boat," said Hamish, laconically.

Mrs. Forrester was used to take much counsel. She turned from one to the other with uncertain looks. "But, Oona," she said, "you are saying nothing! and you are generally the foremost. If it is not just nonsense and a joke of John Shaw's——"

"I think," said Oona, "that Mr. Shaw will surely find some other way; but it was no joke, mother. Who would joke on such a subject? He said if Lord Erradeen called we were to use our influence."

"That would I," said Mrs. Forrester, "use my influence. I would just tell him, You must not do it. Bless me, a young man new in the country to take a step like that and put every person against him! No, no, it is not possible; but a lady," she added, bridling a little with her smile of innocent vanity, "a lady may say anything—she may say things that another person cannot. I would just tell him, You must not do it! and that would be all that would be needed. But bless me, Oona, how are we to use our influence unless we can see him?—and I cannot see how we are to get at him."

"Oh, mem!" cried Mysie, impeding Hamish's oars as she stretched over his shoulder, "just one of Miss Oona's little noddies!"

But this was a step that required much reflection, and at which the anxious mother shook her head.

## CHAPTER XV.

It had rained all night, and the morning was wet and cold; the water dull like lead, the sky a mass of clouds; all the bare branches of the trees dropping limp in the humid air. Mrs. Forrester, on further thought, had not permitted Oona to write even the smallest of her "bit noddies" to Lord Erradeen; for, though she lived on an isle in Loch Houran, this lady flat-



tered herself that she knew the world. She indited a little epistle of her own, in which she begged him to come and see her upon what she might call a matter of business—a thing that concerned his own affairs. This was carried by Hamish, but it received no reply. Lord Erradeen was out. Where could he be out on a Sabbath day at night, in a place where there were no dinner parties, nor any club, nor the temptations of a town, but just a lonely country place? Nor was there any answer in the morning, which was more wonderful still. It was ill-bred, Mrs. Forrester thought, and she was more than ever glad that her daughter had not been involved in the matter. But Hamish had information which was not communicated to the drawing-room, and over which Mysie and he laid their heads together in the kitchen. The poor young gentleman was off his head altogether, the servants said. The door was just left open, and he came in, nobody knew when. He could not bear that anybody should say a word to him. There had been thoughts among them of sending for his mother, and old Symington showed to Hamish a telegram prepared for Mr. Milnathort, acquainting him with the state of affairs, which he had not yet ventured to send—"For he will come to himself soon or syne," the old man said; "it's just the weird of the Me'vens that is upon him." Symington was indifferent to the fate of the poor crofters. He said "the factor will ken what to do." He was not a Loch Houran man.

On the Monday, however, the feeling of all the little population on the isle ran very high. The wet morning, the leaden loch, the low-lying clouds oppressed the mental atmosphere, and the thought of the poor people turned out of their houses in the rain, increased the misery of the situation in a way scarcely to be expected in the west, where it is supposed to rain for ever. At eleven o'clock Oona appeared in her thickest ulster and her strongest boots.

"I am going up to see old Jenny,"

she said, with a little air of determination.

"My dear, you will be just wet through; and are you sure your boots are thick enough? You will come back to me with a heavy cold, and then what shall we all do? But take some tea and sugar in your basket, Oona," said her mother. She went with the girl to the door in spite of these half-objections, which did not mean anything. "And a bottle of my ginger cordial might not be amiss—they all like it, poor bodies! And, Oona, see, my dear, here are two pound notes. It's all I have of change, and it's more than I can afford; but if it comes to the worst— But surely, surely John Shaw, that is a very decent man, and comes of a good family, will have found the means to do something!"

The kind lady stood at the door indifferent to the wet which every breath of air shook from the glistening branches. It had ceased to rain, and in the west there was a pale clearness, which made the leaden loch more chilly still, yet was a sign of amelioration. Mrs. Forrester wrung her hands, and cast one look at the glistening woods of Auchnasheen, and another at the dark mass, on the edge of the water, of Kinloch Houran. She did not know whether to be angry with Lord Erradeen for being so ill-bred, or to compassionate him for the eclipse which he had sustained. But, after all, he was a very secondary object in her mind in comparison with Oona, whose course she watched in the boat, drawing a long line across the leaden surface of the water. She was just like the dove out of the ark, Mrs. Forrester thought.

The little hamlet of Truach-Glas was at some distance from the loch. Oona walked briskly along the coach road for two miles or thereabouts, then turned up to the left on a road which narrowed as it ascended till it became little more than a cart track, with a footway at the side. In the broader valley below a substantial

farmhouse, with a few outlying cottages, was the only point of habitation, and on either side of the road a few cultivated fields, chiefly of turnips and potatoes, were all that broke the stretches of pasture, extending to the left as high as grass would grow, up the dark slopes of the hills. But the smaller glen on the right had a more varied and lively appearance, and was broken into small fields bearing signs of cultivation tolerably high up, some of them still yellow with the stubble of the late harvest, the poor little crop of oats or barley which never hoped to ripen before October, if then. A mountain stream, which was scarcely a thread of water in the summer, now leaped fiercely enough, turbid and swollen, from rock to rock in its rapid descent. The houses clustered on a little tableland at some height above the road, where a few gnarled hawthorns, rowans, and birches were growing. They were poor enough to have disgusted any social reformer, or political economist; grey growths of rough stones, which might have come together by chance, so little shape was there in the bulging walls. Only a few of them had even the rough chimney at one end wattled with ropes of straw, which showed an advanced civilisation. The others had nothing but the hole in the roof, which is the first and homeliest expedient of primitive ventilation. It might have been reasonably asked what charm these hovels could have to any one to make them worth struggling for. But reason is not lord of all. There was no appearance of excitement about the place when Oona, walking quickly, and a little out of breath, reached the foremost houses. The men and boys were out about their work, up the hill, or down the water, in the occupations of the day; and indeed there were but few men, at any time, about the place. Three out of the half dozen houses were tenanted by "widow women," one with boys who cultivated her little holding, one

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who kept going with the assistance of a hired lad, while the third lived upon her cow, which the neighbours helped her to take care of. The chief house of the community, and the only one which bore something of a comfortable aspect, was that of Duncan Fraser who had the largest allotment of land, and who, though he had fallen back so far with his rent as to put himself in the power of the law, was one of the class which as peasant proprietors are thought to be the strength of France. If the land had been his own he would have found existence very possible under the hard and stern conditions which were natural to him, and probably would have brought up for the Church, Robbie his eldest boy, who had got all the parish school could give him, and was still dreaming, as he cut the peats or hoed the potatoes, of Glasgow College and the world. Of the other two houses, one was occupied by an old pair whose children were out in the world, and who managed, by the contributions of distant sons and daughters, to pay their rent. The last was in the possession of a "weirdless" wight, who loved whisky better than home or holding, and whose wife and children toiled through as best they could the labour of their few fields. There were about twenty children in the six houses, all ruddy, weatherbeaten, flaxen-haired, the girls tied up about their shoulders in little tartan shawls, and very bare about their legs; the boys in every kind of quaint garments, little bags of trousers, cobbled out of bigger garments by workwomen more frugal than artistic. The rent had failed, for how was money to be had on these levels? but the porridge had never altogether failed. A few little ones were playing "about the doors" in a happy superiority to all prejudices on the subject of mud and puddles. One woman was washing her clothes at her open door. Old Jenny, whom Oona had come to see, was out upon her doorstep, gazing down the glen to

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watch the footsteps of her precious "coo" which a lass of ten with streaming hair was leading out to get a mouthful of wet grass. Jenny's mind was always in a flutter lest something should happen to the cow.

"Ye would pass her by upon the road, Miss Oona," the old woman said, "and how would ye think she was looking? To get meat to her, it's just a' my thought; but I canna think she will be none the worse for a bit mouthfu' on the hill."

"But, Jenny, have you nothing to think of but the cow? It will not be true then, that the time of grace is over, and that the sheriff's officers are coming to turn you all out?"

"The sheriff's officers!" cried Jenny. She took the edge of her apron in her hand and drew the hem slowly through her fingers, which was a sign of perplexity: but yet she was quite composed. "Na, na, Miss Oona, they'll never turn us out. What wad I be thinking about but the coo? She's my breadwinner and a' my family. Hoots no, they'll never turn us out."

"But Mr. Shaw was in great trouble yesterday. He said this was the last day——"

"I never fash'd my thoom about it," said Jenny. "The last day! It's maybe the last, or the first, I would never be taking no notice. For the factor, he's our great friend, and he would not be letting them do it. No, no; it would but be his jokes," the old woman said.

Was it his jokes? This was the second time the idea had been presented to her; but Oona remembered the factor's serious face.

"You all seem very quiet here," she said; "not as if any trouble was coming. But has there not been trouble, Jenny, about your rent or something?"

"Muckle trouble," said Jenny; "they were to have taken the coo. What would have become of me if they had ta'en the coo? Duncan, they have ta'en his, puir lad. To see it go down the brae was enough to break

your heart. But John Shaw he's a kind man; he would not be letting them meddle with us. He just said, "It's a lone woman; my lord can do without it better than the old wife can do without it," he said. He's a kind man, and so my bonnie beast was saved. I was wae for Duncan; but still, Miss Oona, things is no desperate so lang as you keep safe your ain coo."

"That is true," said Oona with a little laugh. There must, she thought, be some mistake, or else Mr. Shaw had found Lord Erradeen, and without the help of any influence had moved him to pity the cotters. Under this consolation she got out her tea and sugar, and other trifles which had been put into the basket. It was a basket that was well known in the neighbourhood, and had conveyed many a little dainty in time of need. Jenny was grateful for the little packets of tea and sugar which she took more or less as a right, but looked with a curious eye at the "ginger cordial" for which Mrs. Forrester was famous. It was not a wicked thing like whisky, no; no: but it warmed ye on a cold day. Jenny would not have objected to a drop. While she eyed it there became audible far off voices down the glen, and sounds as of several people approaching, sounds very unusual in this remote corner of the world. Jenny forgot the ginger cordial and Oona ran to the door to see what it was, and the woman who had been washing paused in her work, and old Nancy Robertson, she whose rent was paid, and who had no need to fear any sheriff's officers, came out to her door. Even the children stopped in their game. The voices were still far off, down upon the road, upon which there was a group of men, scarcely distinguishable at this distance. Simon Fraser's wife, she who had been washing, called out that it was Duncan talking to the factor; but who were those other men? A sense of approaching trouble came upon the women. Nelly Fraser wiped the soap-

suds from her arms, and wrung her hands still fresh from her tub. She was always prepared for evil as is natural to a woman with a "weirdless" husband. Old Jenny for her part, thought at once of the coo. She flew, as well as her old legs would carry her to the nearest knoll, and shrieked to the fair-haired little lass who was slowly following that cherished animal to bring Brockie back. "Bring her back, ye silly thing. Will ye no be seeing—but I mauna say that," she added in an undertone. "Bring back the coo! Bring her back! Jessie, my lamb, bring back the coo." What with old Jenny shrieking, and the voices in the distance, and something magnetic and charged with disorder in the air, people began to appear from all the houses. One of the widow's sons, a red and hairy lad, came running in, in his heavy boots from the field where he was working. Duncan Fraser's daughter set down a basket of peat which she was carrying in, and called her mother to the door. "There's my faither with the factor and twa-three strange men," said the girl, "and oh, what will they be wanting here?" Thus the women and children looked on with growing terror, helpless before the approach of fate, as they might have done two centuries before, when the invaders were rapine and murder, instead of calm authority and law.

When Oona made her appearance half an hour before everything had been unquestioning tranquillity and peace. Now, without a word said, all was alarm. The poor people did not know what was going to happen, but they felt that something was going to happen. They had been living on a volcano, easily, quietly, without thinking much of it. But now the fire was about to blaze forth. Through the minds of those that were mothers there ran a calculation as swift as light. "What will we do with the bairns? what will we do with Granny? and the bits of plenishing?" they said

to each other. The younger ones were half pleased with the excitement, not knowing what it was. Meantime Duncan and Mr. Shaw came together up the road, the poor man arguing with great animation and earnestness, the factor listening with a troubled countenance and sometimes shaking his head. Behind them followed the servants of the law, those uncomfortable officials to whom the odium of their occupation clings, though it is no fault of theirs.

"No, Mr. Shaw, we canna pay. You know that as well as I do; but oh, sir, give us a little time. Would you turn the weans out on the hill and the auld folk? What would I care if it was just me? But think upon the wake creatures—my auld mother that is eighty, and the bairns. If my lord will not let us off there's some of the other gentry that are kind and will lend us a helping hand. Oh, give us time! My lord that is young and so well off, he canna surely understand. What is it to him? and to us it's life and death."

"Duncan, my man," said the factor, "you are just breaking my heart. I know all that as well as you; but what can I do? It is the last day, and we have to act or we just make fools of ourselves. My lord might have stopped it, but he has not seen fit. For God's sake say no more for I cannot do it. Ye just break my heart!"

By this time the women were within hearing, and stood listening with wistful faces, turning from one to another. When he paused they struck in together, moving towards him eagerly.

"Oh, Mr. Shaw, you've always been our friend," cried Duncan's wife; "you canna mean that you've come to turn us out to the hill, with all the little ones and granny?"

"Oh, sir!" cried the other, "have pity upon me that has nae prop nor help but just a weirdless man."

"Me, I have nae man ava, but just

thae hands to travail for my bairns," said a third.

And then there came a shriller tone of indignation. "The young lord, he'll just get a curse—he'll get no blessing."

The factor made a deprecating gesture with his hands. "I can do nothing, I can do nothing," he said. "Take your bairns down the glen to my house-keeper Marg'ret; take them down to the town, the rest of ye—they shall not want. Whatever I can do, I'll do. But for God's sake do not stop us with your wailin', for it has to be done; it is no fault of mine."

This appeal touched one of the sufferers at least with a movement of fierce irony. Duncan uttered a short, sharp laugh, which rung strangely into the air, so full of passion. "Haud your tongues, women," he cried, "and no vex Mr. Shaw; you're hurting his feelings," with a tone impossible to describe, in which wrath and misery and keen indignation and ridicule contended for the mastery. He was the only man in the desolate group. He drew a few steps apart and folded his arms upon his breast, retiring in that pride of despair which a cotter ruined may experience no less than a king vanquished, from further struggle or complaint. The women neither understood nor noted the finer meaning in his words. They had but one thought, the misery before them. They crowded round the factor, all speaking in one breath, grasping his arm to call his attention—almost mobbing him with distracted appeals, with the wild natural eloquence of their waving hands and straining eyes.

Meanwhile there were other elements, some comic enough, in the curious circle round. Old Nancy Robertson had not left the doorstep where she stood keenly watching in the composure and superiority of one whom nobody could touch, who had paid her rent, and was above the world. It was scarcely possible not to be a little complacent in the superiority of her circumstances, or to re-

frain from criticising the unseemly excitement of the others. She had her spectacles on her nose, and her head projected, and she thought they were all like playactors with their gesticulations and cries. "I wouldna be skreighin' like that—no me," she said. Round about the fringe of children gaped and gazed, some stolid with amaze, some pale in a vague sympathetic misery, none of them quite without a certain enjoyment of this extraordinary episode and stimulation of excitement. And old Jenny awakened to no alarm about her cottage, still stood upon her knoll, with her whole soul intent upon the fortunes of Brockie, who had met the sheriff's officers in full career. The attempts of her little guardian to turn the cow back from her whiff of pasture had only succeeded in calling the special attention of these invaders. They stopped short, and one of them taking a piece of rope from his pocket secured it round the neck of the frightened animal, who stood something like a woman in a similar case, looking to left and to right, not knowing in her confusion which way to bolt, though the intention was evident in her terrified eyes. At this Jenny gave a shriek of mingled rage and terror, which in its superior force and concentrated passion rang through all the other sounds, silencing for the moment even the wailing of the women—and flung herself into the midst of the struggle. She was a dry, little, withered old woman, nimble and light, and ran like a hare or rabbit down the rough road without a pause or stumble.

"My coo!" cried Jenny, "ye sallna tak' her; ye sall tak' my heart's blood first. My coo! Miss Oona, Miss Oona, will you just be standing by, like nothing at all, and letting them tak' my coo? G'way, ye robbers," Jenny shrieked, flinging one arm about the neck of the alarmed brute, while she pushed away its captor with the other. Her arm was still vigorous, though she was old.

The man stumbled and lost his hold of the rope; the cow liberated, tossed head and tail into the air and flung off to the hillside like a deer. The shock threw Jenny down and stunned her. This made a little diversion in the dismal scene above.

And now it became evident that whatever was to be done must be done, expression being exhausted on the part of the victims, who stood about in a blank of overwrought feeling awaiting the next move. The factor made a sign with his hand, and sat down upon a ledge of rock opposite the cottages, his shaggy eyebrows curved over his eyes, his hat drawn down upon his brows. A sort of silent shock ran through the beholders when the men entered the first cottage: and when they came out again carrying a piece of furniture, there was a cry, half savage in its wild impotence. Unfortunately the first thing that came to their hands was a large wooden cradle, in which lay a baby tucked up under the big patchwork quilt, which bulged out on every side. As it was set down upon its large rockers on the uneven ground the little sleeper gave a startled wail; and then it was that that cry, sharp and keen, dividing the silence like a knife, burst from the breasts of the watching people. It was Nelly Fraser's baby, who had the "weirdless" man. She stood with her bare arms wrapped in her apron beside her abandoned washing-tub, and gazed as if incapable of movement, with a face like ashes, at the destruction of her home. But while the mother stood stupefied, a little thing of three or four, which had been clinging to her skirts in keen baby wonder and attention when she saw the cradle carried forth into the open air immediately took the place of guardian. Such an incident had never happened in all little Jeanie's experience before. She trotted forth, abandoning all alarm, to the road in which it was set down, and, turning a little smiling face of perfect content to the world,

began to rock it softly with little coos of soothing and rills of infant laughter. The sombre background round, with all its human misery, made a dismal foil to this image of innocent satisfaction. The factor jumped up and turned his back upon the scene altogether, biting his nails and lowering his brows in a fury of wretchedness. And at last the poor women began to stir and take whispered counsel with each other. There was no longer room for either hope or entreaty; the only thing to be thought of now was what to do.

The next cottage was that of Nancy Robertson, who still held her position on her doorstep, watching the proceedings with a keen but somewhat complacent curiosity. They gave her an intense sense of self-importance and superiority, though she was not without feeling. When, however, the men, who had warmed to their work, and knew no distinction between one and another, approached her, a sudden panic and fury seized the old woman. She defied them shrilly, flying at the throat of the foremost with her old hands. The wretchedness of the poor women whose children were being thrust out shelterless did not reach the wild height of passion of her whose lawful property was threatened.

"Villains!" she shrieked, "will ye break into my hoose? What right have ye in my hoose? I'll brack your banes afore you put a fit into my hoose."

"Whist, whist, wife" said one of the men; "let go now, or I'll have to hurt ye. You canna stop us. You'll just do harm to yourself."

"John Shaw, John Shaw," shrieked Nancy, "do ye see what they're doing? and me that has paid my rent, no like those weirdless fuils. Do ye hear me speak? I've paid my rent to the last farden. I've discharged a' my debts, as I wuss ithers would discharge their debts to me." Her voice calmed down as the factor turned and made an impatient sign to the men. "Ye see,"

said Nancy, making a little address to her community, "what it is to have right on your side. They canna meddle with me. My man's auld, and I have everything to do for mysel', but they canna lay a hand on me."

"Oh, hold your tongue, woman," cried Duncan Fraser. "If ye canna help us, ye can let us be."

"And wha says that I canna help ye? I am just saying—I pay my debts as I wuss that ithers should pay their debts to me: and that's Scriptor," said Nancy; but she added, "I never said I would shut my door to a neebor: ye can bring in Granny here; I'm no just a heart of stane like that young lord."

The women had not waited to witness Nancy's difficulties. Most of them had gone into their houses, to take a shawl from a cupboard, a book from the "drawers-head." One or two appeared with the family Bible under their arm. "The Lord kens where we are to go, but we must go somewhere," they said. There was a little group about Oona and her two pound notes. The moment of excitement was over, and they had now nothing to do but to meet their fate. The factor paced back and forward on the path, going out of his way to avoid here and there a pile of poor furniture. And the work of devastation went on rapidly: it is so easy, alas, to dismantle a cottage with its but and ben. Duncan Fraser did not move till two or three had been emptied. When he went in to bring out his mother, there was a renewed sensation among the worn-out people who were scarcely capable of any further excitement. Granny was Granny to all the glen. She was the only survivor of her generation. They had all known her from their earliest days. They stood worn and sorrow-stricken, huddled together in a little crowd, waiting before they took any further steps, till Granny should come.

But it was not Granny who came first. Some one, a stranger even to the children, whose attention was so easily attracted by any novelty, ap-

peared suddenly round a corner of the hill. He paused at the unexpected sight of the little cluster of habitations: for the country was little known to him: and for a moment appeared as if he would have turned back. But the human excitement about this scene caught him in spite of himself. He gazed at it for a moment trying to divine what was happening, then came on slowly with hesitating steps. He had been out all the morning, as he had been for some days before. His being had sustained a great moral shock, and for the moment all his holds on life seemed gone. This was the first thing that had moved him even to the faintest curiosity. He came forward slowly, observed by no one. The factor was still standing with his back to the woeful scene, gloomily contemplating the distant country, while Oona was mingled with the women, joining in their consultations, and doing her best to rouse poor Nelly, who sat by her baby's cradle like a creature dazed and capable of no further thought. There was, therefore, no one to recognise Lord Erradeen as he came slowly into the midst of this tragedy, not knowing what it was. The officials had recovered their spirits as they got on with their work. Natural pity and sympathetic feeling had yielded to the carelessness of habit and common occupation. They had begun to make rough jokes with each other, to fling the cotters' possessions carelessly out of the windows, to give each other catches with a "Hi! tak this," flinging the things about. Lord Erradeen had crossed the little bridge, and was in the midst of the action of the painful drama, when they brought out from Duncan's house his old mother's chair. It was cushioned with pillows, one of which tumbled out into the mud and was roughly caught up by the rough fellow who carried it, and flung at his companion's head, with a laugh and jest. It was he who first caught sight of the stranger, a new

figure among the disconsolate crowd. He gave a whistle to his comrade to announce a novelty, and rattled down hastily out of his hands the heavy chair. Walter was wholly roused by the strangeness of this pantomime. It brought back something to his mind, though he could scarcely tell what. He stepped in front of the man and asked, "What does this mean?" in a hasty and somewhat imperious tone; but his eyes answered his question almost before he had asked it. Nelly Fraser with her pile of furniture, her helpless group of children, her stupefied air of misery, was full in the foreground, and the ground was strewn with other piles. Half of the houses in the hamlet were already gutted. One poor woman was lifting her bedding out of the wet, putting it up upon chairs; another stood regarding hers helplessly, as if without energy to attempt even so small a salvage.

"What is the meaning of all this?" the young man cried imperiously again.

His voice woke something in the deep air of despondency and misery which had not been there before. It caught the ear of Oona, who pushed the women aside in sudden excitement. It roused—was it a faint thrill of hope in the general despair? Last of all it reached the factor, who, standing gloomily apart, had closed himself up in angry wretchedness against any appeal. He did not hear this, but somehow felt it in the air, and turned round, not knowing what the new thing was. When he saw Lord Erradeen, Shaw was seized as with a sudden frenzy. He turned round upon him sharply, with an air which was almost threatening.

"What does it mean?" he said. "It means your will and pleasure, Lord Erradeen, not mine. God is my witness, no will of mine. You brute!" cried the factor, suddenly, "what are you doing? Stand out of the way, and let the honest woman pass. Get out of her way, I tell you,

or I'll send ye head foremost down the glen!"

This sudden outcry, which was a relief to the factor's feelings, was addressed not to Walter, but to the man who, coming out again with a new armful, came rudely in the way of the old Granny, to whom all the glen looked up, and who was coming out with a look of bewilderment on her aged face, holding by her son's arm. Granny comprehended vaguely, if at all, what was going on. She gave a momentary glance of suspicion at the fellow who pushed against her, then looked out with a faint smile at the two gentlemen standing in front of the door. Her startled mind recurred to its old instincts with but a faint perception of anything new.

"Sirs," she said, in her feeble old voice, "I am distressed I canna ask ye in; but I'm feckless mysel being a great age, and there's some flitting going on, and my good-daughter she is out of the way."

"Do you hear that, my lord?" cried Shaw; "the old wife is making her excuses for not asking you into a house you are turning her out of at the age of eighty-three. Oh, I am not minding if I give ye offence! I have had enough of it. Find another factor, Lord Erradeen. I would rather gather stones upon the fields than do again what I have done this day."

Walter looked about like a man awakened from a dream. He said, almost with awe—

"Is this supposed to be done by me? I know nothing of it, nor the reason. What is the reason? I disown it altogether as any act of mine."

"Oh, my lord," cried Shaw, who was in a state of wild excitement, "there is the best of reasons. Rent—your lordship understands that—a little more money lest your coffers should not be full enough. And as for these poor bodies, they have so much to put up with, a little more does not matter. They have not a roof to their heads, but that's nothing to your lordship.



You can cover the hills with sheep, and they can—die—if they like," cried the factor, avenging himself for all he had suffered. He turned away with a gesture of despair and fury. "I have done enough; I wash my hands of it," he cried.

Walter cast around him a bewildered look. To his own consciousness he was a miserable and helpless man; but all the poor people about gazed at him, wistful, deprecating, as at a sort of unknown, unfriendly god, who had their lives in his hands. The officers perhaps thought it a good moment to show their zeal in the eyes of the young lord. They made a plunge into the house once more, and appeared again, one carrying Duncan's bed, a great, slippery, unwieldy sack of chaff, another charged with the old, tall, eight-day clock, which he jerked along as if it had been a man hopping from one foot to another.

"We'll soon be done, my lord," the first said in an encouraging tone, "and then a' the commotion will just die away."

Lord Erradeen had been lost in a miserable dream. He woke up now at this keen touch of reality, and found himself in a position so abhorrent and antagonistic to all his former instincts and traditions, that his very being seemed to stand still in the horror of the moment. Then a sudden passionate energy filled all his veins. The voice in which he ordered the men back rang through the glen. He had flung himself upon one of them in half-frantic rage, before he was aware what he was doing, knocking down the astounded official, who got up rubbing his elbow, and declaring it was no fault of his; while Walter glanced at him, not knowing what he did. But after this encounter with flesh and blood Lord Erradeen recovered his reason. He turned round quickly, and with his own hands carried back Granny's chair. The very weight of it, the

touch of something to do, brought life into his veins. He took the old woman from her son's arm, and led her in reverently, supporting her upon his own: then going out again without a word, addressed himself to the manual work of restoration. From the moment of his first movement, the whole scene changed in the twinkling of one eye. The despairing apathy of the people gave way to a tumult of haste and activity. Duncan Fraser was the first to move.

"My lord!" he cried; "if you are my lord," his stern composure yielding to tremulous excitement, "if it's your good will and pleasure to let us bide, that's all we want. Take no trouble for us; take no thought for that." Walter gave him a look, almost without intelligence. He had not a word to say. He was not sufficiently master of himself to express the sorrow and anger and humiliation in his awakened soul; but he could carry back the poor people's things, which was a language of nature not to be misunderstood. He went on taking no heed of the eager assistance offered on all sides. "I'll do it, my lord. Oh, dinna you trouble. It's ower much kindness. Ye'll fyle your fingers; ye'll wear out your strength. We'll do it; we'll do it," the people cried.

The cottagers' doors flew open as by magic; they worked all together, the women, the children, and Duncan Fraser and Lord Erradeen. Even Oona joined, carrying the little children back to their homes, picking up here a bird in a cage, there a little stunted geranium or musk in a pot. In half an hour it seemed, or less, the whole was done, and when the clouds that had been lowering on the hills and darkening the atmosphere broke and began to pour down torrents of rain upon the glen, the little community was housed and comfortable once more.

While this excitement lasted Walter was once more the healthful and, vigorous young man who had tra-

velled with Oona on the coach. and laughed with her on the Isle. But when the storm was over, and they walked together towards the loch, she became aware of the difference in him. He was very serious, pale, almost haggard now that the excitement was over. His smiling lips smiled no longer, there was in his eyes, once so light-hearted and careless, a sort of hunted, anxious look.

"No," he said, in answer to her questions, "I have not been ill; I have had—family matters to occupy me, and of this I knew nothing. Letters? I had none, I received nothing. I have been occupied, too much perhaps, with—family affairs."

Upon this no comment could be made, but his changed looks made so great a claim upon her sympathy that

Oona looked at him with eyes that were almost tender in their pity. He turned round suddenly and met her glance.

"You know," he said, with a slight tremble in his voice, "that there are some things—they say in every family—a little hard to bear. But I have been too much absorbed—I was taken by surprise. It shall happen no more." He held his head high, and looked round him as if to let some one else see the assurance he was giving her. "I promise you," he added, in a tone that rang like a defiance, "it shall happen no more!" Then he added hurriedly with a slight swerve aside, and trembling in his voice, "Do you think I might come with you? Would Mrs. Forrester have me at the Isle?"

*To be continued.*

## ADDINGTON.

THE churchyard which has been the burial-place of the last five Primates of the Church of England has naturally become a spot of historical interest. At the beginning of the century, the place was just noticed by the county guide books as a very obscure village, and one of them<sup>1</sup> added that the church was "very indecent." Yet the village had had an early history of its own anything but uninteresting, and I purpose, in the following pages, to record some of the incidents in that history.

The Addington hills are a continuation of the long line of Kentish heights known as the North Downs. As they descend rapidly towards the Croydon valley they present a lofty and striking appearance from the surrounding neighbourhood. They look very beautiful, for example, from the terrace of the Crystal Palace, their sides clothed with dark heather, and their summits crowned with the pine woods which skirt the north side of the park. Let us walk up from the East Croydon station. Passing through Addiscombe (whence well nigh every vestige of the old East India College has disappeared, but which has preserved some memorials of its past existence by naming the streets after Indian heroes—Clyde, Canning, &c.) we come, in some twenty minutes, to the village of Shirley, the site of which is described in Hone's *Table Book* as a wild heath containing a broom-maker's hut, of which more anon. The beautiful little church of Shirley (one of Sir Gilbert Scott's prettiest) lies a little to our left as we go up the hill. Continuing straight up the hill, we are soon among the heather, and, in summer, we should find a number of enthusiastic people

<sup>1</sup> Lysons.

with green nets trying to catch moths; for the place has a very high entomological reputation. Turning, for a moment, to look back at the view, we see, on our right, Shooter's Hill and a great stretch of North Kent; in front, the London smoke; on the left we can discern the Grand Stand at Epsom, and even Windsor Castle. But the ground around us is itself wonderfully picturesque. It is full of little ravines and dry watercourses—a Lilliputian Alpine region; and, nestled away in all sorts of corners, invisible till you come close to them, are some thirty-seven cottages. They form a hamlet of Addington, being two miles from the church, and are locally known as "Badger's Hole." The name is certainly derived from the fact that the soft sand, of which the hills are composed, made it easy for badgers to find their habitations there. I had one in my possession when I was Vicar of Addington (1867—73), which was found in the neighbourhood. He grew quite tame, and used to follow me about the garden. Of course, one was shy of handling him at first, for his bite would certainly have been worse than his bark, but he never attempted to bite me or any one else. I was obliged to give him away because he annoyed my gardener so much by burrowing. But this by the way. These cottages on the Addington hills have a curious history. The broom-maker, whose habitation Hone has portrayed, began them, then other persons followed, building up little shanties on the wild-heath, and planting part of it as garden, no man forbidding them; and these are now a valuable property, nearly all having come into the possession of one man. They are of very poor character, nearly all of wood, and are mostly tenanted by labourers from

Croydon and the neighbourhood. Passing a pretty school church, which the present Vicar has erected for the benefit of this hamlet, we walk on for a few minutes more, and enter the lodge gate of Addington Park. After a short walk among the pines, we are again in the open, and see that the park is full of beautiful undulations. A bold ridge opposite to where we stand, and separated from us by a deep glade filled with rhododendrons, looks like a Scotch moor, with its thick clothing of heather and wild pines. Sweeping round to the right, the road brings us, at last, within sight of the Archbishop's residence, about half a mile down the slope, but with the land still sinking beyond it. We have, therefore, crossed over the crest of the hill, and are going down the southern face. The house is a heavy stone building, looking much lower than it really is by reason of its great length. But instead of entering it, we pass to the left, and continue down the hill to the church, which is just beyond the southern side of the park, and round which clusters the little village. This has given us a good four miles' walk. The church is at the very bottom of the dip. Immediately beyond it, the other side of the road in fact, the land rises again, and we see before us the swelling uplands of Mid-Surrey and Kent.

We have dwelt on the situation at some length in the hope that it will make our narrative clearer. It will be seen that the church stands between two ranges of hills, the valley running east and west. About a mile to the east is the western boundary of Kent. Now let the reader imagine himself standing some hundred yards immediately above the church, on the north side. Sloping down from the place where he is standing are the gardens; but on the spot itself is a large level platform, covered with turf. Evidently there has been a residence here in former times. The cellars in fact remain intact beneath, as I have been informed by old men who have ex-

plored them. A fine avenue of elms, which was admirably portrayed in the *Illustrated News* on the occasion of the late Primate's funeral, at present only leads to a corner of the gardens; but when we restore the old house in imagination, we see that the avenue went right past the front door down into the road on each side of the park. Linger on this platform a little longer. Looking over the church to the slope beyond, I see exactly opposite to me unmistakable signs of another large house. It is a meadow now, but the marks of the foundations are quite plain. A little beyond it is a farm-house, called "Castle Hill Farm." Now here we have silent, unwritten evidence of two great houses formerly existing, but now gone; one, that on the site of which I am standing, has been replaced by the present mansion, about a quarter of a mile westwards—more of which presently. Now let us supplement this evidence by the historical records, and see what light they throw upon it.

Domesday Book tells us that in the days of the Conqueror there were two manors in Addington, one held by "Tezelin the Cook," the other by "Albert the Clerk." The former was that on which I have supposed myself standing, now held by the archbishops; the latter has been broken up into several portions, only the site of the residence is discernible, but, as we shall show, the name, "Castle Hill," is a memorial of it.

Tezelin the Cook held his manor by a curious "right of serjeanty." He and his heirs were bound to furnish the king on occasion of a coronation with a dish of pottage, which is called in the old books *Maupigyrnum*, or *Maupygiroun*. I have not an idea of the meaning of the word, except that a writer in *Notes and Queries* suggests that the two first syllables may be from *Mau-prest*, and that the whole dish was some sort of hasty pudding. In a collection of cookery receipts of the fourteenth century, published by the Society of Antiquaries

in 1790, the ingredients are specified—"almond milk, brawn of capons, sugar, spice, chicken parboiled and chopped." It was to be prepared in an earthenware dish (*olla lutea*). Records from time to time turn up showing that the custom was preserved. There is a notice of it at the coronation of Henry VII. and of Queen Elizabeth. In the Calendar of State Papers, 1604, in the records relating to the coronation of James I., there is a large batch of "claims unexamined," and among them I find the name of the owner of Addington claiming to present a dish to his majesty. At the coronation of Charles II. the dish was presented; the king expressed his thanks, but did not eat any. At James II.'s coronation, "Thomas Leigh of Addington claimed the right of naming a man to prepare a dish for the king, which being conceded, he named the king's cook." At George IV.'s, Archbishop Manners Sutton also presented his dish. There has been no coronation banquet since.

Tezelin's descendants in the reign of King Richard I. were reduced to two girls, and the king, exercising his right as suzerain, gave the eldest to wife to Peter Fitz Alwin, son of the Mayor of London. She died without issue, and her sister's husband, whose name was Aguillon, thus became owner of Addington. The line continued unbroken until 1292, when again a daughter was sole representative of the family, Isabel Aguillon. She married Hugh Bardolph, and for many years Addington was actually called Bardolph's. It was one of this line who figures in Shakespeare's *Henry IV.* as having joined Northumberland's rebellion, and received the traitor's death in consequence. His body was quartered and set over the gates of several towns, but his widow obtained leave to gather the remains together, and they were buried at Addington. Whether the estate was thereby absolutely confiscated is not clear to me, but the family declined, and presently Ad-

dington is found in possession of one William Uvedale, who sold it to John Leigh, of the neighbouring village of Chelsham, in 1447.

Let us now turn to the other manor, that of Albert the Clerk, on the south hill. How it fared immediately after his death I have not discovered, but before long it was in the possession of the Knights Templars. When they were abolished by Pope Clement V., this manor, as was the case with many others, was transferred to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem (the Hospitallers). During some portion of this period the manor house had been embattled, and called "The Castle." Its chief hall is described as being 35 feet long and 28 broad, and there were two dormitories, 32 feet by 8, and 32 feet by 11. The Knights of Jerusalem were in turn dissolved, and the king sold the manor to Nicholas Leigh, about 1540. From that time this manor was merged in the other. The Leighs built a new mansion on their first manor, on the site of the platform I have been describing, and the old one of Albert the Clerk and the Knights became a farm-house, which was pulled down in 1780.

The site of the house thus built by the Leighs is marked on the ordnance map as "Site of the hunting-ground of King Henry VIII." What the authority for this statement is I do not know. Certainly it is probable enough, for game was exceedingly plentiful here, and London was within easy reach; and, as we shall see presently, one of King Henry's confidential servants is buried in the church; but I have never met with any paper mentioning the fact that King Henry visited it.

Of the Leighs there are many memorials in Addington Church, and a very delightful monograph by Mr. G. Leveson Gower on "The Leighs of Addington," will be found in the *Surrey Archaeological Transactions* for 1873. There is a fine brass of 1509 to one of them, and Aubrey, in his

*History of Surrey*, names others which have disappeared since his time. There is also a very stately monument against the north chancel wall, consisting first of two life-size figures lying along on their sides, of Sir Olliph Leigh and his wife (1612), and above them are two kneeling pairs, on panels, side by side, Sir Olliph's father and mother, grandfather and grandmother. The names of all the members of their respective families are carved upon three tablets, and among these names are several which were famous in Tudor times. Charles Leigh was one of the early settlers in America, and sent over to Addington some Indians as specimens of the country, who must have caused the good folks of the village to stare with astonishment. A very touching account of his ill-starred expedition will be found in Hakluyt. He died in Guiana, of fever, and only three or four of his companions reached home again. Another married the sister of Sir Walter Raleigh's wife, Ann Carew, of Beddington. A letter to him exists from Lady Raleigh, written on the day of the execution, asking him to prepare a grave for Sir Walter at Beddington. I need hardly say that for some reason or other it was never used if it was prepared, for Sir Walter's dust lies in St. Margaret's Church. One of the female Leighs in the days of Henry VIII. married Thomas Hatteclyffe, whose name occurs in the State Paper Calendar of the period, times out of number, as dispensing royal funds. There is a brass effigy of him in the church, with this inscription:—

"Of your charite pray for ye soule of Thomas Hatteclyff Esquier, su'tyme one of the fowre masters of the howsholde to our Sovrayne Lord King Henry viii and Anne his wyfe, wiche Thomas dep'tyd y<sup>e</sup> xxx day of Auguste a<sup>o</sup> MLXL."

This is noteworthy, as showing that whoever drew up the inscription was not deterred from declaring poor Anne Boleyn, King Henry's wife, Cranmer's iniquitous sentence to the contrary notwithstanding.

There is another very beautiful mural tablet, with a scholarly Latin inscription, bringing down the Leigh memorials to 1693.

They continued to reside here until the death of Sir John Leigh in 1737, and now we come to an incident which reads like a chapter of *Orley Farm*. Sir John Leigh's first wife, one of the Lennards of West Wickham, died, leaving one son, but he soon followed her to the grave. Sir John then married Elizabeth, the daughter of an apothecary of Bromley, named Vade. He had no family by her, and she died the year before him. On his death it was found that by his will he bequeathed part of his estates to his kinsman, Francis Leigh of Puttenham, but Addington, and some estates in Middlesex, were given to Vade. Such a will was plainly monstrous, and two kinswomen of Sir John, his first cousins in fact, disputed the will. They were two sisters, Mrs. Spencer and Mrs. Bennett, and they contended that the will if not a forgery, which they held it to be, was at least obtained by fraud. The contest lasted for seven years, and was carried finally to the House of Lords, which in 1744 pronounced the will bad, and the two sisters thus obtained possession. Mr. Bennett, on behalf of his wife, thereupon invested a sum of money for the benefit of the poor of Addington, to be given away to widows annually in memory of this victory. I found a contemporary transcript of the will in an old drawer, and had it hung up in the vestry. His bequest amounts to about 7*l.* a year. Not long afterwards, Mrs. Bennett died, and after some friendly negotiations the recovered estates were divided, Mrs. Spencer receiving Addington. In 1768, she and her eldest son sold it to Barlow Trecothick for 38,500*l.*

Barlow Trecothick was an alderman of London, a man of mark in his time; he filled the office of Lord Mayor at the time of the Wilkes riots. Notices of him will be found

in Walpole and other contemporary writers. A monument to him states that he was "much esteemed by the merchants for his integrity and knowledge of commerce," and that he was "truly beloved by his fellow citizens, who chose him for their representative in Parliament," &c. This inscription is placed on the basis of a gigantic urn, handsome enough as regards workmanship and material, but certainly not ecclesiastical. It used to block up the central east window, and was known in all the country round as the "Addington pickle jar." When the church was restored some forty years ago by Archbishop Howley, it was placed on the south side of the chancel opposite the great Leigh monument, and there it is now, and does not look intrusive. The removal of this monstrosity from the east end revealed the existence of three very ancient Norman windows, placed side by side, each a small single light with a very deep splay, and all of equal size. I have never seen a similar east end anywhere else. There are indications of similar windows on the side walls of the chancel, now blocked up. Alderman Trecothick pulled down the old manor house and built the main portion of the present residence, to which Archbishop Howley afterwards added the wings. The alderman was guilty of one piece of Vandalism. The Leighs had for many generations been buried under the eastern part of the chancel in a vault extending its whole width. Mr. Trecothick had the wooden coffins broken up, and the lead ones all piled together with scattered bones and *débris* into a great heap on the south side of this vault till it reached the ceiling. Then it was bricked up, leaving the remaining portion of the vault for him and his successors. So rumour in the village declared, and I ascertained the truth of it by getting the parish clerk to open the vault, which we explored carefully and found as stated. The alderman died in 1775. An intelligent widow, who died at a great age some years ago, told me

that her husband remembered the old alderman very well, "a very tall thin man," "used to wear a three-cornered hat and velvet coat." The Trecothick family remained at Addington until 1803, when they sold it and went to live in the Isle of Thanet. In fact, there is at least one female descendant living there still. The Addington old people remember the last Mr. Trecothick being brought to the church to be buried. The estate was bought by a Mr. George Coles, a West Indian shipbroker. Troubles in Jamaica ruined him, and many more West Indian traders, and in 1807 he sold Addington manor, rectory, and advowson, to the see of Canterbury. The purchase-money was chiefly raised by the sale of the old Palace at Croydon.

Of the first of the archbishops who thus became residents here, Charles Manners Sutton, only two memorials, so far as I know, exist at Addington, beyond the register of his burial, and the mural tablet to him. The first of these relics is his autograph. There is only one, which testifies that he performed the marriage ceremony for his daughter. Her husband was an officer in the army, who, if the story which still goes in the village be true, ran away with her. However the archbishop made the best of it, for he not only married them, but ordained his military son-in-law, and loaded him with Church preferments. He made him Canon of Canterbury, Archdeacon, Registrar of Wills, and rector of I forget how many fat livings. A few years ago the *Times* having once been set going by the outcry over the notorious case of St. Cross, proceeded to unearth other kindred abuses, and at length gave one morning a list of our archdeacon's emoluments. A friend met him and with sympathising face (and possibly with inward chuckles), said, "Oh, Archdeacon, I feel very deeply with you on that scurrilous article in the *Times* this morning." "Bless you," was the cool reply, "don't be annoyed, they haven't

got it half." The archdeacon was not a theological writer. Whether he ever composed a charge or a sermon I cannot tell. He never published one. His only contribution to English literature is an article in a floral magazine on the cultivation of some American plant.

The other relic of Manners Sutton is an interesting one, and most heartily will every reader hope that Archbishop Benson will leave a corresponding one behind him. On the 25th of October, 1810, the archbishop planted a cedar on the top of the hill in the park, that being the fiftieth anniversary of George III.'s accession. A pretty monument hard by commemorates the fact, in a graceful Latin inscription, which however has two lines oddly misplaced. The cedar is now a very handsome and flourishing tree. There was one little *contresens* that day. The archbishop invited the school children to tea, and had ordered bread and buns from the House of Correction, their manufacture being part of the prison labour. But a dinner of beef and pudding being ordered for the prisoners, all else was neglected for that, and the buns and bread and butter were not forthcoming. So the children fed with Duke Humphrey rather than with the archbishop.

The late Dean of Windsor visited Addington about ten years ago, and I took him at his own request to see this monument. On our way across the park he told me two characteristic anecdotes. When Archbishop Moore died, Manners Sutton was Bishop of Norwich, and also Dean of Windsor. He was at that moment residing at his deanery, and was entertaining a party of friends at dinner. In the middle of dinner the butler came up to him with an excited face. "Beg pardon, my lord, a gentleman wishes to see your lordship directly, but he won't give his name." "Nonsense," said the bishop; "I can't come now, of course." "The gentleman says it is very important—very important in-

deed, my lord, or he wouldn't disturb you." "Well," said the bishop, somewhat crossly, "ask him to wait a few minutes till I have finished my dinner." "Beg pardon, my lord," said the butler persistently, and with some confidence, "but you had better see the gentleman directly." The bishop, amazed at his man's coolness, made an apology to his guests, and went into the next room, where he was still more amazed to find King George III., who, as usual, was breathless and rapid. "How d'ye do, my lord? how d'ye do? eh—eh? Just come to tell you Archbishop of Canterbury's dead, died this morning, want you to be new archbishop, you know, new archbishop. What d'ye say—eh—eh?" The bishop stood dumb-founded, and the king broke in again, "Well, well, d'ye accept? d'ye accept—eh, eh?" The bishop had by this time recovered himself sufficiently to bow gratefully and murmur his thankful acceptance. "All right," said his majesty; "go back; got a party, I know; very glad you accept. Good-night, good-night, good-night." And with that he bustled away. The fact was that he anticipated exactly what happened. Mr. Pitt came down to his majesty next morning to inform him that the archbishop was dead, and to recommend to his majesty Bishop Pretyman [Tomline] for the vacant primacy. The king, who had had rather too much of Bishop Pretyman at Mr. Pitt's hands, resolved to be first in the field, and was now able to tell his prime minister that he had already appointed the Bishop of Norwich.<sup>1</sup>

This story led to conversation about Bishop Tomline, and his characteristic parsimony came up. The dean thereupon told me this which he had heard from the Duke of Wellington. In the summer of 1816 the bishop was on a confirmation tour, and driving with a

<sup>1</sup> There is an inaccurate account in the third volume of Bishop Wilberforce's *Life*, p. 147, where it is stated that Pitt tried to force Pretyman on George IV. for primate. Pitt died fourteen years before George IV. became king, and five before he became regent.



chaplain in the neighbourhood of Strathfieldsaye. Staying to lunch at the village inn, they heard the bells ringing, and on inquiring the cause, found that it was the 18th of June, the first anniversary of Waterloo. "Bless me, so it is," said the bishop, "and here we are at Strathfieldsaye. Really we ought to drink the duke's health, I suppose. Waiter, a bottle of your best port."

The wine was no sooner brought than the chaplain upset it accidentally, and broke the bottle. The bishop looked at it ruefully. "What's to be done now?" he muttered; then, after a long pause, he continued grudgingly, "Waiter, I suppose you must bring us another. It need not be the best."

Manners Sutton's burial register is signed by his chaplain, John Lonsdale, long to be remembered as the good and noble old Bishop of Lichfield. He wrote also, I have been told, the Latin inscription on the mural tablet to the archbishop's memory, and, I suspect also, that by the cedar.

Old people in the village still remember this primate. As he rode through the lanes he used to throw a shilling to each boy who capped him, and the old blacksmith told me that many a time when he saw the archbishop ambulating along, he would scuttle across fields and behind hedges, so as to meet him and get the bounty. I showed him a portrait which I had picked up in London, and placed in the vestry. "That's he exactly, and that is just the sort of coat he used to wear," was the reply. The coat was a long surtout, with double collar, buttoning close round the neck, as unlike a modern bishop's coat as need be. He is buried under the organ (where was formerly the vestry), and with him his son, Speaker for a short time of the House of Commons.

Of Howley the relics are numberless. He quite renovated Addington. He rebuilt the body of the church very fairly, considering how far the knowledge of architecture has advanced since his time. Then he supplied the

cottagers with water, by running a great pipe down from the hill above into the heart of the village, where it discharges itself from a lion's head, and very seldom, indeed, even in drought, is there any deficiency. He built some very pretty schools, which were added to, first by myself, then by my successor. The cottages too were all put in decent repair. The mansion was largely improved, and one of the wings formed a new chapel. I never saw it in its original state, for Longley altered it altogether; but Bishop Wilberforce declared that it looked like a county court, with judge's bench, witness box, and all complete. By Longley's changes it was made into a very graceful, though simple, place of worship.

One act of Howley's seems to have been very questionable, though of course the good archbishop must be acquitted of anything but mistake. He inclosed a large quantity of waste land within the park, making it double the size, and many people declared that the land did not belong to the see at all, but that as nobody made it his business, the encroachment was allowed to pass, and to this day Howley's fences remain.

One of my authorities for this statement was an old man now dead, who was summoned more than once on disputed points of old boundaries, and gave evidence before the ordnance surveyors as to the site of the old manor house, and a very keen-witted and intelligent old fellow he was, though very poor. I have one amusing remembrance connected with him. He had a son in the household of the late Marquis of Salisbury, and in Howley's time his son sent him a suit of his own cast-off mourning. The old man naturally wore them, knee shorts and all. Howley's butler, struck with the grandeur of his appearance, gave him in addition one of his grace's cast-off hats, which completed him with a vengeance. From that day forwards the old man seemed to have established a prescriptive claim to all discarded archiepiscopal hats,

and from time to time, but of course more rarely, a fresh black suit also came in. The old fellow, I ought to have mentioned, used to do odd jobs in the garden and grounds. One day some visitors saw him in the distance on the lawn, with a box-barrow and broom, and went away convinced that it was Archbishop Longley whom they had seen thus seeking health and relaxation in gentle manual labour. The result was that Archbishop Tait laughingly vowed that no hats of his should go that way; and I believe that the spell of many years was thus broken, and that in the old man's last days he returned to the ordinary chimney-pot, if not wide-awake.

The munificence displayed by Howley at Addington was even surpassed at Lambeth, for, as Mr. Cave-Browne's new and interesting history of Lambeth Palace shows, nearly all the dwelling portion of the palace was rebuilt by him. Nor was this munificence confined to building operations. Sir A. Alison's autobiography, just published, relates how the princely Primate used to keep open house once a week, subject only to one condition. "The dinner was served with the utmost splendour, thirty livery servants, and fifteen out of livery, attended on the guests; a profusion of magnificent plate loaded the table, and the viands, cooked with French delicacy, vied with the wines in evincing the hospitality of the noble host. The only security taken against the hospitality of the Primate being abused was that none should appear but in court dress."

Of course Howley had ample means. His see had in those days a rich income, and his wife had a very large private fortune, and consequently after all his expenditure he left nearly 200,000*l.* Thus it will be seen that the contrast which people drew between Howley's large expenditure and Sumner's careful habits was not quite fair. The latter came to an income vastly less than his predecessor. The lay squire of Addington told me that

for the first few years the Primate at his best dinner parties gave only port and sherry, never champagne. Howley used to be driven by four horses, with two outriders preceding him. He drove into Ashford thus not long before his death. His successor amazed the worthy burgesses there by walking up from the station carrying his own carpet-bag. I believe that his cotton umbrella was a matter of much searching of heart even to his children.

One of the morning papers speaking recently of the late Primates, coolly called Howley a "nonentity." He must have been a very young hand who could write thus. Howley was not only a learned but a thoughtful, wise, and far-seeing man. Not only those who were nearest to him, but the great leaders of the Tract movement, and those ecclesiastics who half sympathised, as well as those who stood aloof, all held him in veneration. His chief secretary and adviser, Hugh James Rose, was one of the early leaders in that movement, and there were those who knew all the parties, who declared that his death was the heaviest calamity the movement could have suffered, because his judgment was so sound and his sympathy so wide, and that the mischiefs which accompanied the blessings of that movement might have been escaped, if he had lived to conduct it. But Howley was not a great writer, and therefore it is impossible but that his personal influence must disappear with his contemporaries. I have looked through the catalogue of the British Museum Library, and find that as Bishop of London he published four charges (1814, 1818, 1822, 1826), and as Primate three (1832, 1840, 1844). There are also exactly half a dozen sermons, one on the thanksgiving after Waterloo, and his well-remembered *Letter to the Clergy and Laity on the Divisions in the Church*, written in 1845. The rest of the works under his name are pamphlets about him, or addressed to him.

He was a very bad speaker. With a most delicate and almost fastidious taste as to style, he was always making corrections in his speaking as some writers do on their manuscript, a fatal fault in a speaker, and one which occasionally led the good archbishop into fearful bathos. Thus, presiding at an anniversary of the Clergy Orphan Girls' School at St. John's Wood, he delivered himself thus: "No one can see—(*corrects himself*)—can look upon—these respectable looking girls—(*corrects himself*)—these nice-looking girls—(*corrects himself*)—these good girls—(*corrects himself*)—these female girls—" Here there was a suppressed titter, under cover of which the speaker hurried on to the conclusion of his sentence, not recorded. He used to rub his hands anxiously together whilst speaking, as if he were washing them. I have seen him twice, and once saw a bishop imitate him to the life. There is a story that he used to bewail his own nervousness as a speaker, and that one of his chaplains recommended him to shut himself up in the Addington dining-room and address the chairs, imagining people in them. "How did your grace get on?" he was asked after the first experiment. "Well, you see, I think I got on very nicely at first, but all at once I caught sight of that high-backed chair there in the corner, and he looked so formidable that he put me out, and then I broke down."

One, who is now an excellent rural dean of the diocese, was once a little boy of Addington, and was taken to church for the first time. At the end of the service Archbishop Howley got up in his wig—nobody but his most intimate friends ever saw him without it—to pronounce the Benediction. "Look, mamma, look," cried the little boy aloud, "look at that funny man; he has not got any ears!" Not quite so ludicrous was the case of my own youngest daughter, who also was taken to church nearly for the first time, and Archbishop Tait stood

up for the same purpose. She began to cry lustily, and was taken out. "New atsbissop stood up and scolded me," was her explanation; and being asked how she knew that he was scolding her, "Tos he looked right at me, and looked so tross," said she. Older people than she did not know at first that that grave, almost austere face, covered as gentle and loving a heart as ever gave forth a Benediction,—loving towards all men, towards children most of all, loving the more as the years went on, and he drew nearer the Source of all love. "Eheu! quanto minus est cum aliis versari, quam tui meminisse!"

Sumner made a great alteration in ecclesiastical matters when he gave up wearing his wig, except on special occasions. He wore it on the only occasion that I ever heard him preach, a charity sermon at St. Margaret's, Westminster. There is a little recess in the wall at Addington close to his pew. A tallow candle was always placed there in a bedroom candlestick when the good archbishop came to church.

Of the gentle Longley, loved as few men can be by all who came into communication with him, there is little to say in connection with Addington. He was only Primate for six years. The great work of his life was the organisation of the diocese of Ripon, of which he was first bishop. Yet Addington bears marks of permanent improvements which he effected. Here, too, he so hospitably entertained the American bishops during the first Pan-Anglican Conference, and one of them (the Bishop of Vermont) has left it on record that the three or four days which he spent under Longley's roof at Addington were among the very brightest in his life. The volume of Bishop Wilberforce's *Life* just published gives us a glimpse of the dangers which threatened the Conference, and of Longley's anxieties. I knew of these at the time. "Pray for us," was continually on his lips, and how earnestly he

prayed for himself the memories of all who went to the little church for worship in those days can still bear record. "Archbishop Longley managed the Conference admirably," his successor said to me; and when it ended happily, and he was congratulated on it, "It was an answer to prayer," he replied. "How I *did* sleep last night, to be sure," he said to a lady the morning after it was over. At Addington he entertained Queen Emma, of the Sandwich Islands, and convoyed her to the top of a hill in the park for the view. There is a rustic bench there which the villagers call Queen Emma's Seat to this day. Bishop Wilberforce came down on that occasion and preached a sermon before her.

I had only been Vicar of Addington for a year and a half, and only resident there for three months, when Archbishop Longley died. But that was long enough to leave in any man's soul who ever knew him a most touching memory of grace and gentleness. His handsome face was a faithful index of his sweet and beautiful character, and I know not where to find in the annals of the Church of England the name of a more perfect gentleman or more exemplary Christian. I see him now, as if it were yesterday, repeating the *Gloria in excelsis* at his last Communion—they were his last intelligible words.

Of Archbishop Tait and his life at Addington I saw, of course, much more. He came into his office under conditions altogether different from those of his predecessors. The year of his appointment saw the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and next year a formal attack was made on the English, though it was a total failure. But the Archbishop had fresh questions to deal with, which he himself set forth in one of his early charges. The altered relations of the mother Church to those of the Colonies, consequent upon the Natal quarrel and difficulties arising out of it, needed a firm and wise head and hand. No

wonder that the labour of the Primacy from that day seemed increased a thousandfold. Archbishop Longley had no resident chaplain; Archbishop Tait not unfrequently had three, all hard at work. Many times the message came to me at the Vicarage at breakfast time—"His Grace's compliments, and would I come up and help with the letters?" I went, of course; and certainly there was need of help. Does any one remember a picture in *Punch* by Leech, at the time that Lord Palmerston lived at Cambridge House—"The Prime Minister as seen from the top of a 'bus'?" He is represented as hundreds saw him, surrounded by a congeries of documents as high as his head. And I have so seen the late Primate. Once I was set to work with a clothes-basket full. Many, of course, were routine letters. Many were of the utmost importance, requiring deep and anxious thought on his part. Many, too, were not without a ludicrous side to their character. For instance, Mr. Somebody-or-other has established himself at Puddleton Parva as Bishop thereof, and designates himself "Primate of the New Enlightenment." The much aggrieved incumbent is at his wits' end in consequence, and wishes to have the intruder anathematised.<sup>1</sup> The luckless correspondent who is told off to answer him gives some long document to a boy to copy, who spells a word wrong, or writes a piece of false Latin. This is put up with the rest and despatched, and next Saturday the whole letter appears in the *Puddleton*

<sup>1</sup> May I introduce a story of one short method recommended by an old clergyman who has recently published some *Recollections*, to which the late archbishop jocosely recommended me to publish a companion volume, my recollections of the writer himself? A neighbouring clergyman, not very active in his parish, came to him with a long face. "What shall I do?" said he; "here's that New Enlightenment Bishop come here and carried off all my congregation. How are they to be got back?" The old gentleman meditated for a moment, then he responded—"You go away and never come back any more, and they will all return to church." The advice was not received as satisfactory.

*Mercury*, faults and all, with "sic" duly written after them, and the unfortunate secretary is covered with shame and confusion of face. Or again, in a quiet country village, the Reverend Alphonsus Binks, a most zealous young clergyman, and, a few years hence, a most valuable one, persuades his easy-going old rector to allow him to announce that there will be "daily Matins and Evensong" in the church, and to set up a faldstool, much to the approval of the Misses Giles, who have just come home from boarding-school at Brighton, but to the great horror of their maiden aunt, Penelope (who was born on Waterloo day), and to the bewilderment of their father, Churchwarden Giles, and his labourers. The parish is thrown into a ferment, and the Primate is threatened that the New Enlightenment will establish a branch there forthwith. The Reverend Niger Alb advertises for "a Catholic priest" as Curate, and Squire Crabs, who has a personal spite against him, takes advantage of the needless indiscretion, and builds a New Enlightenment Chapel. In the next parish a new incumbent finds a choral service excruciatingly out of time and tune, and determines to read the service rather than burlesque it. Whereupon one of the choir-boys, in high dudgeon, writes a ferocious letter, signed "*Philoecclesia-Anglius*," wherein he gives a false turn to some things which his minister has said, and adds a great many that he hasn't, and sends it to the papers of his way of thinking. The bettermost "decline it with thanks," but at last it finds a habitation in the *Corporate Review*, to the choir-boy's satisfaction and the rector's terror of heart. The poor man needn't have troubled himself, for nobody will see it but the "Corporate Brethren," and they are not omnipotent. The Reverend John Mildman, for euphony's sake, bids his choir pronounce Ah-braham and Ah-men in their chanting, and Mr. Orange O'Flanagan writes a letter to the *Quicksand* (family newspaper) with three "Now, sirs," and a

*Quousque tandem*, to denounce the enormity. *Quid plura?* I am really not exaggerating. These things are absurd enough when looked at calmly and at a distance, but when they are items in a collection of hundreds of letters, is it wonderful that any man who has to deal with them should grow out of patience with them all? And yet, let those friends who recognise the truth of any of these details consider, now that the wise head and sympathising heart which counselled them are at rest, whether the counsel was not good, and whether the difficulties which once beset them have not vanished away as the counsel was followed. The time has not come yet for a fuller demonstration of that wisdom and goodness of heart, but I fearlessly assert that come it will. Meanwhile, let us leave him for a while, the memory of that beautiful service in the churchyard still echoing in our ears, and let us collect a few other reminiscences of Addington.

The little church, as I have already said, was in a wretched plight in the early part of the eighteenth century. Alderman Trecothick "re-pewed" it, and no doubt his taste would have seemed very queer according to our notions. Hone, in the article to which I have already made reference, expresses his disgust that the parish church of the Archbishop of Canterbury should be in such a disgraceful condition. Archbishop Howley made it neat and decent, but bestowed no ornament upon it. His widow certainly took care to erect plenty of memorials to him. Besides his arms and initials over the porch there are three inscriptions to him inside, one in Latin, two in English. In the chancel there *was* an altar-tomb with his effigy by Westmacott upon it. But Mrs. Howley coming to the opinion that it was lost in the little church had the effigy removed to Canterbury Cathedral, where visitors will remember it; and the place left vacant on the original tomb was filled with a carved cushion, on which lies an open Bible,

on which again is a large cross. Altogether a patched-up affair.

As Howley left the church it remained until 1874. One improvement had been effected by him in the appointment of an incumbent, resident not actually in the village but close by, namely, at Shirley, where he was also vicar. For many years he bestowed loving care upon the two villages. His predecessor had come from a long distance just for the Sunday, and when he was sober enough had given them one service. The new incumbent loved the little church and made the churchyard what it has remained ever since—one of the most beautiful in England. In 1867, finding himself growing in years, he wished to keep to Shirley alone, and by Longley's exertions a vicarage-house was built and a new vicar appointed. Meanwhile the church was not large enough. When the archbishop's family were all seated there were not fifty seats left for the poor, and so in 1874 the church was enlarged under the auspices of the late Primate. It is now a very pretty church, though the peculiar decoration of the east end is matter of taste. The loving care of friends has filled it with memorials of the departed.

Of the Leigh, the Trecothick, and the archiepiscopal monuments I have already spoken.

There used to be a stone on the floor close to the door which I always regarded with affectionate respect. It had a Latin inscription, of which this is the translation, "In the hope of the day of refflourishing, lies covered in this earth Frances, wife of James Lesley, Vicar of this church. She died on the xth of August, the third day after childbirth, 1633. Sown in corruption, raised in incorruption." At the bottom of this stone there was the matrix of a vanished brass, which, however, existed in the time of Aubrey (1713), for he gives the inscription on it: "I believe that with these mine eyes I shall to my comfort shortly see my Redeemer in the land

of the living." The same writer mentions a tradition current in his time that the bereaved husband never trod on this stone on entering the church, but always stepped on one side of it. As a general rule I did the same in respect for a predecessor's memory. And when the church was enlarged and improved a few years since, and I came to look and be delighted by the sight, I confess that it gave me some sorrow to find that this stone had been removed. In fact, after some search, I found that it had been turned into a sort of hearth-stone for the warming apparatus outside, and I fear by this time the inscription will have become trodden out. One other memorial deserves a passing notice. It is an epitaph in what Johnson calls the "metaphysical" style at the foot of a black marble stone on the floor, to one Henry Kynnersley, merchant of London, who died in 1647 at the age of eighty—

"Com, Reader weepe; under this stone doth lye  
The age of man, the growth of pietie.  
Adam he might be called, and 'tis most true  
In yeaeres he was the old, in grace the new;  
Who by his long good life a signe did give  
That to Eternitie he was to live."

This paper will not be complete in my eyes without mention of a tremendous storm which happened at Addington on the 2nd of May, 1815. The memories of it were strong and plentiful a few years ago, but ten years makes a mighty difference in such a case. The reader will see an account of it, however, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and I found a dozen more in the Library of the British Museum. A furious storm of thunder and lightning came on in the afternoon and lasted for two hours. But in the midst of it a black cloud which passed over the village suddenly burst over "Fickles hole," a couple of miles or so beyond Castle Hill, and discharged an overwhelming flood of waters, which rushed down through a ravine into the village, in a torrent

which carried away a house and barn, drowned many cows and other animals, tore down the churchyard wall, and removed several tombstones out of their places. For days the village was a swamp. A heap of timber lying by the little inn was floated for a mile and a half, into the next village in fact. In the inn itself the flood, bursting into the cellars, floated some casks, which, being carried with mighty force upwards, broke up the floor above them. The landlady's daughter, a child in arms, was in a barn, whither the nurse-girl had fled for shelter; the girl clambered up into a waggon, and thence on to the tie-beam of the roof, and there stayed till she was rescued. The fact is mentioned in the *Morning Chronicle* of the time. The child so rescued became a grey-haired old lady (she died five years ago), and told me herself of the part she thus unwittingly played. But one ludicrous episode was this: An old fellow who used to mend the roads told me that he was at the time a stud-groom at a house near Fickles hole, and when the waterspout fell his master told him to ride down at once into the village and tell the people of the danger. He might as well have told him to catch a comet. Almost by the time he was well in the saddle the village was some five feet under water. "Do you remember the great storm?" I said to the old inhabitant I have before quoted. "I should think I did," was her reply. "It was on a Tuesday afternoon" (I found her memory was correct), "and I went down to church on the Sunday afterwards and the hailstones on the hill were lying as big as hazel-nuts still." And she proceeded to tell sundry anecdotes of people who now are nearly all gone.

And let not just one word be unsaid concerning Henry Smith, alderman of London, who died in 1627, and whose stately monument I have seen in Wandsworth Church. He was very

rich, and, according to a current tradition, which Miss Yonge accepts as genuine,<sup>1</sup> he determined to find out whether he was caressed for his own sake or his money's. So he put on a beggar's weeds and went on foot through the county of Surrey, accompanied only by a dog as companion. On the whole he was satisfied, and bequeathed a legacy to every village in Surrey but two. Addington gets a pound a year. Two villages however, were hard upon him. At one he was whipped at the cart's tail, at another he was roughly informed that "they wanted no lousy knaves there." So to the one village he left enough to buy them a cart-whip, to the other money to buy a small tooth comb. A picture on one of the windows of Lambeth Church displays a man and a dog and they are commonly reported to be the eccentric Alderman Smith and his companion. But others declare that it is a fragment from a larger window, and that they represent Tobit and his dog. His grand bequest to Lambeth poor belongs to the history of that parish rather than to this.

There is much which I have been obliged to leave unnoticed, including some quaint inscriptions in the churchyard, and some monastic records, for the Crusaders' manor had close connection with the Priory of St. Mary Overy, Southwark. I hope I have said enough to show how even a village may be made to illustrate history. Addington village, indeed has exceptional interest. There are many there whom God has blessed with means, who have made it a very delightful village, and I turn my eye once more lovingly to a spot hallowed by a thousand beautiful and holy recollections.

W. BENHAM.

<sup>1</sup> In the Christmas number of the *Monthly Packet* for 1881.

"HOME RULE UNDER THE ROMAN EMPIRE."<sup>1</sup>

A NOTE.

No one who read Mr. G. T. Stokes's article on "Home Rule under the Roman Empire" can have failed to find it remarkably interesting. He takes us into regions which are unknown, as far as any first-hand knowledge is concerned, to most students of classical literature. For, indeed, the charge which he brings against "our professors of Latin and Greek," that "they have refused to look at the writers of the later empire," is for the most part true, as regards the fact, though scarcely as regards the motive which he suggests. It is not because we are "afraid of spoiling our style" that we are content to know the writers of the Augustan history only as they are quoted in the pages of Gibbon. Suetonius, indeed, who seems somewhat out of place in Mr. Stokes's list, must be excepted. Every one who "professes" Latin must be presumed to have read at least the "*Lives of the Cæsars*." As to the rest, it is not our "purism," but the exigences of the academical system that constrain us. We are compelled to devote our attention to the books which our hearers are compelled to read. It may be affirmed, without fear of contradiction, that a course of lectures on Ammianus Marcellinus, or Vopiscus, would not attract a single auditor. But, while confessing to the very scantiest acquaintance with the writers whom Mr. Stokes mostly quotes, I must take leave to doubt whether he has found anything which justifies the very startling title of his article. The strongest passage which he brings forward in support of

his theory is that from Strabo which describes the powers of the Lycian General Assembly. The statement that it "appointed public tribunals for the administration of justice" is undoubtedly important, but its importance depends upon the jurisdiction of these tribunals, a matter of which we know little or nothing. Nearly as much may be said of every municipality in England, and quite as much of the city of London, which, however, can hardly be affirmed to enjoy "Home Rule." When, again, Strabo says that "each of the large cities commands three votes, those of intermediate importance two, and the rest one, they contribute in the same proportion to taxes and other public charges," it is scarcely safe to infer from his words that the assembly had "the power of levying taxes." A more natural interpretation would be that representation was in proportion to taxation; i.e., that the relative importance of the cities, entitling them to one, two, or three votes respectively, was determined by the amount of the taxes which they paid. The quotation, again, from the Thorigny tablet tells us nothing new. The Gallic parliament doubtless had the "power of instituting prosecutions against unjust governors." Such a power, vested in a more or less regular assembly, had always existed in every province. It was only by the formally expressed consent of the provincials that an ex-governor could be impeached at Rome. Thus Cicero was authorised to prosecute Verres by the almost unanimous vote of the deputies of Sicilian cities, two only, the representatives of Syracuse and Messana, dissenting.

<sup>1</sup> The references are to Gierig's edition of Pliny's *Epistles* (Leipsic, 1805).



Generally, to judge from Mr. Stokes's own quotations—and we may presume that he has selected the passages that told most strongly in favour of his views—it is difficult to see anything political in the functions of the provincial councils, assemblies, or senates of which he speaks. That they were bodies of some dignity and importance may be readily allowed, but it is tolerably clear that their duties and powers referred mainly, if not entirely, to religious and social matters. The supposition that the provinces of Asia Minor, where Mr. Stokes finds that the "system of self-government" found its largest development, enjoyed "Home Rule" in anything like the sense in which the Australian colonies or the Dominion of Canada enjoy it, is not only unsupported by evidence, but is actually contradicted by the evidence which we have. For we happen to have some evidence bearing directly on the matter, and that supplied by an author who is well known even to "professors of Greek and Latin"—the younger Pliny. The letters written by Pliny, when he was governor of Bithynia, to the Emperor Trajan, make it abundantly clear that that province (where nevertheless there were Bithyniarchs, just as there were Asiarchs in Asia) had not anything like as much self-government as an English county.

In one of his earliest letters, Pliny informs the Emperor that he has been investigating the financial affairs of Prusa, and in the next he asks, on behalf of the inhabitants of that town, the Emperor's sanction for the erection of a new bath in place of the "mean and old-fashioned" building which they already possessed. In Ep. 33 he deals with similar subjects. The city of Nicæa had spent more than eighty thousand pounds on an amphitheatre; but the building was unfinished and already showing signs of decay. It was also building a gymnasium of very doubtful stability. The people of Claudiopolis again were

"digging out rather than building" a bath in a very injudiciously chosen situation. Pliny asks the Emperor to send an architect from Rome who should advise whether these buildings should be finished as best they could, or abandoned without further expenditure. Trajan's rescript does not hint that the governor was interfering with matters which ought to be left to the discretion of the provincials. On the contrary, it leaves the decision of the question to him. (To be quite exact, Pliny is to *decide* about the theatre at Nicæa, and to *advise* in the matter of the bath at Claudiopolis.) The bath, it is interesting to observe, was being built out of the entrance fees of senators nominated by the Emperor ("*additi beneficio tuo*"). It is clear that there was not much of "Home Rule" at Claudiopolis.

The next letter and the answer which it drew forth from the Emperor are very significant. A destructive fire, writes Pliny, had occurred at Nicomedia. Many private houses and two of the public buildings of the city had perished. But the loss would have been less had it not been for the indifference of the people who watched the conflagration without attempting to check it, and for the lack of all apparatus for the extinguishing of fire. Not a single engine or even bucket could be got. The apparatus the governor had taken it upon himself to order; but he wants further to establish a fire brigade. This "college" was to consist strictly of workmen, and was to be limited to the number of one hundred and fifty. Every precaution would be taken that it should not use the privilege of association for any other purpose than that for which it had been instituted. This request Trajan refuses. The Bithynian cities, he says, had been troubled by the violence of factions. Whatever name might be given to these associations, experience showed that they invariably became secret societies (*hetæriæ*). Pliny was to content himself with providing the apparatus and

instructing the owners of property to provide against the spread of fires in the future. In case of need the population of the city might be summoned to help.

Ep. 47 and its answer refer again to Nicomedia. Two aqueducts had been commenced and left unfinished; the city was still without water. Pliny wants a water engineer (*aquilex*) or architect to be sent from Rome who should assist in supplying this want. The Emperor approves. The governor is to use all energy in completing so necessary a work; but he is to be equally energetic in discovering who was to blame for so great a waste of public money, and was to communicate the result of his inquiries to the Emperor.

Ep. 53 introduces us to a city which certainly possesses some vestige of independence. Pliny had visited Apamea and expressed a desire to inspect its accounts, making himself acquainted with the particulars of its loan investments, its revenue, and its expenditure. Apamea, it should be stated, was a colony. The inhabitants replied that they were unanimous in desiring the inspection proposed, but that it was their privilege, a privilege of very old standing, to manage their own affairs. None of the governor's predecessors had interfered with them. Pliny writes to the Emperor that he had required them to state their claim and the authorities on which they relied for its support in a memorial. This memorial, though most of it was irrelevant to the question at issue, he appends to his letter. The Emperor's reply allows the claim, concluding with these words:—"We must make a proper return to the honesty of these people. Let them know therefore at once that when you inspect their accounts you do it by my desire and without prejudice to the privilege which they possess." We may venture to conjecture that privileges which were so languidly maintained would soon fall into abeyance. But however this may be, we could scarcely find a

better instance of the maxim that "the exception proves the rule." The right of exemption from an inspection of accounts, which must have been much the same as that exercised by own own Local Government Board, is evidently new to the experience of the new governor, who is unwilling to allow it till it receives the sanction of the Emperor.

How closely these accounts were scrutinised, and how inconsistent with anything like "Home Rule" was the strict control exercised over them, is evident from Ep. 57. Pliny has been examining the public accounts of Byzantium, and has discovered two items of expenditure which he thinks might be advantageously retrenched. The State had been in the habit of sending annually an envoy with a vote of congratulation to the Emperor. This envoy had received about ninety pounds for his expenses. To another official who had conveyed the greeting of the State to the Governor of Mœsia a third of this sum had been allowed. The Emperor's answer accepts both suggestions. The vote was to be forwarded by the Pro-prætor of Bithynia, while the governor of Mœsia would excuse the omission of an expensive compliment.

Another letter (63) dealing with financial matters is so significant as to be worth quoting. Pliny is very much perplexed what to do with the public money in his hands. There were very few opportunities of investing it in real property, while loans could not be placed because private lenders were content with an interest smaller than the fixed government rate. He proposes a reduction in the rate; and suggests that, should this fail of effect, persons holding the rank of senator should be compelled to take the money and do the best they could with it. There could have been little independence in a province where such a measure could have occurred to a governor, especially to one so manifestly disposed to do justice to the provincials as was Pliny.

In Ep. 92 we find, at last, something like Home Rule. Amisus, a "free and allied" city, was anxious to establish what may be called a benefit society (*eranus*). The Emperor's rescript puts the whole matter quite clearly. It runs as follows:—

"As for the people of Amisus, whose memorial you have appended to your letter, if it is permitted by their laws, laws which they enjoy in right of treaty, to have benefit clubs, we find it possible to oppose no hindrance to their having them; and this the more easily if they employ these contributions, not for turbulent and unlawful gatherings, but for assisting the scanty means of the poorer citizens. *In the other cities, which are bound by our laws, anything of the kind is to be forbidden.*"

The sentence which I have italicised seems wholly inconsistent with the contention of Mr. Stokes's article, so far, at least, as Bithynia is concerned.

Other quotations might be made from this interesting correspondence, showing that the Roman rule, at any rate, in this part of Asia Minor, was certainly a "centralised despotism." I know of nothing, beyond what has

been given in this article, that tends the other way. We see local senates indeed, but some, at least, of their members are nominees of the Emperor, and they do not possess the power of the municipal councils in our English towns. It is possible, indeed, that Pliny was an exceptionally diligent governor as Trajan was certainly an exceptionally able emperor. And it is easy to imagine that with a governor only anxious to enrich himself, and an indifferent emperor, a mere voluptuary like Commodus or a mere soldier like Aurelian, the central power became feeble and intermittent. We find, in fact, that such had been the case in Bithynia before Pliny's arrival. But the most direct evidence that we possess seems to show that the *principle* of the Empire, as established by Augustus, and carried out by the ablest of his successors, was centralisation, not local self-government, much less the virtual independence which we know by the name of Home Rule.

ALFRED CHURCH.

## THE HUMOROUS IN LITERATURE.

Was Hamlet a fluke? Is the highest attainment possible to the human intellect "to roll joyously about on a dung-hill, thinking no evil?" as was said of Rabelais. Is all consciousness and intention fatal to the highest literature? and is design, driven from theology, to be allowed no resting-place in letters either? Is the quality we call humour the only salt that will keep the memory of a writer fresh for centuries? and, if so, what are the essentials of this surprising quality? Who are the masters in the science of it? Who is the chief priest of its ritual? Is it another name for human life, or is it something apart and partial? Is it a modern faculty and of recent birth, or has mankind always possessed and valued it? Had Shakespeare humour? What was the origin of the word? Did it originate with the surgeons? Did . . . but—Have you any more questions? the startled reader may reasonably ask; and seeing that we may never be able to answer those already propounded, it may be as well, at least for the present, not to ask any more.

Some people probably would make very short work of some of these questions. It is *not* the highest result of the intellect to roll about on a dung-hill, joyously or otherwise. Humour is *not* human life, but only a certain aspect of it, and that not a very elevated one. If I believed this last assertion I should not go on with this paper, but if the sources of this word lie so deep in the realities of life that the highest genius cannot exist without the recognition of its meaning; if, as the race grows more intellectual, it may be expected to grow more sensitive to the influence of this

quality, though its power of achieving it may possibly become less, then it may be worth while to try to clear our minds a little concerning this word, and to settle to our own satisfaction, if possible, what we mean by it.

For it would seem that beneath the masque of the comic actor lie the issues of great controversies, and that the opponents have recognised in the jester's laugh the truest test of what lies at the root of human existence. On the one hand we are asked lugubriously<sup>1</sup> "whether the greatest men," those of deepest and widest outlook—Sophocles, Dante, Shakespeare, Beethoven—have found the world a merry place, or "have been much pleased with life?" No one is so, we are charitably informed, but "children and grown-up children, some of the selfish rich, and a few peculiarly happy natures." On the other hand we hear, "if the great humorist Circumstance proves to be so fond of fun, he must be a benevolent king, and therefore all is well;" we have nothing to do but roll joyously about upon our dung-hill. Can it be that Touchstone's motley garb is the emblem of a solution which will deliver us from these extremes—for extremes are always wrong?

Have men always possessed and valued the quality of humour, and how long have they called it by this word? I have some difficulty in deciding which of these questions to take first, they are both so important. The word is yet scarcely fitted to the quality, yet if the latter be such as we believe it to be, it must have been

<sup>1</sup> *Macmillan's Magazine*,] December, 1882, p. 159.

the most ancient possession of the race. I think we shall find it such, for the humour of Aristophanes is as pure as that of later days and runs upon the same lines—man's folly and far-reaching thought, his littleness and his lofty dreams, his weakness and his power. In the *Plutus* is the germ of Don Quixote and Sancho. In the *Birds* and *Frogs*, human life is played with, amid graceful rhythm and music, with as delicate and genial a touch as Addison's, and with a melody as perfect as Mr. Matthew Arnold's. Much the same may be said for Terence, but the distinguishing quality is not so marked; it is more of the unconscious sort; nor is the medium so delicate and graceful; for it does not follow that because man had not yet learnt to use the word, that there was not even then conscious and unconscious humour.

Now, I think, we must go back again to our first question—Was Hamlet a fluke? for this brings us at once face to face with a question which we must answer—Is genius conscious or unconscious? Speaking of *Werther*, Goethe said that there was an old prejudice that a book must have a didactic purpose; "a true exhibition of life," he says, "has no such purpose. It neither justifies nor blames, but unfolds ideas and actions in their relations, and thereby teaches and enlightens." In other words, is genius so infinite that intention is contrary to its nature and shows that it is not genius? or, to put it another way, human life is so infinite in its incongruities, in its pathos, in its meanings, and its hopes, that to describe it with the intention and puny vision of a finite being is to destroy its infiniteness and to confuse its delicate lines; whereas, if the artist copies unconsciously the life which is about and before him, he cannot err—the lesson must be read aright.

If this be so, then, the paltriest fact of human existence, the stupidest life of the veriest clown, is more pregnant

of truth, more full of teaching, than the maturest thought of the greatest genius, and we cannot shrink from the climax reached in the modern paradox—that the humour of Cervantes, which has to do largely with the unseen and the divine, is *terrene*, while that of Sterne, which never recognises aught save the exigences of the moment—including an insistent exigence called Death—is derived from the eternal order of things.

But may we not oppose to this brilliant theory, with some show of reason, that intention is necessary to art; that if life be a lesson so easily read by him that runs, wherein is the advantage of letters at all? The careless do not read the lesson of life; it is the function of the true artist, whom we take to be the humorist, to point the moral, and we say that by the manner in which he does so he shows his skill.

The greatest genius, *qua* genius, that ever wrote, undoubtedly lends a vast support to the theory which I am opposing. Indeed it would probably never have been propounded had Shakespeare never lived; for in Shakespeare we find neither consciousness nor intention, nothing but life in infinite variety, fed from the well-springs of human feeling, and ruled by the inevitable forces that keep the issues of life and death. That, when he began *Hamlet*, Shakespeare had no intention of doing more than dramatising a bald story out of Saxo Grammaticus, is probably true; but it surely is a poor compliment to creative genius to assert that it is too stupid to understand a character as it grows under its touch. It will be admitted, I think, by those who have attempted such things, that the most delightful part of their experience is the way in which characters do grow and develop, as it seems, independently of the author. They form their own story, and pursue their own course; but is the author the only person concerned who is not allowed to see this? *Hamlet* became a

lesson for all time because Shakespeare, having set himself to write a story with a tragic ending, had the sense to let his character work itself out upon those lines, and those alone, which lead to tragic issues. "It is a text," says Dr. Gervinus, "from true life, and therefore a mine of the profoundest wisdom." That Shakespeare understood the character of Hamlet, and also that such meaning grew upon him, we seem to have positive proof, from the additions which he afterwards made to the first cast of the play; every one of which, as Dr. Gervinus also says, "assist to a more true understanding of the piece."

But whatever we may say of *Hamlet*, it is certain that the *Quixote* was not a fluke. The one thing which in this, the great masterpiece of humour, is kept before the reader from the first page to the last, is the nobility of this crazed Spanish gentleman, and, what is more, the humour is not only recognised by the author, it is perceived by the characters themselves, as, in real life, people understand the humour of the situation. With an exquisite truth all the *gentlemen* are made to recognise it. There is not a gentleman in the book but, the moment he comes across Don Quixote, recognises not only his worth but the humour of his craze. "Para aquellos que la tenian del humor de Don Quixote era todo esto materia de grandissima risa." "For all those who understood the humour of Don Quixote all this was a matter of infinite laughter." And even those who were not gentlemen, but who as servants were accustomed to associate with gentlemen, saw it. "If this be not a concerted jest," said one of the servants of Don Lewis, "I cannot persuade myself that men of such good understanding as all these are or seem to be, can venture to affirm" such things. The crass stupidity which talked of "laughing Spain's chivalry away," has been, I should hope, sufficiently exposed. On the contrary,

"most of his hearers being gentlemen, to whom the use of arms properly belongs, they listened to him gladly." "Antes como todos los mas eran Cavalleros, á quien son anexas las armas, le escuchavan de muy buena gana."

I do not contend that Cervantes realised the full extent of his conception, to do so would have been to limit its applicability. He could not, for instance, see the force of the allegory, which grows in import and truth as the years go on, which underlies the story of the liberation of the galley slaves, and it is possible that he may have been unaware of the perfect ending of the whole matter which his genius led him to adopt. He may have pandered to what he supposed was the popular opinion of his hero by making him die repentant and false to the ideal of his life; but by doing so he did but point with supreme force the allegory and lesson of his wonderful book. Whatever Cervantes may not have intended, or have been conscious of, it is certain that he intended to point out the incongruity of human existence—the contrast of man's highest aspirations with his possibilities—and not, as has been asserted, his "ludicrous futility in his relations to his fellow man." Man is not futile in such relations; he is most helpful and competent. It is when he comes into contact with the "universal harmony" that the futility manifests itself. From the first the *Quixote* has been read from these different points of view; is it possible that some inquiry into the origin of the faculty of humour will enable us to reconcile them?

The word must have had its birth in Europe, for we have seen that Cervantes uses it in precisely the same sense that Ben Jonson understands by it.

What does the author of *Every Man out of his Humour* say?—

"Why, Humour . . . we thus define it  
To be a quality of ayre or water  
And in itself holds these two qualities

Moisture and fluxure: as, for demonstration,  
Powre water on this floor, 'twill wet and  
run

Likewise the ayre (forc't through a horn, or  
trumpet)

Floues instantly away, and leaves behind  
A kind of dew; and hence we may conclude  
That whatsoe'er hath fluxure, and humiditie,  
As wanting power to contain itself  
Is Humour. So in every humane body  
The Choller, melancholy, flegme, and blood,  
By reason that they flow continually  
In some one part, and are not continent,  
Receive the name of humours. Now thus  
far

It may, by metaphor, apply itself  
Unto the general disposition:  
As when some one peculiar quality  
Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw  
All his affects, his spirits, and his powers,  
In their confluxions, all to run one way,  
This may be truly said to be a Humour."

No inkling of the modern sense here.  
Asper, further on, says—

"I go

To turn an actor, and a Humorist;"

but he means nothing more than that  
he will represent the humours of  
other men. He charges indeed—

... "these ignorant well-spoken days  
with

"abuse of this word Humour;"

so that—

... "if an Idiot  
Have but an apish, or phantastic strain,  
It is his Humour."

And it may be possible to find a germ  
of future growth in these last words,  
for these quotations seem to me of  
chief value as pointing out that the  
condition of true humorous thought is  
individuality.

This assertion receives confirmation  
from the time when humour began to  
be consciously talked of, especially in  
Italy, where Cervantes had lived.

In the middle ages, life was too  
serious for the individual to grow.  
Thought was epic; its theme was  
man's greatness, rather than his  
littleness. It occupied itself with  
those qualities in which he resembles  
the gods, not with those in which he  
resembles nothing save a creature as

complex as himself, if such there be.  
In an age of great ideals the individual  
is crushed: where all men are of one  
mind there is no room for humorous  
eccentricity. The surroundings are  
stern and oppressive, and the result is  
a simple character and singleness of  
eye. The force which was afterwards  
developed as humour acted in other  
ways. It spoke out in the arising of  
chivalry. Europe was regenerated by  
the enthusiasm for women which was  
a passion, a humour, of the Germanic  
tribes. This vital force was over-  
powered by superstition and the priest-  
hood, and once again it broke out, in  
very different form, in the Renaissance.  
There is always this blessed quality in  
superstition—it stupefies itself. Life  
is crippled, defaced, caricatured, a  
mere torso of humanity as in *Rabelais*.  
Then superstition loses its power, and  
life breaks out once more. The Renais-  
sance was a peculiar manifestation  
of this force: its ideal was humanity,  
it developed a new science, humanism,  
and it culminated in humour.

Human life became individual at  
the Renaissance, for it was then that  
man began to realise the certainties  
of his state and dwelling-place. To  
this sympathy with, and understand-  
ing of, humanity as it is, was added  
an inheritance which the classic times  
knew nothing of—the lurid glow of  
the infinite—a world of emotion and  
of hope, and of unspeakable possi-  
bilities. Men could not forget alto-  
gether the ideals of the past centuries.  
When this new force—this principle  
of humanism—awoke, with new-born  
delight, in a world of colour and  
of form and the recollections of  
the old humanity, it found itself  
also in contact with these awful  
realities, these great beliefs, which  
once conceived could never be for-  
gotten. Then humanity was seen for  
the first time in relation to its  
eternal environment, the unswerving  
realities of existence by which it is  
conditioned; humanity as complete as  
in the pagan times—the eternal

existences as the pagan never saw them. The antithesis was complete, the incongruities of life flashed upon the human consciousness, and humour became a conscious faculty of the brain.

This great brain-wave passed over into England, where the vibration of its note found strings of perfect accord. The sadness and melancholy of the English humour, vivified and warmed by this brilliant sunbreak from the lands of colour and of pleasure, formed a setting of surpassing mellowness, and elevated and purified the wildness and license of the original birth into a work of perfect, if fantastic, tone. There is something of wonderful grace in this development of the Renaissance spirit in the Shakesperian drama. In Jacques and Touchstone—in *Love's Labour's Lost*, and in Olivia and the Duke in *Twelfth Night*, there is something of Italian courtliness, mingling with the sad rough phlegm of the English humour, which is peculiarly charming and very curious, especially when found in Shakespeare, usually so reckless in projecting the habits and thought of England into all countries and times. The mere masques and pantomimes which, in the preceding reigns, had wandered over into England by the medium of the French wars, culminate here, in the Elizabethan culture, in this combination of perfect humour, wherein

"The wise man's folly is anatomised  
Even by the squand'ring glances of the fool."

But our insular dulness was too gross. The English genius kept the humour, but, except for a moment in Addison, lost the grace. The superiority of the English genius, however, is shown by comparing this combination, while it lasted, with the humour of Scarron and Le Sage. The nearest approach to it in these latter writers will be found, I think, in *Le Diable Boiteux*, elevated and relieved as this admirable picture of a great city is,

by the beautiful story of the Count de Belfleur.

I have said that the English genius kept the humour while losing the grace. That it did so was greatly owing to peculiar circumstances which favoured the culture of individual character. As in the middle ages, the individual had little scope, so in modern centralisation it is again lost. It is, therefore, in the period between these two epochs that we must look for humour, and accordingly it is here, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, that we shall find it. The last century was particularly fertile in individual character among all classes of the people. Village life was peculiarly productive of it. The difficulty of locomotion kept people in one place, and undisturbed by constant contact from without, the individual had time and room to expand and grow. Newspapers were unknown, and all men's minds were not modelled into one fashion every morning by the newspaper train. The clergy, the doctors, and many of the gentry, inhabiting the innumerable manor houses and parsonages that covered the land, carried with them a quaint and original scholarship from universities as yet innocent of the degree grinding-mill. The distinction of classes was much less marked than at present. Domestic service was a friendly and intimate relation. The village lad was constantly rising to the university, by the aid of twenty pounds from the squire. A two days' journey by stage or on horseback was an education in life, with its constant change of companionship, and its study of character. In the villages, and in cathedral and market towns, all classes lived side by side in friendly and mutual help, and the smiling plenty of the land—rivers abounding with fish and coverts with game—which as yet no absorbing central markets tore ruthlessly from the dwellers on the soil, a smokeless sky, and ample leisure, mellowed the



human mind, and disposed it towards a genial and gay esteem of life—a striking characteristic of the old civilisation, most inadequately replaced by the tyrannous chatter of to-day.

This village life, with its plenty, its humorous instinct, and its genial neighbourliness is well seen in Sterne, and has been well depicted by the late Lord Lytton, and by one, who, within the lines which he set himself, and which he never overpassed, was perhaps the most perfect humorist that ever wrote—Washington Irving. In Hone's *Table Book*<sup>1</sup> there is a sketch of a city worthy, written by Hone himself, but which would do credit to Charles Lamb, which illustrates with distinctness what a fertile source of humour this individuality of character was, and how with such examples around him the humoristic writer naturally grew into existence, and found materials ready to his hand.

The whole nation, familiar with this life, recognised the Shandean humour as true, and it was continued in English literature. Curious and graphic examples of it are to be found, even to a late date, in *Poor Robin's Almanack*, which, started, as is said, by the poet Herrick, himself no mean humorist, was for more than a century the most original of its brethren. But Sterne's humour was only developed by this life; Don Quixote, Sir Roger de Coverley, and Uncle Toby are, alike, the offspring of it. They all correspond to this highest mark of the humorous character—perfection in itself—the ridiculous and pathetic blended into one. It is not enough to depict a ludicrous character and side by side with it, a pathetic. This is the work of the dramatist but not of the humorist. It must be admitted, I think, that the humour of the *Spectator* is mostly of this character. The effect is produced by the alternation of grave and lively papers, now a lively letter from a rake, then

a discourse upon immortality, but in Sir Roger the two are united, as far as each goes, as much as in the highest effort of humorous writing. Sir Roger is, in fact, a mild reproduction of Don Quixote.

Let us turn back in recollection over the pages of the *Spectator*, and see with what a magic touch Mr. Addison brings the world of English life, both of city and country, before us. Mr. Thackeray does not, I venture to think, rise to the full estimate of Addison's work.

"It is as a tatler of small talk that we love him," he says, and "as a spectator of mankind." The last is surely true, but is the first? Addison's talk is never small; his lightest touch in the description of the slightest fop, has as deep a meaning as his paper upon Westminster Abbey. "In Addison's kind court only minor cases are tried." Indeed! I should have thought that was a "hanging assize" in which the foul plays were lashed with a withering sarcasm. Addison's humour was permeated with intention and purpose, and with insight into the whole of life.

It is here that he rises immeasurably above Fielding, and here, I think, we again gain a clear insight into the real facts of the unconscious theory with respect to genius. The theory contains much truth, as we have seen, but the chances are that such writers as Fielding are unconscious, because they only see, and can therefore only describe, part of life. *Tom Jones* is nature, but, as Addison said, "nature in its lowest form." Fielding has always gained by being contrasted only with Richardson, and by being opposed by him. Addison was dead; it was fortunate for Fielding that the rapier was rusted, and the skilled hand cold.

Miss Martineau speaks graphically somewhere, of an "upright manhood following upon a gallant youth" and Sir Richard Steele, in the *Spectator*, says "a man that is temperate, gene-

<sup>1</sup> Vol. ii. p. 446, ed. 1830.

rous, valiant, chaste, faithful, and honest may at the same time have wit, humour, mirth, good-breeding, and gallantry. While he exerts these latter qualities [for the purpose, Sir Richard means, of filling an agreeable part in play or tale] twenty occasions might be invented to show that he is master of the other noble virtues. Such characters would smite and improve the heart of a man of sense when he is given up to his pleasures." Rather a different ideal this, to the handsome booby, devoid of intellect and of every conceivable virtue, save a certain stupidity which prevents his being a hypocrite, who drags his tedious and dirty steps through a slough of coarseness and filth. That Fielding could do better, he proved in the character of Amelia, where we get that most exquisite sight—the purity which walks unspotted through evil of every kind.

It has been well pointed out that this contrast forms the *raison d'être* of the obscene in humour.<sup>1</sup> "It arises from an acute apprehension of this great and eternal incongruity of man's existence—the conflict of a spiritual nature, and such aspirations as man's, with conditions entirely physical, and perhaps the only truly philosophical definition of the word 'indecent' would be this, 'a painful and shocking contrast of man's spiritual with his physical nature.'" Very true! but in order to have this contrast, we must surely have both sides represented in something like equal proportion, and it is worthy of notice that Richard Steele, who may be supposed to have known something about the matter, charges the playwright with being obscene merely because his wit and invention fails. Mr. Traill, one of the charms of whose brilliant monograph is impartiality, will admit that this charge is sometimes true of Sterne.

The *Spectator* shirks no evil—the fopling, the rake, the coquette, the

<sup>1</sup> Article on "English Men of Letters—Sterne," *Athenæum*, Nov. 18, 1882.

fallen seamstress, the stage at its lowest depths. Old London rises before us with all the sin and all the charm of city life—when cities were inhabited—that life and that humour which Charles Lamb so loved. A few months before his death he writes:—"On Wednesday I was a-gadding, Mary gave me a holiday, and I set off to Snow-hill. From Snow-hill I deliberately was marching down with noble Holborn before me, forming in mental cogitation a map of the dear London in prospect, thinking to traverse Wardour Street, &c., when diabolically . . ." In this love of city life, of this weakness and this purity, all humorists indeed are alike—the realities of life, the petty details, the daily paltriness, the soil and tarnish, the glitter and the taint, the serpent trail even—if these be not the field of humour, then humorists have been wrong.

I have already ventured to differ from Mr. Thackeray in his opinion of Addison. I have also to do so as to Pope and Swift. I fail to detect the slightest humour in Pope; indeed I have sometimes thought that Mr. Thackeray's lecture upon Pope must have been inspired by sly humour itself. How else can we account for his extraordinary enthusiasm for the concluding passage of the *Dunciad*? The artificial satire of Pope seems to be wit, and the savagery of Swift, satire illuminated by wit.

But Mr. Thackeray was not only a writer upon humour. He was the author of one book which will probably in the future stand among the few masterpieces of humour. I mean of course *Vanity Fair*. It would be grotesque to dwell upon the excellences of this great work—its life-painting, minute as a photograph yet warm and rounded with all the delicacy of colour, its crowded canvas, gay and bustling with movement, the reserved strength of its invective, the point of its irony, the power of its narrative, as in the scenes in Belgium, which never drops into mere narrative,

but constantly preserves the human character-play, so that it is not the author who narrates, but the real personages of the novel who act—the tremulous change from the comic to the pathetic, and the perfect tone of its pathos. The comic in Thackeray may sometimes drop into caricature as in the schoolmaster, the Rev. Lawrence Veal, but his pathos (unlike that of Dickens) invariably rings clear and true.

It has always seemed to me one of the greatest proofs of the power of this book, that it survived the most painful illustrations with which the author, with a distressing perversity, insisted upon ornamenting it. It is not only that they are badly drawn; they are utterly contrary to the conception which the author had formed of his own characters. The men are broken-down swindlers, the women impossible scarecrows.

But, while fascinated by the brilliancy of *Vanity Fair*, what we have to decide is whether, and in what, it falls short of the very highest perfection. I venture to think that it does so fall short, and that the reason is given on its title page. It is there called, "A Novel without a Hero." This seems to me to be precisely what it is, and what all Mr. Thackeray's work is; it lacks the ideal. The standard is low even for *Vanity Fair*, but curiously the story is not confined to *Vanity Fair*; if it were, the book would not be so great as it undoubtedly is. It presents life; it is conscious of the infinite, but it has no hero. Dobbin is unselfish and noble, but his ideal is Amelia. Constantly spooning after a foolish woman is not the end of existence, and that book which represents it as such cannot take the highest rank as a mirror of human life. Henry Esmond fails in a precisely similar way, but with even less excuse. He sacrifices himself and his country, almost his honour, to a wretched girl, who repeatedly jilts him. In both these lives, the result,

even when the coveted end is obtained, is declared by Mr. Thackeray to be vanity. Love even is vanity.

"The victor hours scorn  
The long result of love."

This is the lesson which Thackeray set himself to teach, with what struck even himself at last as a wearisome iteration, "All is vanity!" It is not true. Life is not vain. There is success before every man, if self-surrender, serenity of mind, and euthanasia be any test of success.

"If he who liveth, learning whence woes  
spring,  
Endureth patiently, striving to pay  
His utmost debt for ancient evil done  
In Love and Truth away ;

\* \* \*

"He dying—leaveth as the sum of him  
A life-count closed, whose ills are dead and  
quit,  
Whose good is quick and mighty, far and  
near,  
So that fruits follow it.

"No need hath such to live as ye name life :  
That which began in him when he began  
Is finished : he hath wrought the purpose  
through  
Of what did make him man."

—*Light of Asia.*

Thackeray's perfectly successful characters, Major Pendennis, Foker, Barnes Newcome, are all of this type, men without an ideal. George Warrington is perhaps the finest character he ever drew. Colonel Newcome may very fitly be compared to Sir Roger de Coverley. It is a perfectly beautiful creation, and did it occur in *Vanity Fair* would go far to perfect the book; but coming from Mr. Thackeray's pen, it can scarcely fail to strengthen the painful feeling suggested by his good women, that goodness is weak. None of Mr. Thackeray's good women are real; they are so unnaturally foolish. I shall gain no thanks by the assertion, so I make it without hesitation—that the heroine of the exquisite *Story of Elizabeth* is worth all the good women Mr. Thackeray ever drew; and the same may be said of Dolly in *Old Kensington*.

It is this presence of the ideal which perfects the masterpieces of German humour, the result of that outburst of intellectual development which began with Lessing. *Wilhelm Meister* is full of the ideal, so is *Werther* and the *Wahlverwandschaften*. "Here, as in a burial urn," wrote Goethe of this last, "many a sad experience is buried." Some may hesitate in applying the title of humorist to Goethe at all; but if it be humour to blend with surpassing skill into one life-piece the noble and the frivolous, the simple hearted and the sarcastic, the pure and the foul, then the genius which has given Philina in the same book that revealed the "secrets of a beautiful soul" ("fair Saint" as Carlyle has chosen to call her) which has created in the *dramatis personæ* of the *Lehrjahre*, a phantasmal and yet real world of marvellous variety, of gaiety and pathos, has surely conferred upon its possessor the right to be so called.

But it was reserved for Germany to produce in Jean Paul Richter the greatest and most perfect humorist, if we except the author of *Don Quixote*, that the world has yet seen. I doubt even whether Jean Paul does not surpass Cervantes in some respects. I am content to rest this assertion on the fantastic story of the friends Leibgeber, with their whimsical changes of identity and simulated deaths, which begins in *Siebenkäs*, and is completed in *Titan*. The story from the beginning is strangely touching, and full of the deepest humour; but when in *Titan* one of these friends, who now calls himself Schoppe, becomes, as is perhaps not to be wondered at, finally deranged; the psychological interest is intensified with a marvellous power of genius.

Schoppe's madness is of a different kind from that of Don Quixote, or of any enthusiast, and of a far more terrible kind. To the crazed brain of the Spanish gentleman nothing came amiss, nothing disturbed him. Giants might turn into windmills, ladies into peasant

girls, and their soft hands into hard cords, but this was only what might be expected to occur in the death struggle in which he was engaged with the powers of evil enchantment and guile. The madness of Schoppe is of that terrible kind which is recognised by its victim; and surely, in the whole range of literature, never has the terrible disease been so perfectly portrayed.

It has been said that the machinery of ventriloquism and jugglery (*diablerie* in fact) which is introduced into *Titan* impairs its beauty and does not help the development of character, but with this criticism I am quite unable to agree. These fantastic, but quite accountable appearances, the "father of death," the inflated figure carried up to heaven by gas, the complicated machinery which, at the fated moment, animates statues and "hearts without a breast," the Baldhead and his mad-house of wax figures, the forgotten burial-ground in the mystic gardens; all these are not only full of a grotesque humour, but actually exerted a powerful influence upon the characters of the romance. Events such as these which are laughable or childish to a self-contained mind, are productive of surprising and terrible results when seen through the medium of passion or of disordered intellect. At a certain period of incipient derangement, a very slight apparent violation of the expected and the known is unspeakably terrible, and may upset irrevocably the equilibrium of the mind. When the mind is struggling to retain its hold upon fact, and to do its duty, so to speak, to the real, there is a sense of unspeakable wrong and injustice when the real seems to change its nature and to cease to be depended upon. Were the earth as firm as adamant, he could not keep his step correctly; but when the earth shifts too, when by accident, or the fantastic action of other men, or by villainous design, nature seems to enter into the plot, what becomes of the wretch, then?

In Schoppe's case the psychological study is appallingly instructive. The man had chosen

"To vary from the kindly race of men,  
And pass beyond the goal of ordinance  
Where all should pause, as is most meet for  
all."

He had struggled forward after infinite reality beyond the point at which the human brain can maintain its steadiness on the dizzy ridge, and returned crazed and scared from the glance into the pit itself. He had despised the common realities among which man is meant to dwell; he had neglected nature's teaching, which is present in every mouthful of common food by which the brain is fed, and in consequence nothing is real to him. This is the most terrible form of insanity, when the sense of phantasm is present at every moment to the victim. He himself is phantasmal; he is not himself—somewhere among the festivals and village maidens, the pleasant meadows and moist hills and woods of his native land (that blessed sense of moisture which he can never feel), there is another and a happy being, his former self—his sane, his collected self—the self of former years, when love had not given place to irony, nor allowance to sarcasm; the self of boyhood and of youth, when those brilliant guides and thoughts of the mind were fresh and innocent, which have since led him such a wizard's satanic dance. But if he is not himself, *what then is he?* Ah, God! should he ever meet that other one, anywhere, face to face!

It is surely a most appropriate function of genial and kindly humour to point such a moral as this, but it can only be very seldom that a genius arises equal to the dual task. I incline to think that it will be found the most surprising fact in literature that the humorist who had such a childlike fanciful delight in sunshine and flowers, whose heart melted with

love to God and tenderness and sympathy at the sight of every living thing, to whom, not only the very beasts, but the most degraded and repulsive of his fellow-men were dear, could conceive and execute so elaborate and careful a study of a mental course so opposed to his own. It is not a sketch merely; Schoppe's whole life and conversation is before us, worked out in the fullest detail, and we trace step by step the downward course of a nature at the bottom genial and kindly, but whose very geniality is alienated by the want of such quality in others, to whom the sarcastic and the bitter has become the food and sustenance, not the corrective salt of the mind. With its grotesqueness, with its ludicrous side, with its terrific earnestness, with its ghastly terror, its laughter and its tears, this surely must be perfect humour if such can be found.

"Laughter and tears." This brings us back to the old definition of humour, and we begin to ask ourselves what this juxtaposition really means. We read of a certain incident, and we laugh—Why?—because the incident recalls a chain of associated ideas connected with laughter in past years. We read of another incident, or perhaps the same, and we weep—Why?—because the incident now recalls an association of ideas connected with the pleasing melancholy which results in tears. A delicate and high note is struck when laughter passes into tears; we recognise our own story; the comic, the commonplace, is touched, as it has been some time, surely, with all of us, by a divine emotion; the mystic chord is struck, which is peopled by a magic throng—the sunlit garden of childhood, the first ideal, the remembrance of the dead, the benign influences which stand within the portal, and the kindly ritual of the hearth.

I have said "the pleasing melancholy which results in tears," for we must decide what tears mean.

One of the greatest of poets, in a most often-quoted line, speaks of

"Thoughts which lie too deep for tears,"

And another, perhaps equally great, has called such tears as these "idle," though at the same moment he says that they spring from the

"Depths of some divine despair."

Let us think what we mean when we glibly quote these words. What are these things which "lie too deep for tears"?

One thing, indeed, we know—crushing sorrow—no man ever wept at that. No man ever wept at the apprehension that what was dearest to him would be taken away; nor did he weep even when it was so taken: and none ever wept under a still more terrible visitation, the misgiving at life's lesson, which is despair. The lady who could find no tears for the crushing blow which desolated her life, weeps at the sight of her infant child. For these crushing sorrows, either of our own or others, are, happily, not part of our daily lives, and have no chords of association connecting them with a happy past. They stand aside, like gaunt Erinyes, and our heart-strings feel no responsive tremor to their touch.

It would seem then that it is these thoughts which do *not* lie too deep for tears with which we have to do; and I think that we shall soon see how near akin is laughter to such genial beneficent tears. There are many kinds of laughter—the innocent laugh of the child, easily turned, by the by, to tears; the drunken laugh of the fool—and have we not heard of maudlin tears?—and the laugh of the cynic. In the same way there are different kinds of tears—tears of passion, tears of grief, tears of tenderness. All these have one source, association of idea; the sole difference is in the nature of the idea evoked.

It is a subject that would lead us

into discursive paths, but one thing seems pretty certain, that Cervantes' masterpiece, which, at its first appearance, was received with shrieks of laughter, will come in the end to be recognised as one of the saddest books ever written. Can it be possible, then, that the emotion which displays itself sometimes in laughter and sometimes in tears is, in fact, one and the same? When we think over various humorous scenes we begin to wonder where the laughter is. When Don Quixote, believing himself the victim of enchantment, sits steadily through the dark night upon his horse, whose hind legs Sancho has tied to a tree so that his master may not move forwards to confront the fearful unknown danger in front of them, you may look at the scene through Sancho's eyes even, and I think that on the whole the smile will be faint and the seriousness deep.

For the thoughts which move the nerves of laughter, also, the quality of association slightly changed, stir the source of tears. The incongruities of life, when first they strike the mental retina, have the effect of surprise and cause laughter, but, when familiar, are associated with ideas of tenderness which have lain long in deep remembrance. The idea of Don Quixote with his horse's legs tied, strikes the brain of one man as a ludicrous one. He has been accustomed to laugh at such things, the like ideas, as we say, tickle him; this tickling sensation and the consequent laughter are pleasant to him, therefore instinctively he repeats the process. To another man this self-same idea suggests other associations. He has been accustomed to view the realities of life, its incongruities and littlenesses, from the pathetic side, and to derive pleasure from so doing, and curiously this sort of pleasure, acting by association, does not produce laughter. The idea is conveyed to the sensorium as before, but instead of being transmitted thence

to the muscles of the mouth it is conveyed to the ducts of the eyes. In the far-off pre-historic age, tears, for some reason unknown to us, became the form by which sorrow was expressed, and consequently that sensibility—what we may call the nerve of tenderness, or what the last century would call the “tear of sensibility”—which realises thoughts akin to sorrow, takes the same course. “As I am a great lover of mankind,” says Mr. Addison, “my heart naturally overflows with pleasure at the sight of a prosperous and happy multitude, insomuch that at any public solemnities I cannot forbear expressing my joy, *with tears that have stolen down my cheeks.*”

These two perceptions of the ludicrous and pathetic, this sympathy with the passing joy of a people to whom sorrow is a familiar guest, is what we mean by perfect humour. It is the most delicate feeling we experience. It is laughter purified, gaiety refined into a joy of tenderness and peace and love—as we frequently observe a joyful cheerfulness among people who have known sorrow. For tenderness and sympathy, being the highest joy, take the same form of expression as the sorrow which is their source and sustenance; and so completely is this the case that it is scarcely an hyperbole to say that in a perfectly joyful world, there would be no such thing as joy.

There is still one question before us. If humour be what we have claimed for it, not mere farce but a depicting of the whole of human life, then we should expect that the highest literature should be found to contain it. We should expect to find it everywhere, that it should satisfy all that desire which a reading in theology, or philosophy, or science, or history, or a study in art has created in man; are there then any great books, or still more any great forces of human life which seem devoid of it? Is there any humour in the Gospels? This is a dilemma that must be faced, for if

humour be life itself how can human life in its highest development dispense with it?

In the sixty-eighth *Spectator*, Addison says, speaking of the son of Sirach, “with what strokes of Nature, I had almost said of Humour, has he described a treacherous friend.” If humour is nature then—if the laughter in it is only a preliminary step to the seriousness which is the highest joy, to that joy which Mr. Addison says he could not forbear expressing by tears at the sight of the solemnities and enjoyments of men, then we may remember that though it is true that there is no laughter in the story of the Cross, yet this familiar phrase reminds us that it was by *story* that the world was won to God; and, if words mean anything, we must mean by this, that it was because mankind recognised its own nature in the preaching of the life and death of Jesus that it was attracted by it. One of the many brilliant epigrams with which Mr. Matthew Arnold has enriched the language, is that in which he describes religion as “conduct touched by emotion.” It was the emotion born of the daily relations of human life which men found satisfied in the story of Jesus Christ, for the patient tendency of a slow development had prepared men to recognise the kind of God of which they had need; and, from the beginning of the race, forces were working to this end, which deserve scientific examination as much as any that at present occupy the attention of the physical schools. The origin of all religion is in the needs and incidents of daily life. All emotion, that is all love and passion, springs from the same source. No form of religion ever succeeded which did not spring from these incidents, which did not pretend at least to satisfy these needs.

It was no new idea that God should take upon Him the form of man. Beginning probably with a healthy enjoyment of the beauty of life, men formed

the conception that the gods themselves must desire to share it. But, as the sorrowful predominates in most lives, this idea grew imperceptibly into a nobler one, that the God became incarnate to bring healing and help. This was the form which the cultus of Apollo took among the Greeks, and at last, in the Scandinavian Balder, we get the idea that the God was incarnate and then died.

In these, and such as these, the notion was of a God—great and glorious—but the preachers of the Cross told, indeed, of a Healer, but of a rejected Healer. They told of a houseless wanderer, of harlots and sinners, of shepherds and sowers and fishermen, of the wine-press and vine-dressers, of father and mother and of family life, of marriage and festival, of the bridegroom and his friend. They spoke of suffering and of failure and of unrecognised death. Then men saw in all this something different from the bright sun-god of the Hellenes, or the fated Balder of the chivalrous north, and said with whispered breath to themselves and to each other, "This is the God we need." And the same magic is working to the present day. The book which, in the present century, has had the greatest sale of all others is John Keble's *Christian Year*, and why? Because, across the poetic *Fantaisie*<sup>1</sup> of flowers and woods and winds and hills, we trace the passion-play of a suffering, self-denying life and death. The foot-steps of the God are upon earth and among earthly things

. . . "Beside our paths and homes,  
Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow."

And if His feet are torn and bleeding by the roughness of the way, the purple stains upon the flower tissues that form our home-garlands prove only that we are His kin.

But, is it true that there is no humour in the Gospels? "What

<sup>1</sup> "Fantaisie" is the name of a prince's garden in Jean Paul.

strokes of nature, if not of humour," to use Mr. Addison's words again, may we find in the story, let us say, of the prodigal son? What, in the light of the modern conception of humour, will come out of this?

Here, surely, there is no want of real life—of low life, even. Here is a wild young scamp, as like Tom Jones as heart could wish. Here is ingratitude, forgetfulness of parents, riotous living, taverns, harlots, what not? Then beggary and feeding swine and living upon husks. Then, when evil-living is found not to answer, penitence—like Tom Jones again.

And "when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him," along the stony road beneath the vine-clad hills. Who can tell us how often the father's eyes had gazed longingly down the road since his son's figure, gay, reckless of the benefits just bestowed, accompanied by servants, eager for the pleasures of the world, had vanished from his sight? Now, at last, after so long waiting and looking, he sees, in the far distance, a very different sight. He sees a solitary figure, worn and bent down, in rags, dragging on its weary steps; how could the old man's gaze expect such a sight as this? Nevertheless, his father knew him, "and ran and fell on his neck." He did not wait for any accents of repentance, nor did he enforce any moral precepts which might advantage posterity. "He fell on his neck, and kissed him." Foolish old father!

Tom Jones is brought in. He goes to the bath. The familiar feeling of luxury comes over him once more. He is clothed in fine linen and has a gold ring placed upon his finger; the past seems an evil dream. Then the fatted calf is killed. The banquet is spread, and there is festivity, music, and dancing-girls.

But, suddenly, in the midst of his delight, some trouble passes over the old man's face; his eldest son is not in his place, and they bring him word that he is without, and refuses to



come in. Some perception of a neglected truth passes through the father's mind, he rises and goes out—"Therefore came his father out and entreated him."

The eldest son had been out all day working in the vineyards: all his life had been one long performance of duty, taken for granted, and, therefore, unpraised and unrecognised. In how many households will silent witness be borne that this is real life—the gentle and obedient service overlooked, nay, more than this, the cross word or hasty temper vented where there is no fear that it will be returned.

"All these years have I served thee . . . and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends." I am a man like others, gaiety and feasting are pleasant to me, as to them.

A look of perplexed, but growing insight comes into the father's face.

"Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine."

This is all very well, still he is conscious that there is something to be said for the eldest son, too. But his lost son—his wayward, and therefore loved, son—is come again.

"It is meet that we should make merry and be glad, for this thy brother was dead and is alive again." We can see the pitiful, pleading look in the old man's eyes—"thy brother was dead!"

Yes, Addison must be right. Nature and humour cannot be far apart. The source and spring of humour is human life. Its charm consists not merely in laughter, or even in joy, but in the stirring of those sympathies and associations which exist invariably in the race, for we inherit a world-life and a religion, the earth-springs of whose realities lie, perchance, too deep for laughter, but not, Heaven be thanked, too deep for tears.

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

## THE DISASTROUS RESULTS OF SOBRIETY AGAIN.

THE little paper bearing this title which was printed in the January number of *Macmillan* has been a source of doubt and perplexity to many. Teetotalers in particular have gone astray about it, and many besides these have apparently come to the conclusion that the writer was a new drunkards' advocate. One west-of-England journal did me the honour to describe me as a "new bumpkin" frightened by an old bogey. Others held that I was altogether wrong in calling the drunkard a great patriot; and some of those who saw the drift of the article complained that I had not made good the thesis; that it would be a very difficult thing for the nation to find in other sources the revenue lost by its extensively taking to the consumption of water. For several weeks after the January number of this magazine appeared the *Alliance News*, that excellent organ of northern teetotalers, found itself constrained to refute my statements, and laboured hard at this very point. It has sought to prove that it would be the easiest thing in the world to make good any gap that abstinence from strong drink might produce in the national income, and in doing so appeared to imagine that it was demolishing an adversary. My critics will, I trust, forgive me for saying that they have for the most part wasted their labour. I am not, to begin with, anti-temperance in my leanings and sympathies. The licensing laws are as much an abomination to me as they can be to the fiercest total abstainer living. I would remove all power of creating and nursing in brewers' interests monopolies of this pernicious description from the hands that now hold it, and deposit the control of the drink trade in popularly-constituted local bodies. Nor would I give existing interests a farthing of compensation

for the abolition of their monopoly after due warning had been allowed them. Disliking teetotalism as something that does not usually appeal to the better passions and higher self-control of men, as something that bears much the same relation to manliness of character which monasticism does to the steadfastness that battles with the world in the world, I yet welcome it as a kind of educating power that may help the people onwards to that better, that dignified, self-reliant temperance I hope to see.

And, looking at the propagandists of this new gospel of doing good to one's self in order to do good to others, struck by the narrowness of their creed, my short essay was simply intended to draw aside the minds of its preachers from the selfish interests they insist upon to look for a moment at the broader ones which affect the nation. The teetotalers appear to me to have been, for the most part, too busy at persuading individuals that a state of water-drinking righteousness was the highest manifestation of individual prudence and thrift attainable here below, to be able to spare a thought for the greater national concerns that the triumph of their cold gospel could touch. They have been struggling for nearly two generations to overthrow a system of revenue which has held its ground in this country for more than two centuries, always with increasing importance to the Exchequer. Upon that system the whole machine of the state, the entire fiscal economy of the kingdom, may be said to rest, and the teetotaler never gave this aspect of it a serious thought. His utmost reach of vision, outside self-interests, was the poor rate, which sobriety, he declared, would lower, and if that did not stir his audience, he was prepared to swear roundly that spirit distilling and beer

brewing raised the price of the people's bread. Obscurantism of this kind, I confess, rather damped one's ardour for the watery good tidings; but I thought it possible that the root of it lay in ignorance, that, consequently, one had only to point to the broader issues involved at once to induce the teetotal people to open their eyes and look around them. If, I imagined, they could once realise how deep-seated is the union which subsists between drink and the extravagances of a mighty empire, they perhaps might wake up to a recognition of the possibility at least that the triumph of temperance might mean likewise the triumph of concord between nations, the adjustment of many social inequalities; that there lay indeed a whole world of political and social change in the reform of the English excise laws and the adoption of sober habits by the people.

These were among my hopes; but I have been completely disappointed—no doubt, because I did not speak with sufficient clearness. Instead of awaking to the fact that behind teetotalism there lay issues of infinitely greater moment, the teetotalers, through their organ, the *Alliance News*, fall to proving, to their own satisfaction, that it would be the easiest thing in the world to make good a loss of 15,000,000*l.* of drink revenue from other sources within the next ten years. Our red-coat and red-tape armies may therefore go comfortably to sleep. Arguing in ways too mysterious for me to follow, the *News* produces this as the list of accretions to the branches of revenue other than Excise, which it expects to see in ten years' time, because it sees them in the past:—

Stamps	say £3,000,000
Income-Tax	" 2,500,000
Post-office and Telegraph	" 3,000,000
Taxes	" 395,000
Tea	" 895,000
Tobacco and Snuff	" 800,000
Railways	" 270,000
	£10,860,000

This is less than 11,000,000*l.*; but the *News* would effect a saving on the other side of the account equal to 6,000,000*l.*, by appropriating the sums devoted to pay off debt, which will be released by the expired terminable annuities in 1885. Thus we get nearly 17,000,000*l.* to cover a deficit of 15,000,000*l.*, and the teetotalers go on their way happy.

Did not this exhibition make us sad, it would be laughable. Surely it ought to be sufficient to demolish ostrich reasoning like this to ask the one question, What about the expenditure? Will not it also grow during the coming ten years? A sober people will want more spent on education, and a larger population must require, under our increasingly centralised government, more waste of red tape in all departments. Our dependencies, old and new, and newest, grow more expensive year by year, and need costlier and larger fighting appliances to protect them. Through innumerable channels any ordinary increment of taxes will find means to disappear. The teetotaler's organ finds its comforting doctrine about elasticity of revenue on one side only of what has been the lesson of the balance-sheet in recent years. Ten years ago such and such taxes yielded so much less than they do now, therefore in ten years time they may be expected to exhibit a further equal expansion. But in the very list above given there are articles on which we know the yield must soon be reduced. In my previous paper I instanced tea as an article upon which the present rate of duty cannot be maintained, whether the nation believes in "a free breakfast table" or not. Authentic returns for the past year show that the duty on tea averaged in that time 125 per cent as the market price of "sound common congou" on the quality of leaf, that is, which the "masses" consume. Tobacco, again, is taxed far too much, especially the tobacco of the poor, and a fairer adjustment of the duties thereon, which cannot be long

delayed, must for a time check, if it does not wholly destroy, the expansion of revenue. Nor will the railway passenger tax be long maintained in its present form. However just in itself some impost upon the receipts of the railway monopoly may be, the interests involved are too powerful to leave much hope for the future of this tax as a source of revenue. As for the income-tax it may be made to yield five millions more, or ten millions more, if the nation pleases, but its natural increment per penny has not been such of late years as to warrant the foolish estimate set down above. Nor can any sure hope be placed in "stamps." For one thing the increase visible in the past ten years has been to no small extent a product of readjustment and changes which have to be taken account of in estimating the true expansion and that are quite ignored by the teetotalers. So in treating of the increase in the Post-Office revenue, the important point is overlooked that the increase in its expenses in ten years came to more than a million. Its charges are sure to expand still more rapidly in the future, for Post-Office *employés* are, as a rule, underpaid.

The last trace of consolation vanishes, in fact, when the broad headings of the expenditure side of the account are examined. Comparisons by single years are extremely rough and uncertain guides, but it may be noted that had the teetotalers' organ deducted the increment of outgo for the years compared by them from the increment of income, nearly eight of its eleven millions would have disappeared. There remains, however, the lapse of terminable annuities in 1885. That is safe enough, it may be hoped. Is the nation, then, to have the nether millstone of its debt tied about its neck for ever to please the water drinkers? That is what this astounding suggestion means. Prudent, careful people would like to see the 6,000,000*l.* to be released two years hence appropriated in some way to a

further reduction of the debt; but the teetotaler says, "Nothing of the kind! Let the money go to keep our fighting men in good heart, to make the concoction of little wars easy, to feed the extravagance of administrative departments that multiply their charges like gnats in summer, and to sustain the lumbering, shiftless machinery of the state." This seems to an onlooker quite a sublime display of selfishness, because it is so obviously unconscious. Possessed of his one idea the teetotaler cares not a jot how the world wags with what does not interest him. Not thus will his cause be made to prosper. If he is to take social and financial reformers in the wider sense of the term with him in this crusade of his, he must approach them in a different spirit from that which my innocent little paper has drawn forth to the light of day.

The dilemma, in a word, is this:—The pressure of the democracy gives no indication of becoming lighter against the continuance of a policy of high indirect taxes, and while that pressure remains, any Government which meets the fall in the drink revenue by further additions to, say, the Customs duties on any article, will be a short-lived Government. The problem is therefore infinitely more serious than the teetotalers think. I should be glad if they would earnestly devote themselves to its discussion. How, I ask again, are they to compensate the nation for the loss of its drink revenue, when other indirect sources of income are being attacked and demolished from other quarters? Teetotalers talk now as if all things except the drink revenue will work for the benefit of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. But there are many interests to consider, and many evils to remedy in the nation besides those connected with the swallowing of strong liquors, and the teetotalers may rest assured that these others will have attention from somebody. These devotees to the pump will not be allowed to plunge the whole nation

into the mocking waters of Tantalus ; and in proportion as sobriety spreads among the people will the demand grow louder for either fiscal or administrative changes affecting all revenue and spending departments.

What I have sought to do upon this point is to elicit the attitude of the teetotalers towards the greater side of the questions they are helping to raise, and thus far their answer has been weak as water. Their minds have not even looked towards the goal to which they are struggling to hurry the nation. Doubtless new taxes can be found. Nobody imagines that sobriety in drinking will ruin the country pecuniarily, and it is possible even that it may provide new and sure sources of supply for the Exchequer, but we cannot be certain of this off-hand. The teetotalers at all events give us no data to go by in forming a judgment. What we want, then, is a clear answer to a plain demand. The teetotalers must rouse themselves, and learn to consider affairs outside the range of their one idea ; they must think whither their gospel is leading the nation, and try to help us, if possible, to find a solution of the far-reaching social, political, fiscal, and other tremendous questions they are so busy in calling into activity—busy in part because hitherto so heedless. Will the water devotee, in other words, join the ranks of those who plead for peace among nations, who deprecate constant wars and conquests, with their waste, misery, and crime—all made easy by the drink revenue ? or

will he become a disciple of those who cry out for direct taxation, who would, as the phrase of many now is, "nationalise" the land in some form, be it by appropriation of rent or otherwise ? or will he become a protectionist, and strive to recoup the revenue and distressed landowners together by taxes on bread ? These are the things we want to know ; and the teetotaler must realise that he cannot isolate himself and ride his hobby as if he had the road all to himself. His drink problem is intimately connected with the future of England and of the English empire, and the sooner he wakes up to the meaning of that fact, ceasing meanwhile to amuse himself with such soap-bubbles as one has here had to burst, the better may it be in the end for him and his "cause." A decrease of 15,000,000*l.* in the drink revenue within the next ten years would, he may rest assured, suffice to overturn the whole existing basis of taxation, unless it were accompanied by economies which the bureaucracy and swordocracy of the country would not endure unless forced to submit by the determination of the tax-payers, by the force of an enlightened public opinion. What hope have we that the opponents of alcoholic drink will aid in the creation of this force ? Which side will they stand upon in the coming fight ? One cannot say, but the indications thus far are distinctly other than satisfactory, the more is the pity.

A. J. WILSON.

# CREIGHTON'S HISTORY OF THE PAPACY, 1378—1464.<sup>1</sup>

THREE periods in the History of Europe seem especially to invite the attention of the student who wishes to discover the causes of the social phenomena which he sees around him. They are:

1. The period of the Barbarian Migrations.
2. The period of the Reformation.
3. The period of the French Revolution.

The first he must study in order to know how it comes to pass that we are here at all; the second, that he may know why, instead of that unity of belief which pervaded all Europe in the Middle Ages, he finds now in every English village traces of the influence of two different schools of thought, the Puritan and the Catholic; the third, because every action and every word between men of different classes of society in a State of Western Europe at this day is other than it would have been if the French Revolution had been stifled in its cradle.

Canon Creighton's long-looked for *History of the Papacy* will, when it is completed, give us a comprehensive picture of the second of these periods, as seen from the point of view of the chief sufferers by the change which made it memorable, the Popes of Rome. He begins at a time, near the close of the fourteenth century, when the successor of St. Peter, though his spiritual lustre was slightly tarnished by his long residence at Avignon, and by the degrading dependence on France which resulted from it, was still the undoubted head of Christendom, drawing large revenues from every European country, and ruling with almost absolute sway every European church except those of Byzantium and Moscow. He will end, we trust, at the

Council of Trent, when the Popes, having in vain endeavoured to reunite Christendom under their obedience, issued their decrees which only Spain and Italy received with unquestioning faith; France not becoming decidedly papal till after the wars of the League, and a good half of Germany never returning to the papal fold at all. As Ranke's *History of the Popes* takes up the thread of the story at the Council of Trent, and continues it through the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, it will be seen that this book (which treats the subject somewhat in Ranke's style, and on similar lines) will, when completed, and taken in conjunction with the German historian's work, furnish the reader with a complete history of "the Great Latin Patriarchate," from the days of our Edward III. to the accession of the house of Brunswick.

The reader who examines Mr. Creighton's list of authorities, and who observes his manner of handling them, will feel some confidence that his conclusions are not likely to be largely modified by subsequent inquirers. And, what is rare in Church history, the book is written absolutely without any polemical bias. It is the work of a Protestant clergyman, but, with the exception of a sentence here and there, it might, we conceive, have been written by a Roman Catholic divine. And this not from indifference to matters of ecclesiastical controversy, but because the author has made it his business to record facts, the undoubted facts of a certain portion of mediæval history, rather than to comment upon or appreciate their exact bearing on the controversies of a later day. It is true that the great fissure between Protestant and anti-Protestant writers not having manifested itself in the

<sup>1</sup> *A History of the Papacy during the period of the Reformation.* By M. Creighton, M.A. (vols. i. and ii., 1378—1464), Longmans.

times which Mr. Creighton's narration has yet reached, this virtue of historic impartiality is one comparatively easy to preserve, except, perhaps, with reference to the Bohemian war. Later on, when every book that is written will be a clause in the great *plaidoyerie* between Rome and Wittenberg, or Rome and Geneva, when every witness will speak as it were with a halter round his neck, and the question that recurs every moment will be not "What is said in the authorities?" but "Who has said it?" then will come a sorer test of the author's absolute impartiality on the seat of judgment.

After a short introductory sketch, dealing chiefly with the "Seventy Years' Captivity," the residence of the Popes at Avignon, Mr. Creighton's history begins with that strange embroglio known as the Great Schism.

If ever there was a time in the history of the papacy when tact and prudence of the highest order were required for the management of its affairs, it was at the moment of the return from Avignon. More than half of the Sacred College were French, secretly longing for a return to their luxurious palaces by the Rhone. Yet the might of popular religious ideas, the enthusiasm of St. Catherine of Siena, the obvious truth that the Bishop of Rome could not be for ever divorced from his own city, had brought them back in spite of themselves to Rome. There they found themselves confronted by a fierce populace, jealous for the honour of their city, still mindful of some of the lessons of liberty which they had learned from the lips of Rienzi, but above all things anxious at the present moment to be no longer governed by strangers, and therefore shouting, with some ring of defiance in their voices, "A Roman! a Roman! We want a Roman for our Pope, or at least an Italian." Outside the city, but beyond a not distant frontier, the weary question of the Neapolitan succession which simmered on for two centuries, was, as usual, keeping the whole of the South of Italy in a turmoil. In

these circumstances, tact, discretion, endless patience could alone guide the bark of St. Peter safely through the shallows. By a strange fatality, the College of Cardinals just at this crisis chose a man who, more nearly than any other of the 254 bishops of Rome, realised the awful idea of a lunatic Pope, an insane Infallibility. This was Bartolommeo Prignano, Archbishop of Bari, who took the title of Urban VI. A man of humble parentage, and, by a strange departure from the usual course of procedure, not even a Cardinal previous to his election, this Pope certainly illustrated in his subsequent career the old proverb about the equestrian performances of persons who have hitherto subsisted on the alms of the public. Here is Mr. Creighton's spirited sketch of the appearance and character of this extremely eccentric Pontiff:

"The Cardinals had elected Prignano as a respectable figure-head who would prove amenable to their wishes. He had a reputation for theological and legal learning: he was well versed in the business of the Curia: he knew the charms of Avignon, and was likely to find a good excuse for returning there and carrying on the traditions of the Avignonese papacy. Great was their disappointment when they found that one whom they regarded as insignificant was resolved to make himself their master. Urban VI. had never been a Cardinal and so was untouched by the traditions of the order. Like many men whose presumed insignificance has raised them unexpectedly to high positions, he longed to assert his authority roundly over his former superiors. He had long held his tongue and allowed others to lord it over him; now that his turn was come he was resolved to use his opportunity to the full. He was a short, stout man, with a swarthy face, full of Neapolitan fire and savagery. His monkish piety burned to distinguish itself by some striking measures of reform; but he was without knowledge of himself or of the world, and knew nothing of the many steps to be taken between good intentions and their practical execution. He thought that he could enforce his will by self-assertion and that the Cardinals could be reduced to absolute obedience by mere rudeness. Already, on Easter-Monday, he began to inveigh against the conduct of the bishops and said that they were perjured because they deserted their sees and followed the Curia. He tried to enforce sumptuary regulations upon the Cardinals and ordered that they should make their meals of one dish only. He had

no tact, no sense of dignity or decorum. He sat in the consistory and interrupted speakers with remarks of 'Rubbish,' 'Hold your tongue,' 'You have said enough.' His anger found vent in unmeasured language. One day he called Cardinal Orsini a fool; seeing the Cardinal of Limoges turn away his head and make a face at something that he said, he bade him hold up his head and look him in the face. Another day he grew so angry with the same Cardinal that he rushed at him to strike him, but Robert of Geneva pulled him back to his seat, exclaiming, 'Holy Father! Holy Father! what are you doing?'

It was not wonderful that before long the wrong-headedness of the new Pope had brought the affairs of the Church into intolerable confusion. The majority of the Cardinals, feeling this, and longing to return to Avignon, bethought them of an expedient. There had been violence and clamour in Rome at the time of the last election. The Cardinals, though not actually molested, had certainly seen and heard enough to make a number of elderly men, delicately nurtured, somewhat nervous about their personal safety. Let them declare that their previous election was invalid, as having been made under *dureesse*, and proceed to the choice of a new Pontiff. The question whether this plea was a good one, assumed before long great, even European, importance. The reader will find Mr. Creighton's short but weighty summing-up of the whole controversy in his First Appendix (vol. i., pp. 424, 425). Upon the whole he inclines to the conclusion that Bartolommeo Prignano, though a most unfit man for the place, was a truly-elected Pope. As he says, "The election of Urban VI. was accepted as valid by the Cardinals until he became intolerable to them, and they wished to rid themselves of an unexpected master."

But, whatever be the rights of the case, the whole body of Cardinals, Italians as well as French, revolted from Urban, and elected a new Pope, Cardinal Robert of Geneva, a statesman and soldier in the very prime of life, tall and of stately presence, with suave manners, iron will, and pitiless heart,

the very man for a crisis of this sort, one who would enjoy the highest seat in Christendom all the more keenly because of the brisk struggle that must be faced before he could feel that it was his own. He took the name of Clement VII., and before long retired to Avignon. Thus on the 20th September, 1378, was the Great Schism commenced.

Urban VI., at first discouraged by the desertion of his Cardinals, soon recovered his spirits, and created twenty-eight new Cardinals of his own. But these ecclesiastics had no enviable life. Urban, whose chief thought was how to aggrandise his nephew Buttillo, a coarse and brutal profligate, conspicuous even among papal nephews by his disagreeable qualities, was soon deep in the wars of the Neapolitan succession. In 1384, in order to interfere in that struggle the more effectually, being for the moment the enraged enemy of *both* the claimants to the throne, he took up his quarters at Nocera, that little town nestling among the Campanian hills, where rather more than a century before, in old Hohenstaufen days, dwelt the knightly but unfortunate Manfred, whom his rival, Charles of Anjou, called contemptuously "Sultan of Nocera." Here a plan for Urban's deposition was hatched by some of his Cardinals, who "stood aghast at the stubbornness and recklessness of the intractable Pope."

"It was monstrous that they should submit to be dragged helplessly from place to place as the whim of the passionate old man might dictate. It was natural that they should take counsel together how they could rid themselves of this intolerable yoke. . . . Their plan was to set up a body of commissioners by the side of an incapable Pope; the papal monarchy as exercised by a mad despot was to be limited by a permanent council of the ecclesiastical aristocracy. The plan was ingenious and the constitutional question which it raised was of great importance for the future of the papacy. But Cardinal Orsini revealed it to Urban VI. before it had been brought to maturity, and the Pope lost no time in crushing it. On January 11, 1385, he called to a consistory the six Cardinals whom he most suspected; his nephew Buttillo seized them, and cast them



into a loathsome dungeon made in a broken cistern. The Pope accused them of a plot to seize his person, compel him to confess himself to be a heretic, and then burn him. They were left in their horrible dungeon to suffer from cold, hunger, and loathsome reptiles. Dietrich of Niem, who was sent to examine them, gives us an account of their sufferings and of the Pope's vindictive fury. It was in vain that the unhappy men pleaded their innocence; in vain Dietrich of Niem entreated the Pope to be merciful. Urban's face glowed with anger like a lamp, and his throat grew hoarse with furious maledictions. The accused were dragged before a consistory and were urged to confess; when they still pleaded innocence, they were again plunged into their dungeon. Three days afterwards they were submitted to torture, elderly and infirm as many of them were. The brutal Butillo stood by and laughed at their sufferings, whilst the Pope himself walked in a garden outside, listening with satisfaction to their shrieks of agony, and reading his hours from the Breviary in a loud voice that the torturer might display more diligence when he knew that the Pope was at hand. After this the unhappy Cardinals were again carried back to their prisons. With his College of Cardinals thus crippled Urban proceeded to strengthen it by new nominations, amongst whom were many Germans. We are not surprised to find that they all refused the dangerous honour, and only a few Neapolitans could be found to accept it."

After the failure of the Cardinals' plot the king of Naples, undaunted by excommunications and interdicts, commenced in earnest the siege of Nocera.

"The town was soon taken, but the castle was on a steep rock and was well fortified: its outer wall was thrown down by bombardment, but the citadel remained impregnable. Three or four times a day the dauntless Pope appeared at a window, and, with bell and torch, cursed and excommunicated the besieging army. He issued a Bull freeing from ecclesiastical penalties all clergy who might kill or mutilate the partisans of Charles. Alberigo (the Neapolitan general) replied by a proclamation offering a reward of 10,000 florins to any one who would bring the Pope alive or dead into the camp. Never had Pope used his ecclesiastical authority so profusely; never had Pope been treated with such contumelious contempt."

At length the Pope, by the help of a body of Condottiere troops, escaped from his captivity, carrying with him not only his baggage but a yet dearer prize, his captive Cardinals. He crossed the Apennines under the blazing sun

of an Italian August; he galloped over the plain of Barletta—that memorable plain known to the Roman Senate by the name of Cannæ, where once, on another August day, the beaten Consul, Marcus Varro, fled before the Carthaginian cavalry, leaving 70,000 Roman soldiers dead upon the field. From the neighbouring port of Trani some friendly galleys bore the Pope and his retinue to the safe shelter of Genoa. Here he abode one year. "Before his departure the captive Cardinals were put to death and buried in a stable, because the Pope no longer wished to be troubled by the custody of prisoners. One only was released—an Englishman, Adam Easton, who owed his safety to the special entreaties of King Richard II."

Three years later, in 1389, Pope Urban died at Rome, breathing out anathemas against the partisans of Clement, and still meditating another expedition to Naples on behalf of his beloved Butillo.

The character of Urban as here portrayed will serve as a type of most of the chief actors in the Great Schism. None, perhaps, of his successors, or of their rivals at Avignon, were so regardless of the decorous traditions of the papal office as he, but of all, or nearly all, it may be said that they were undisguised and unscrupulous self-seekers. Not a gleam of honest conscientious difference in principle ennobles the contest between Rome and Avignon. It is simply a question which of two greedy old men shall have the right of standing at the turnpike-gate and taking toll of the wayfarers to heaven, which shall have the Annates flowing into his treasury, which shall have the power of reserving the fattest bishoprics in Christendom for his nephews and their friends.

Speaking generally, it might be said that during the thirty-six years that the Schism lasted, France, Spain, and Scotland owned Clement and his successors, while England, Germany, and most of the Italian states were "in

the obedience" of Urban, and those who came after him. This enumeration at once suggests how different were the dividing lines of national sympathy at the close of the fourteenth century from those which existed even two centuries later. Scotland and France, drawn together by their hereditary feud with the intervening kingdom of England; France and Spain on the same side, because a divided Spain had in it no menace for France; Spain and Germany pulling opposite ways because no important matrimonial alliance yet united their two dynasties—how different is all this from the Europe of Charles V. and Philip II.

In truth, the period covered by these volumes is the nadir of the House of Austria, and we almost wish that Mr. Creighton had furnished us with a map in order to impress this fact upon the general reader who, too often, cannot get it out of his head that whenever he hears of a Duke or Archduke of Austria, he must think of a sovereign whose sway extended over all that space, from the Vorarlberg to the Bukovina and from Bohemia to the tip of Dalmatia, which is now delineated as Austria, or at best as Austria-Hungary, in a modern atlas. How different was the real state of the case the historical student well knows. Bohemia, Moravia, Hungary, still strictly elective monarchies, were, as a rule, filled by princes of the house of Luxemburg, occasionally gravitating towards the Hapsburg house by a marriage of the kind for which "Felix Austria" was famous, but soon rebounding again into some sphere quite different from that of which a Hapsburg archduke was the centre. And the Austrian dominions proper, the Archduchy, the Tyrol, Styria, and so forth, were so severely divided up among the different princes of the house, men of no great capacity, and often hostile to one another, that their weight—at any rate as compared with the Luxemburg kingdoms—was inconsiderable in the politics of Ger-

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many. Of course all this will soon make itself apparent to a careful reader of the volumes before us, but it is a great point to get the mind thoroughly delivered from the dominion of our present map of Europe. As it is, we fear that some readers will to the last retain an uncomfortable impression that Bohemians or Hungarians, fighting against the head of the house of Austria, were in some way fighting against their natural sovereign.

But we must return to our rival Popes. Urban VI., as we have already seen, died at Rome in 1389. In 1394 his rival, Clement VII., followed him to the tomb. The once impetuous and daring Robert of Geneva had been sobered by the anxieties of his dubious position, and had not shown perhaps all that audacity and fertility of resource which had been expected of him by the rebellious Cardinals when they kissed his feet at Fundi. It might have been hoped that the deaths of the two chief actors in the Schism would have put an end to a strife which was felt to be the scandal of Christendom. But so it was not to be. Each Pope had created a body of Cardinals, the safety of whose position depended on the recognition of the validity of his election, and who at his death dared not cast that death on the reality of their Cardinalship which would have been implied by failing to meet at once and elect a new Pope. A Cardinal is essentially a Pope-chooser, and potentially a Pope himself. If on the death of the reigning Pope he does not at once have himself immured in a conclave, he thereby confesses himself no true Cardinal. Thus by a fatality which a Greek Chorus would have found a melancholy pleasure in bemoaning, the Schism perpetuated itself and anti-pope followed anti-pope in dreary but inevitable succession.

Still, both parties no doubt earnestly desired the close of the Schism. They desired it not only for the sake of the Church, but also on selfish grounds, for so long as it lasted, neither Pope,

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and neither College of Cardinals, could feel their position secure. But, as is generally seen in religious controversies, each party's desire for the restoration of unity amounted in practice only to a willingness to receive the absolute and unqualified submission of its rival. Commonplaces about Christian charity and the wickedness of rending the robe of Christ, are easily uttered if, when the time comes for reducing them to practice, one need only say "our party is and has always been solely and absolutely in the right. Let our opponents confess this, abandon their pretended claims to be a regularly-constituted Church, and we will graciously receive them again into our communion." This was virtually the tone held by each rival Pontiff, and therefore the extreme eagerness for reunion which it was a common form for him to profess—especially on the eve of his election—was practically of no avail.

Thus, when Clement VII. died, his Cardinals bound themselves by a solemn compact, if elected to the papacy, to resign it if called upon to do so by the majority of the Cardinals in the interests of the Church. "One Cardinal was proposed, but he cried out, 'I am feeble, and perhaps would not abdicate. I prefer not to be exposed to the temptation.' 'I, on the other hand,' said Peter de Luna, 'would abdicate as easily as I take off my hat.' All eyes were turned on him; his political skill was well established, and his zeal for the reunion of the Church was credited. On September 28, 1394, Peter de Luna was elected Pope, and took the title of Benedict XIII." And through exile, through imprisonment, through hardships of various kinds, in the face of all Christendom gradually uniting itself against him, with a courage and a tenacity of purpose, which one cannot but admire, did Benedict XIII. cling to the last to the triple crown, maintaining always and against all comers that he alone was rightful Pontiff, and that no man was entitled

to displace him, and replying to the envoys of the Council of Constance who came to him in his high fortress of Peniscola, in Valencia, to announce his deposition by the Council. "This, this," striking the chair in which he sat, "is the true ark of Noah! The Church is not at Constance, it is at Peniscola."

So too, in 1406, when the turn came for the Italian Cardinals to elect a third successor to Urban VI., they went into conclave loudly asserting that they intended to elect not so much a Pope as a commissioner for the unity of the Church. With this view—and they were probably honest in expressing it—they chose the aged Venetian, Angelo Correr, a mere bundle of skin and bone, nearly eighty years of age, a man apparently so set upon restoring the unity of the Church that the only fear was that he might not live long enough to carry out his pious design. "His talk was of nothing but unity; he eagerly declared that no small hindrances should stand in his way; if there was not a galley to take him to the place of conference with his rival, he would go in a fishing boat; if horses failed him he would take his staff in his hand and go on foot." Yet this world-weary devotee, whose only thought was for the unity of the Church, no sooner found himself at the Vatican, surrounded by the usual greedy herd of papal nephews, than he showed himself keenest of the keen in devising schemes for retaining his power, and avoiding that meeting with his rival which both professed earnestly to desire, but which was really as unpleasant a prospect to each as the meeting of the two kings on a chess-board. Even the obvious and naturally expected service which an old man of eighty might have rendered to Christendom by a speedy death, he failed to render. He lived on for eleven years, and had to be deposed, or at least strongly pressed to abdicate, by the Council of Constance.

Towards that celebrated Council the history of the papacy now sets with a

steady and resistless current. All Christendom was weary of the strife of these two shrill disputants, and exhausted by their unceasing demands for money from the nations in their respective obediences. Somewhat in the same way in which the necessities of the four Imperial Courts set up by Diocletian impoverished the provinces of the empire in the fourth century, so now did the requirements (in a certain sense the necessary requirements) of the two papal courts drain the spiritual subjects of Rome in the fourteenth century.

The first attempt at conciliar intervention only increased the difficulty. The Cardinals of the two "obediences" met at Pisa in 1409, declared Benedict and Gregory deposed, and chose Alexander V. in their stead. Unfortunately this council did not possess weight enough to carry the depositions which it had decreed. The new Pope was virtually only an anti-pope the more, and when his short but respectable reign of less than a twelvemonth was over the Cardinals were, or deemed that they were, compelled to elect Baldassare Cossa in his place, that fierce, unscrupulous condottiere-soldier, rather than priest, who figures in history as not perhaps the worst, but decidedly one of the most disreputable, of Pontiffs, under the title of John XXIII. All that the Council of Pisa had done was to turn the two Popes into three. Appalling as the result must have been to contemporary Christendom, the Muse of history may surely be allowed to smile at so paradoxical a result of the somewhat boastfully-expressed determination of the Council of Pisa to restore the unity of the Church.

The failure of this attempt to restore peace to the Church by means of a general Council did not discourage its supporters from making another attempt, five years later, on a larger scale, with better preparation, and backed by the authority of him who was still recognised as the temporal head of all Christendom, the king

of the Romans (not yet crowned emperor), Sigismund of Luxemburg. Thus we are brought to the Council of Constance, one of those great pageants of the middle ages, the main events of which have succeeded in fastening themselves on the recollection of Europe. Few readers of history are not familiar with the figure of John XXIII. rolling in the snow of the Arlberg pass, and replying to his anxious attendants, "Here I lie in the devil's name;" with the same John slowly descending the hills towards the Lake of Constance, and muttering under his breath, "A trap for foxes"; or five months later escaping in groom's disguise on a wretched hack from the gates of the city while all the citizens were intent on a tournament. Sigismund, too, "Sigismundus super grammaticam," who "blushed visibly when Huss, about to die, alluded to the letter of safe conduct granted him which was issuing in such fashion," is well known to readers of Carlyle's *Friedrich*.

"Sigismund blushed; but could not conveniently mend the matter—so many matters pressing on him just now, as they perpetually did and had done. An always-hoping, never-resting, unsuccessful, vain and empty Kaiser. Specious, speculative; given to eloquence, diplomacy, and the windy instead of the solid arts; always short of money, for one thing. He roamed about and talked eloquently; aiming high and generally missing; how he went to conquer Hungary and had to float down the Donau instead, with an attendant or two, in a most private manner, and take refuge with the Grand Turk; this we have seen and this [is the general emblem of it."

The reader will find this unfavourable judgment of Sigismund lightened by a stroke or two, but not contradicted by Mr. Creighton, who, however, gives him a harder rap than any of Carlyle's, in describing the ceremonies at the coronation of Martin V., the new Pope chosen by the Council in 1417, in whom the Schism was at last successfully terminated.

"Then Martin V. mounted a horse and went in stately procession through the town, Sigismund and Frederick of Brandenburg holding

<sup>1</sup> *History of Frederick the Great*, i., 186-7.

the reins of his steed. The Jews met him, according to custom, bearing the volume of the law, and begging him to confirm their privileges. Martin, perhaps not at once understanding the ceremony, refused the volume; but Sigismund took it and said, 'The law of Moses is just and good, nor do we reject it, but you do not keep it as you ought.' Then he gave them back the volume, and Martin, who had now his cue, said, 'Almighty God remove the veil from your eyes, and make you see the light of everlasting life.' *It is impossible not to feel that Sigismund was excellently fitted to discharge the duties of a Pope with punctilious decorum.*"

These incidents, however, and even the martyrdoms of those two noble confessors, John Hus and Jerome of Prague, belong only to the external history of the Council. The internal history of the conciliar movement, especially its relation to the teaching of Marsiglio of Padua, of Peter d'Ailly, and Gerson, and of their adherents in the University of Paris, is set forth with great fulness by Mr. Creighton, whose work will, in fact, amount to a history of the Rise and Fall of Councils in the Middle Ages. We may remark by the way that it is curious to observe that a Council, the *bête noire* of the papacy in the fifteenth century, was an instrument of discipline greatly commended by the Popes of an earlier day. Thus Pope Symmachus, about the year 517, addressed severe reproofs to the Burgundian bishops for having allowed their Councils to fall into desuetude.<sup>1</sup> It is true that he was then speaking of national, not of oecumenical Councils, but one cannot imagine that even a national Council would have been welcomed by Boniface IX. or John XXIII.

In his anxious desire to preserve a judicial impartiality, Mr. Creighton suggests some reasons for supposing that poor Baldassare Cossa was not quite so great a monster as it has been the fashion to represent him. A most unfit person to be in any sense the vicar of Christ he undoubtedly was, but we are not obliged to believe all the allegations of hideous immoralities

which the Council of Constance piled up against him in order to justify their strong, hitherto almost unheard-of, step, the deposition of a Pope.

The same desire to be absolutely fair leads the author, in our opinion, a little too far in his—we do not say justification, but—explanation of the act of the Council in burning John Hus in defiance of the safe conduct granted him by Sigismund. It seems to us that on Mr. Creighton's own showing the trial was unfair beyond that degree of unfairness which is covered by the principle that "it is impossible that a trial for opinions can ever be considered fair by the accused." At least one charge, the monstrous one that he declared himself to be the fourth person of the Trinity, was not alleged in his hearing till the actual day of his condemnation, and then he was forbidden to reply to it. So, too, it may be true that "the Council was anxious for his submission, and gave him every opportunity to make it." But the fate of his disciple Jerome, who did make such a submission, showed that not even in victory were these ecclesiastics generous or merciful. Jerome, who submitted, was burned, and we see no reason to suppose that if Hus had submitted his life would have been spared.

As for the safe-conduct, no doubt the matter did not appear quite so clear to the conscience of a member of the Council as it does to every honourable man, Catholic or Protestant, at the present day. There were questions how far Sigismund's safe-conduct bound the Council—questions what the terms of the letter, which "ordered all men to give Hus free passage, and allow him to stay or return at pleasure," really amounted to. However, there is happily now a general consent to the proposition that to throw the holder of such a safe-conduct into a pestilential dungeon, to keep him there for eight months, then to set him up at a stake, put a paper cap painted over with fiends on his head, telling

<sup>1</sup> *Aviti Epistola*, 80. See Hefele, ii. 681.

him that his soul is committed to the devil, and to follow up this Christian utterance by burning his body and casting his ashes into the Rhine,—all this was not keeping the promise which had been made, and on the faith of which Hus had come from the safe shelter of Bohemia into the midst of his opponents. Mediæval theology, with all its subtlety, might have learned something from the rude Israelite warriors, who would not break the oath cunningly and deceitfully obtained from them by the elders of Gibeon. Christianity, as represented by its greatest ornaments in the fifteenth century, was here immeasurably beneath the standard of the Jewish Psalmist: "He that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not."

The contents of the second volume we must not attempt to summarise, however briefly. The reader will find therein the further development of the struggle between the papacy and "the conciliar idea," as the latter manifested itself in the strange, turbulent, democratic Council of Basel. He will also, as he proceeds, find himself more and more deeply immersed in the study of the character of Pius II., the shifty, many-sided Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, the man who began life as a mere political adventurer, and ended it as a fervent crusader, an all-but martyred Pope. The portrait of this Pontiff, in whom the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, even (by his love for Nature) the Nineteenth Century, seem each to claim a share, is, we think, the best thing in Mr. Creighton's book, especially those parts of it in which, without formal description, the character of Pius is, with something of Browning's

power, self-portrayed as if by a light from within.

Many of the debates with which the book deals will seem to a modern reader unprofitable janglings about utterly dead controversies. But let him tell himself what were the mighty events then still beneath the horizon, but destined to emerge before Pius II. had been fifty years in his grave; and let him read these controversies by their light—then certainly they will not be without interest. Even the tedious negotiations about "The German Neutrality" (as between Pope and Council) become solemn when we think that a similar neutrality, had it been feasible, would have spared Germany the unspeakable horrors of the Thirty Years' War, that war from whose ravages she has not even yet wholly recovered. And it is strange, when reading of the slight, scarcely perceptible, rift in matters ecclesiastical which sundered England from Spain at the Council of Constance, to think that only in the next century Sir Richard Greville will be standing on the deck of the *Revenge* and shouting—

"I have ninety men and more that are lying  
sick ashore,  
I should count myself the coward if I left  
them, my Lord Howard,  
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms  
of Spain."

We shall gladly welcome the guidance of so impartial a spirit and so well-furnished an intellect as Mr. Creighton's through the controversies of the stirring and stormy times of the Reformation.

THOS. HODGKIN.

## THE VULGAR TONGUE.

"REFINING influence" is a phrase not seldom used in attempts to determine and appreciate the effects of civilisation upon language, as well as the direct and indirect action of many causes upon civilisation itself. What is "refining influence?" Nobody can tell. Refinement is an effluence, a drawing away; not an influence or accretion. To speak, therefore, of a "refining influence," is as absurd as it would be to talk about "a desperate hope," which expression of confused ideas is also not unknown to modern speech. Vulgarly, of a sort, our late English tongue can hardly be said to lack; though it has lost much that, in a better signification, we might be proud rather than ashamed to call vulgar. The frequent use by persons of rank or pretension, by coalheavers, and by other useful and useless members of society, of foolish and unmeaning expletives, will supply the readiest examples of one species of vulgarity, both in its dregs and in its froth or scum. In another and far different kind of vulgarity, the poetical, the practical, the homelier, terser, honester, earnestest kind, our holdings are less than they were, by many an ingot of pure metal.

Ten thousand terms, made to accommodate technical necessity or physical investigation and experiment, could not add a doit to the wealth of a language. In no sense are they new words: in no measure or degree are they ours. Raked from antiquity, pieced and patched with greater or less cunning, they now serve, not one nation, with a language of its own, but all nations pursuing science and scientific invention with a terminology in common among them. The truth is, we can add little, and should be jealous of adding much, if anything, to a language that is once formed.

But it behoves us to keep what we have; to regain, if possible, what we had; and always to put our possession to the best uses in our power, resisting habits of careless make-shift in the choice of indifferent words to express our thought. Patient inquiry might force us to the conviction that fermentations instead of influences, impoverishment without refinement, have changed the language of Englishmen. We might even be driven to suspect that those good agencies on which our forefathers relied are beginning to fail us now, and are even turning traitors: that printing, which forced writing more than once to the point of absolute perfection, has afterwards hastened its decay: that writing, which erewhile made an exact man, now maketh at best a self-satisfied and over-confident man: that the theatre, which modelled orthoepey in a past age, has destroyed it in the present. We have a glibber productiveness in authorship than was ever prayed for; but it often suggests the difference between the two famous orators, one of whom never paused or wanted a word, while the other, pausing at times, never wanted *the* word. Journalism, in its hot haste, its indifference to all but the business of the hour, and its contemptuous dismissal of the day's work so soon as it has lapsed into the work of yesterday, has much to answer for. Mischief of another kind has been done by the ill-advised meddling of the "purist." Whoever first committed to the legibility of black-and-white that vicious noun-substantive has, it may be hoped, lived to repent a deed that offends for ever against verbal purity. What other English noun *quod exit in ist* has been tinkered out of an adjective? A *puritist* we might understand as a being somewhat differentiated from

a puritan; but "purist," among all blundering conceits of modern phraseology, stands distinguished from its misshapen fellows by an unapproachable singularity of malformation.

It is the "purist" who has led the cry against a few verbal favourites of his aversion, such as "talented," "reliable," and similar small game. Let us deal first with the case of "reliable." Verbs that need an intervening preposition before the object—verbs not transitive, but mostly used in application to some person or thing, as transitive verbs are always—yield no adjective-participles. Hence, the word "reliable," proceeding by bend sinister from one of those intransitive verbs, is condemned as an adjective-participle that has no legitimate position. This is lawful judgment, no doubt; and "reliable" must down on his knees and sue for mercy. He should have been "rely-on-able," if anything. But why does "reliable" stand at the bar alone? Where are his companions, "indispensable," "laughable," and "unaccountable," whose aliases should be "indispensable-with-able," "laugh-at-able," and "unaccount-for-able"? A word used by Coleridge is "inappealable"; if he did not coin it, he must have taken it advisedly from some approved source. This word stands on a level with "reliable" and the rest; and wants the preposition "from" between the parent verb and the adjectival termination; viz., "inappeal-from-able." Like Captain Macheath, rogue "reliable" might wonder to find himself without better company beneath hangman "purist's" gibbet.

Now for "talented." This is a cant word, scarcely used by any but the lowest class of writers; but to condemn it on the ground of its irregular formation, there being no verb "to talent," is to betray ignorance or thoughtlessness such as would at once disable the criticism. There is no verb "to neat-hand"; but "kind, neat-handed P'hillis," our pastoral acquaintance of good old time, is well

understood to be a young person gifted with neat hands. So, we have "skilled," though there is no verb "to skill," except a verb that is not to our purpose, and has hardly been used since the poet of the *Færie Queen* employed it in its ancient sense, "to be of importance," or "to signify." Unless we are prepared to quarrel, then, with "skilled," "neat-handed," "blue-eyed," "web-footed," "bandy-legged," "broad-shouldered," "fair-haired," and the like, because there are no corresponding verbs "to skill," &c., the objection to the word "talented," on that score, is untenable. All verbs were nouns originally, and every day that a horse is saddled, or its rider is booted and spurred, saddle, boot, and spur, though plain substantives that all may see and handle, are verbs for the nonce, and good verbs too. As, in condemning a few words which are not a jot worse than a great many that escape condemnation, persons deficient of original reflection or judgment follow in a dusty track of pseudo-criticism, so, on the opposite hand, the adoption of other words as favourites is likewise a matter of imitation. Poor authors will wear the second-hand thoughts and phrases which come in their way, or will furtively assume the garb of their betters, as Jane the housemaid "tries on" her mistress's new bonnet. Of such scribbling folk it may be said, as of Autolycus tricked out with the courtier's robes, their garments are rich but they wear them not handsomely.

In the vocabulary of the modern Quicklys and Malaprops are the words "fain," "greet," "circumstance," "incident," "effluvia," "sumptuary," "decimate," "holocaust," "allege," "wholesale," "conflagration," "immense," "preposterous," "phenomenon," "culminate," "assiduous," "partake," and "ovation." It is your "Saxon" Malaprop who mostly affects "fain" and "greet." He misuses both the adjective and the verb very strangely. If any man has



grievously failed in an effort to do or to get something, and is driven to put up with something else instead, the Saxon Malaprop says that the discomfited person was "fain" to accept the disagreeable alternative. Now "fain" signifies "joyful" or "glad," in which true sense good English scholars, like Mr. William Morris and Mr. Swinburne, are now using the old word, perhaps a little too lavishly. A greeting is a salutation; to talk, therefore, of "greeting" a man should awaken no idea of pelting him with mud, material or metaphorical. But it is no uncommon thing to read, in the Parliamentary reports, some such statement as that the Honourable Member for Clare was "greeted" with Ministerial groans; or, in the record of a party meeting, that a rash dissident from popular opinions was "greeted" with cries of "turn him out." No malapropisms are commoner than the often misused words "circumstance" and "incident," both being written indifferently as signifying mere matters-of-fact. Whether "a circumstance" is, in any case, an allowable expression may be doubted. Circumstances stand around; and any one thing that stands around, unless it be a ring-fence, or a fog, is hardly conceivable as a possibility. But the gravity of the error lies in a distinction less captious. A quarrel or accident in the street is not a "circumstance"; but it may be explained or excused, or accounted for by circumstances. A fire breaks out in a building, and burns it to the ground. This is not an "incident"; it is a fact. If anybody were to jump out of window, while the fire was raging, that would be properly described as an incident. And again, if the supply of water were to fail, if the turncock were slow or quick in coming, if the engines were early or late, any of these things would be circumstances, for they would surround the fact and modify its results. "Effluvium," with its plural, is a noun often misapplied, and yet more frequently restricted to one of its many applications. By

"effluvia" is vulgarly meant evil odours; and of course an effluvium may be an outflow of foul air. But it may just as well be a stream of pure water. Many writers employ the adjective "sumptuary," as if it belonged exclusively to dress; whereas it may relate to all matters of luxurious living; and if the old sumptuary laws should be revived they might reach the epicures who waste their patrimony on *patés de foie gras*, opera boxes, horses, carriages, jewels, and rare wine, as well as the extravagant wearers of costly attire. "Decimate" is a verb which, with its adjective-participle, "decimated," is ludicrously mistaken. Its original significance was grave and often terrible; for it meant no less than taking the tenth of a man's substance, or shooting every tenth man in a mutinous regiment, the victims being called out by lot. This appalling character of decimation lay in the likelihood that innocent persons, slain in cold blood, might suffer for the guilty. But the peculiar horror vanishes when we alter the conditions; and a regiment which has taken part in a hard-fought battle, and comes off the field only decimated, that is to say with nine living and unscathed for each man left on the field, might be accounted rather fortunate than the reverse. We come now to "holocaust," the use of which noun often betrays ignorance quite as gross. Thus, the dreadful loss of life by the sinking of an excursion steamboat on the Thames was recently spoken of as a "holocaust," by which remarkable misprision of etymology the Thames was set on fire indeed.

Few words are commoner in the language of the newspapers than the word "alleged." To allege anything, if the old meaning be good, is to affirm it with the exactness of a despatch. But the participle of this verb has found new service. Whenever any doubt is felt that a murder is a murder, the deed is softened to an "alleged" murder. Whenever a man loses his watch and his senses, and cannot tell exactly how

they went, the lamentable occurrence is chronicled as an "alleged" robbery. According to these newlinguistic lights, an allegation means a guess. "Phenomenon" applied to something wonderful and abnormal, is a common instance of high-flown vulgarity, much in the mouths and on the pens of persons who can hardly have compassed the truth that a shower of rain is just as positively a phenomenon as is a shower of frogs, a calf with six legs, Miss Crummies, or an enormous gooseberry. "Immense" is an adjective seldom used but in such a manner as to confute its own meaning. Thus in an account of some discovery beneath an ancient ruin, it was said that skeletons of great size were found, one of them being of "the immense length of seven feet ten inches." If the length of this skeleton was really seven feet ten inches, or ten feet seven inches, how could it have been "immense?" So, too, we read of walls of "immense" thickness, and pumpkins of "immense" girth. Are there, then, no foot-rules or measuring-tapes to reduce these immensities? A "conflagration" is not the burning of one house; it is the meeting of flames, as when a street, town, or village is fired in several places. "Culminate" is a verb incorrectly used, unless in respect of something which has reached the limit of its possible height. When, therefore, the career of a wrongdoer is said to "culminate" in the lowest depths of degradation, the term is misapplied, even to being turned upside down. So is the term "assiduous," when employed to strengthen the idea of perseverance, if the particular kind of perseverance intimated be locomotive and not sedentary. So, too, is "preposterous," unless clearly denoting the figure which homely rhetoric describes as "putting the cart before the horse."

The word "ovation," from which many timid writers appear to have been frightened by a persistent course of ridicule, not always, or often, justly bestowed, was used with propriety whenever it signified a minor triumph, or

anything that could, by a reasonable feat of imagination, be so designated. It is true that we do not sacrifice a sheep when we applaud a victorious general, a fine fiddler, or a favourite singing-woman; but the spirit of historic words survives their literal matter-of-fact signification, or language would be dry and colourless indeed. When this noun, "ovation," is uttered in any connection with imperial progress—when a sovereign, at some rare climax of popular enthusiasm, receives the homage of the nation in its one undivided voice—then, indeed, the word is out of time and tune with the event. It is precisely an emperor, empress, or head of a state, who cannot be said to receive an "ovation," this being an award of praise distinctively reserved for meritorious subjects of the empire. Over and over again, after his Italian battles, Napoleon III. was said, in print, to have received "ovations"; and the solecism was repeated, years after, when the Emperor William entered Berlin, in such triumph as surely precluded the idea of any minor sacrifice. Had Pagan rites been revived at that time, no simple, silly sheep, but Jove's own chosen shape and symbol, the majestic bull, would have bled on the laurel-wreathed altar. It was a Triumph with a capital T. We have seen how the dabbler in what he is pleased to call, very loosely, "Anglo-Saxon," boggles with "fain" and "greet." One of his kind, not long ago, gravely condemned, as a vulgar phrase, "I would as lief"; and, in pronouncing his mighty fiat, disclosed the sum and substance of his knowledge concerning "lief," by spelling it "leave." Not only is "lief" (Saxon *leaf*; German *lieb*) a most comely and warrantable word, and the especial favourite of English poets, not only is it good and sound in itself, but its comparative, "liever," for "rather," as "I would liever have had," is, though unfamiliar, yet by no means vulgar; vulgar, that is to say, in the evil sense, which applies as

much to the slang of the drawing-room as to the slang of the slums. "Very," is a word that has fallen upon evil days. Blind leaders of the blind have denounced the practice, as old as Chaucer, of placing this word before an adjective in the superlative degree, sapiently remarking that to do this is to qualify a superlative with a superlative. This astounding nonsense, manifest in the condemnation of phrases like "the very wisest man," calls for few words of exposure. "Very" is indicative of the man who is wisest; and it is here equivalent to the Latin *idem*. Is "*idem sapientissimus*" a qualifying of the superlative? Of all stupid men, we might say, this very man is stupidest—*idem stultissimus*, that same stupidest man, or *truly* the stupidest of all. For "very" and "truly" are the same word, and the "very perfect, gentle knight" was he who, truly, was perfect. You do not "qualify" perfection by thus emphasising the superlative attribute of embodied chivalry.

Is it yet too late in the decline of our language to appeal against such tricks as the substitution of "numerous" for "many"; of "witness" for "behold" or "see"; of "the whole of" for "all," when numbers are implied; of "starvation" for "hunger," "want," "famine," "privation," or "inanition"; and of "commence" for "begin"? It should be remembered that "numerous" is an adjective properly qualifying such nouns as "crowd," "family," "class," "crew," "assembly," "troop," "herd," "flock," &c. If we speak of our numerous friends we may suggest to a precisian the awkward idea that each friend is numerous.<sup>1</sup> "To witness"

does not properly mean "to see." It means "to testify," an act which does not of absolute necessity imply seeing. Day after day we glean the interesting news that certain exalted personages have honoured one of the theatres with their presence to "witness" the representation of a new burlesque, or other dramatic composition. To "witness" the thing is to tell us all about it; and it is needless to say that their Royal Highnesses have something better to do. They did not, in fact, go to witness the burlesque at all. They went to see it. That any decently informed person should be guilty of such spoken and written abominations as "the whole of the pictures," "the whole of the singers," "the whole of the guests," "the whole of the servants," instead of "all the pictures," "all the guests," "all the servants," "all the singers," would be wonderful if it were not so common and frequent a fact as unhappily it is. There are men who go far about to pick up ungainly phrases when the best that can be had lie within easy reach; who prefer to

priety of substituting it for 'many,' which always belongs to the plural. Waller supplies an illustration, which I take at second-hand from Latham's dictionary.

'Thy heart, no ruder than the rugged stone,  
I might, like Orpheus, with my *numerous*  
*moan*,  
Melt to compassion.'

"The many-voiced, or multitudinously murmuring quality, which a much older poet than Waller ascribes to the sea, is here very elegantly suggested, in a line through which we seem to hear the breathings of an Æolian harp. In the 'numerous moan' especially one feels the pulsating sweep over the strings. But to my purpose, which is very practical, being simply to establish the grammatical distinction of 'numerous' and 'many.' Perhaps I have done this, and I hope I have; but if enforcement be yet needed, let us just suppose that Waller had spoken of many moans instead of only one moan, and had chosen to qualify them all in the same manner. His phrase would then have been 'many numerous moans.'" To this I must now add that Waller's contemporary, Milton, employs "numerous" in its modern application; but he does so only once or twice, giving the preference to "many."

<sup>1</sup> Four or five years ago, in protesting against the use of the word "numerous" in lieu of "many," I wrote certain comments which I may now be allowed to repeat. "It has been a favourite custom with the poets to apply the adjective 'numerous' to objects of magnitude, vastness, grandeur, or depth, even though the terms of such object were not nouns of multitude; and this very connection of the word with nouns, each in the singular number, sufficiently demonstrates the impro-

write "two and a half hours," "one and three quarter miles," when their very servants and the common folk who do their bidding would, speaking the natural vulgar tongue, say "two hours, and a half," "a mile and three quarters." They run gravely riot in such heavy exuberances as "that of," in a sentence like this, clipped from a necrological memoir: "He chose for a profession that of arms." Here we have a collocation profoundly characteristic of a large and dull class of biography-mongers. He chose for a profession the profession of arms! That is, he chose a profession for a profession. Why could not the good man say, "He chose arms for a profession?" Oh, that would have been vulgar English. Had we been merely speaking of a common, everyday occurrence, it might have been different. We should of course say, "He ordered eggs for breakfast," and not "He ordered for breakfast that of eggs." But we must suit our words to the occasion; and when we are speaking or writing of a military hero deceased, who, in the whole course of his honourable life, never penned a despatch without at least one extraneous "that of," it befits us and our language to be stupid, solemn, and dull. Redundant "ands" and "buts" sprout everywhere in those academic hedges which inclose the strait plots tilled by hack-erudition. "He was a well-known author, and who had written several successful works"; "he was a notorious criminal, but who had managed to escape conviction." I think we have seen sentences like those, now and again, in current literature. When the spurious word, "starvation," was first heard in the House of Commons, which at that time was a tolerably well-educated assembly, a contemptuous outburst of laughter ran round St. Stephen's Chapel; and he who had needlessly fabricated this motley and sinister noun was dubbed "Starvation Dundas," thenceforth and for ever. So poor a crotchet of pranked and con-

ceited word-coining was long resisted by the lexicographers; and one modern philological dictionary omits it even to this day. Johnson and Bailey, of course, knew it not. There was never a shadow of justification for its acceptance. But the many, not being nice, overruled the few; and accordingly "starvation" holds an established place in the vulgar tongue. After this, of course, "cablegram" cannot be refused admission to our language; and the cant of the Stock Exchange, "backwardation," may lay claim to credit and respectability. In lax days, it is to the basest that we owe all the defilements of speech. I by no means ascribe to the author of *Childe Harold* such habitual distortion of grammar as "to slowly draw." Indeed the single occurrence of such a phrase in the entire collection of his poems may supply me with an exception which fairly proves that, as a rule, Byron did not write words in any such twisted sequence. That he once, and once only, employed the device for lengthening the sound of a line intended to express the idea of prolonged pain is true; but this was long before the trick became a vulgarism; long before the vulgar had stumbled upon it; and I do not suppose they caught it from reading Byron. One may be sure he did not get it from hearing them.<sup>1</sup> It has worked its muddy way upward, however; and I am ashamed to think of the one or two honoured names that have latterly lent it some approval.—Observe, that this form of the infinitive mood, "to write," "to speak," &c., is peculiar to the English tongue. No other language has it. And the simple fact that it is translatable from English into *one* word of any other language should suffice to remind the Englishman that, having

<sup>1</sup> Nor would Byron's authority, in any case, have availed to settle a point of grammar. Few poets have been so careless as he of such matters, and he would probably have laughed at the suggestion that his example might give lasting effect to what, in his day, was veritably a new departure in syntax.

but a single meaning, it is essentially one word with us. The very modern custom of dividing it by an adverb, or by a phrase adverbially used, is one of those innovations on which foreigners, studying our language, must come with a feeling of doubt and perplexity. They do not find the deformity in any English book written more than half a century ago; they find it very sparsely scattered in somewhat later literature; and they must take the writings of little more than one decade, counting back from to-day, to see multiplied examples of this wanton habit of dislocation. The "purist," who, as a general stickler for what suits his taste, frequently finds himself called upon to defend impurities, may be imagined pleading in his feeble way for this treatment of the infinitive mood. It would be quite in harmony with his usual conceptions of grammar were he heard saying: "There might be a doubt whether the adverb belonged to one verb or another; so, by wedging it into the midriff of the verb for which we intend it, there cannot possibly be a mistake of possession." He would then cite a sentence like, "Their lordships refused judicially to believe the evidence"; and he would submit that, by turning about the words "judicially to believe," and causing them to stand in this rickety position, "to judicially believe," we should make it clear that "judicially" applies to the verb "believe," and not to the verb "refused." In the endless plurality of such cases it really does not matter a straw how the adverb goes; as in this instance of their lordships' refusal; for it was exactly the same thing whether they judicially refused to believe, or refused to believe judicially. Supposing it really signified which way the adverb should go, common sense would instantly settle the question. Take, for example, the following, from the speech of a minister: "We shall endeavour sedulously to guard the interests of the country." Here it is manifest that

"sedulously" refers to the preceding verb; and equally plain, had the statesman said "We shall endeavour effectually to guard those interests," would it have been that "effectually" applies to the verb "to guard" which follows; because nobody can undertake that his act of *endeavouring* shall be effectual, though he may promise that it shall be directed towards effectual guardianship. No need is there then to maim the verb by that torturing locution, "to effectually guard," merely that the service of the adverb may be secured, so as to keep it from slipping away to the unrequired and inappropriate support of "endeavour."

A clumsy trick of speech, common among speakers and writers who think thereby to be impressively accurate, is the reduplication of past tenses, in some such instance as, "I had intended to have gone thither." This is nonsense; but nine times out of ten it is substituted for the plain, intelligible assertion, "I had intended to go thither." Some confused idea of concord no doubt leads the well-intending grammarian into error. Having started with a proposition laid in the past, and having got so far as "It was my purpose to," he cannot persuade himself to finish in the present tense, and say "It was my purpose to *do*" such or such a thing, but feels constrained to say, "It was my purpose to *have done*" so and so. But a very little reflection will show that it could never have been any person's intention, or forward impulse, to have already performed the act of which he speaks. Many speakers are exceedingly fond of "only too." When it is said of a prodigal that he knows "only too well" the sight of a bill-stamp or a bailiff, there is good sense in the expression. When a friend says he shall be "only too" happy to serve you, the meaning is not so clear. If it be told us that disease has been spreading rapidly, no force is added by saying "only too" rapidly; but there is a real significance in the pro-

position that coffinmaking is "only too" active a business. There should be something in reserve to justify the phrase, "only too"; something behind the statement as it stands; something implicative, as when, by saying that the gin merchant is "only too" wealthy a citizen, we speak to the poverty and the generally debased condition of the neighbourhood in which his wealth is amassed. To assert of the inhabitants that they are in the main "only too" poor, would be a statement, on the other hand, destitute of prompt implication, and therefore of wit.

I have used the word "vulgar" in two senses. It is difficult to avoid this in an argument such as I have attempted. But I think it will have been understood that whenever "vulgar," "vulgarity," or "vulgarism," has been written in a derogatory spirit, the class of speakers aimed at has not been the class which, in olden times, was called "simple." Those, the mere vulgar, never have been the most vulgar. Their language, so long as it is true to its source in common things, must always be purer than the language of the class just above them in condition—a class that has picked up a fashion of speech flowing from what few among them comprehend. "Hence," as Landor demonstrates, "the profusion of broken and ill-assorted metaphors, which we find in the conversation of almost all who stand in the intermediate space between the lettered and the lowest." He goes further than this, in his assertion that most of the expressions in daily use among persons of high education are ambiguous and vague. Your servant, he observes, would say, "A

man told me so"; the most learned and elegant of your acquaintance would be more likely to say, on the same occasion, "A certain person informed me." Here the person is not a *certain* but an *uncertain* one; and the thing told may have nothing in it of information. Year by year our language loses something of its propriety and force. It is doubtful whether, in the no longer unlettered, but still ignorant, ranks of the English people, a sound and honest vulgarity exists as it did when Landor wrote. A footman, now-a-days, would be more likely to say he had been "informed" than that he had been "told." The plain yeoman, who, at that period, might have said it had cost him a deal of money to build a house, would now tell us that he had expended a considerable sum in erecting a residence. We no longer eat and drink: we "partake of refreshment"; and we contrive by some miracle to "partake" even when we dine alone. Affected rusticity of speech is as much to be shunned as affected anything else. The true vulgar were never guilty of it. Those whose vulgarity has been named "Philistinism"—and the term is terribly significant—are guilty of all affectations that a plain man's mind can conceive and detest. But if we need not be rustic we need not be round-about. The simplest words are always best; and so unerringly does their habitual use indicate a clear mind, an earnest meaning, and a sincere intent, that he will always be better worth listening to who never says "arrive" when he should say "come," nor "proceed" when he might say "go."

GODFREY TURNER.

## SOME STATISTICS OF A GREAT WAR.

PLEASED, and justifiably so, as the army and nation are at the recent successes in Egypt, it is perhaps well for both to realise the proportions which that struggle assumes when contrasted with any which may ensue among our European neighbours, and in which, for aught that can be foretold, we may be called on to take part. Opportunely, for this purpose, there has been published within the last year, in the concluding section of the German Official Account of the Franco-German War of 1870-1, some statistics of that Battle of Giants, which may serve as correctives to any undue amount of self-confidence on the part of Englishmen, whether soldiers or civilians.

The list of items which are found on the credit side of the German bill of this seven months' war carried on against an European foe, is proof in itself of the gigantic character of the contest—the all-important fortresses of Metz and Strasburg; a large slice of the territories of Alsace and Lorraine; 11,860 officers and 371,981 men taken prisoners and sent into captivity; 7,456 officers and 241,686 men surrendered at Paris; 2,192 officers, 88,381 men, with 285 guns, driven out of France into Switzerland; 107 eagles or colours, 1,915 field guns or mitrailleuses, 5,526 garrison guns, 855,000 stand of arms, irrespective of those taken on fields of battle away from fortresses; such gains involving little short, to the defeated side, of national destruction, almost speak for themselves.

But these results were not obtained without corresponding exertions on the part of the victor, who in this

case was not merely an army, but a nation. Any great war carried on by united Germany is essentially the work of the nation itself, and not that of a caste maintained and paid for gladiatorial purposes. This is due to the fact that the military system of Germany permeates the nation, and that there is not a home into which its ramifications do not either directly or indirectly extend. Hemmed in on all sides by formidable rivals, doubtful friends, and probable foes, it is on the nationality of its armed forces that hangs the very existence of Germany as an independent power. However moralists may lament this misdirection, as they are pleased to term it, of patriotic impulse, however economists may deplore this unproductive expenditure of human powers, the fact of the existence of this state of things must in this workaday world be recognised. The love of national independence and the hatred of foreign control supply themes for the national poetry of all countries and of all times; the prosaic acceptance of these ideas as shown in the readiness, not merely to fight, but also to make any sacrifices of home and hearth for the Fatherland, is the key to the fortitude with which the German nation endured the sufferings and trials of the Franco-German war.

During the war there crossed the frontier into France 1,146,355 soldiers, of whom 33,101—a number probably exceeding our whole force employed in Egypt—were officers or officials only, whilst in the mother country 348,057 of all ranks were under arms. In February, 1871, the month during which the peace preliminaries were signed,

the mass of men under arms attained its maximum, the number in France being 936,915, and the number in Germany 413,872, making a total of 1,350,787; whilst the number of horses employed in the war reached its maximum the following month, when it was 233,196 in France and 32,312 at home, making a total of 265,508. That this huge crowd of men and beasts might remain an army, a correspondingly extensive administration was necessary to supply its wants and to make good its losses. This administration necessarily existed at the very commencement of the war, for the army was then nearly as large as at any subsequent period, being only 167,398 below the maximum; and nearly as much knowledge, energy, and forethought were required to provide for the one force as for the other, the difference of some 200,000 being a mere bagatelle in the seven months' work.

The first things to be provided for were reinforcements to supply casualties, and the formation of bodies of troops for home defence, as at the outset it was impossible to predict not only what turn the campaign might take in the field, but also whether the neighbouring powers might not enter the struggle as allies of France. Under the German military system, on any unit such as a regiment being mobilised, a depot battalion or with the cavalry a squadron is formed, made up of those men in its ranks who from want of training, or physically, are least suited for immediate active service; these are supplemented by men taken from the *Ersatz* reserve, to which had been previously relegated those who in the conscription had drawn lucky numbers, or had been temporarily excused serving, and also by men taken from the youngest classes of the *Landwehr*. These depots were consequently formed at the commencement of the campaign, and were further augmented by a considerable number of men who joined

them voluntarily. Untrained soldiers being of little use in the field, care was taken to maintain in a state of thorough efficiency the instructional staff at these depots. As soon as any unit lost ten per cent of its strength in killed, wounded, or sick, it drew on its depot to make good the deficiency; but in 1871 the demand was made after a loss of five per cent. The Inspector-General of the line of communications at once despatched the required reinforcements to the railway station nearest the corps for which they were intended; but as soon as the campaign was fairly begun, the roads to the front were so crowded by wounded men and prisoners coming in the opposite direction, that delays of several weeks were often occasioned in the arrival of these detachments at their destination.

By a system of careful selection the losses incurred during the first two months of the war were made good by some 60,000 men who had already served in the ranks; the next batch of 50,000 men were composed of recruits for the year 1870 and volunteers who had joined since the commencement of hostilities; these sufficed to the end of 1870; in 1871 there was still available a force of 70,000 men, recruits who had been called out in the previous year, and also a considerable number of convalescents, some of whom owed the continuance of their destructive powers to the care of the Red Cross societies.

Undoubtedly many of the men thus sent into the field were but insufficiently trained. At the end of 1870 the Bavarian recruits received only six weeks' instruction in the infantry, and but six months in the cavalry. The losses in officers were made good from the *Landwehr*; whilst at home, convalescent officers and those not belonging to the active army were employed at the depots so as to release for service before the enemy every available man. By the commencement of March, 1871, there had been



sent into France from the depots more than 2,000 officers and about 220,000 men, whilst at the depots were retained 3,288 officers and 204,684 men. The men going to join the troops in the field carried with them their equipment, arms, and ammunition, the mounted men taking also the required reinforcements of horses. The losses in horses were made good by 22,000 sent from Germany and 16,000 taken or requisitioned in France.

Incessant activity also prevailed in the home provinces in raising and organising troops, which, although available for and to some extent employed in the field, were not in the first line. Two reserve corps, composed mainly of Landwehr battalions were raised at Berlin and Glogau respectively; the troops for the defence of the German fortresses and the garrison battalions were also mobilised, whilst as the war continued in its course of success, etappen corps, fortress artillery, pioneers, and trains required in the development of the struggle, were despatched in rapid succession across the frontier. For the defence of the fortresses of Northern Germany were told off 239,800 men; and it was not till the end of November, when to lookers-on the eventual issue of the struggle was beyond doubt, and appeared to be far nearer than it really was, that the disarmament of the fortresses—save those on the coast or at the mouths of rivers, and Saarlouis, Mayence, and Coblenz—could be decreed. Provision of an insignificant character, compared with the foregoing, had to be made for the custody of prisoners constantly arriving from the seat of war. At first these prisoners were sent to fortresses in the interior; but this accommodation speedily proving insufficient, large camps were formed; but eventually, owing to the increase of numbers, the prisoners were sent to open towns where means existed for looking after them. The prisoners were distributed among 195 depots, and were formed into companies of

from 200 to 500 men each. The commander of the depot was furnished with power to inflict the severest punishments necessary for the maintenance of discipline. The officers were allowed to lodge where they liked, on condition that they did not attempt to escape, and that all their correspondence passed through the hands of the military authorities.

As regards the supply of food to the army in the field, the subject is technical in character, and a full explanation of it would involve the recital of a list of magazines formed, and of lines of communication, which would be of no interest to the general reader. A few words on the subject will suffice. The German army in France could not have existed had it depended for supplies on its own magazines only. To a vast extent was put in practice the old maxim, that "war must support war." Requisitioning and living on the inhabitants was widely resorted to, and again was proved the truth of the assertion that considerations of pocket far outweigh among purveyors of food considerations of patriotism; ready money down had an open-sesame effect on hitherto concealed stores of food; but notwithstanding the adoption towards the inhabitants of measures of severity and the most strenuous exertions of the administrative branches, the German army occasionally suffered great privations. Especially was this the case when, just before the great battles round Metz, or at Sedan, whole armies were concentrated on a small area; and when in addition to this concentration the severe weather in December, 1870, and January, 1871, rendered mere locomotion difficult, it was only by desperate efforts that subsistence could be obtained for the troops fighting in the south-west and the south-east of France. To supplement the food obtained in the country, a manufactory of the well-known peasausage, and of other preserved food, was started at Berlin, and thence 40,000,000 of rations were sent to the

army in the field. Similar manufactories were established later on at Mayence and Frankfort-on-the-Main, whilst bakeries despatched bread and biscuit to the front.

As regards the means of destruction, each of the fourteen *corps d'armée* took the field provided with some 4,000,000 of ball cartridge, and some 23,000 rounds of artillery projectiles. In addition to these there were sent from Germany from the Prussian *depôts* and Bavaria alone, nearly 17,000,000 of ball cartridge, and the total issue of rounds of artillery projectiles was nearly 340,000, 8,000,000 or 9,000,000 of ball cartridge were carried to the front by men joining as re-inforcements. Of weapons, 116 guns had to be replaced, but as the Germans almost invariably remained masters on the battle-field, the losses of other kinds of arms which had to be made good from home were insignificant.

But if anxious and full of forethought in providing for the destruction of her enemy, no less determined was Germany to do her utmost to assuage the sufferings, and, where possible, to save the lives of those who were injured in her cause. The military medical department was supplemented by more than 2,000 civil practitioners, whilst eminent university professors and operators were attached to each army as consulting medical men, and were also employed in a similar capacity in the interior of Germany; and during the war the number of *employés* in this department was 46,955. In dealing with sick men, those who on the march were only slightly indisposed or footsore, were taken from their corps and formed into detachments under a medical officer, rejoining on recovery. Where troops remained for any length of time on the same ground, special *depôts* were formed. The army round Metz found itself in very unfavourable hygienic conditions, being encamped on battle-fields, and exposed from the exigencies of the outpost duty to the full force of the inclement

weather which prevailed. Ninety ambulances barely sufficed for the 135,636 sick and wounded who required treatment from the 20th August to the 31st October, 1870, at the fortress. Here 1,328 men died of typhus, and 829 of dysentery, during September and October. At Paris the small-pox, which at one time threatened the investing army, was effectually met by wholesale vaccination. During the campaign the percentage of men under treatment was about 20 per cent, the maximum being with the 1st Bavarian corps, 52 per cent.

On the battle-fields the sanitary detachments had their hands full; in some cases more than 400 men being treated at one station. Great must have been the sufferings from delay, not only in treatment, but in removal also, as this service was but one of many of pressing importance. In rear of these, mobile field ambulances were established in churches, *châteaux*, public buildings, farms and barns. In all 295,644 cases were treated in the field ambulances. As fast as possible the wounded were collected at points, selected purposely at some distance apart, and thence transported homewards by road and rail; whilst the slightly wounded men were carried in covered goods waggons, trains provided with beds and furnished with means for cooking food, and for warming the carriages, were used for the more serious cases. Nancy and Lagny were the principal places through which passed these sad convoys; in one day as many as from 1,400 to 1,700 sick arrived at Nancy and passed the night there. There were in these ways transferred from France to Germany by rail 240,426 sick and wounded men. In the hospitals prepared for their reception were treated 812,012 Germans and French, with 17,613,397 days of treatment.

But the military treatment and care of the sick and wounded was powerfully aided by an association of private societies, which, founded on

the experience gained in the Austrian-Prussian War of 1866, had been organised in 1869. It was called the "Central Committee of German Societies for Aid to Military Wounded and Sick." It was absolutely subordinated to military control, and worked, so far as Northern Germany was concerned, under Prince John Henry XI. of Pless. At each army, and at each army corps, it was officially represented. Numbers of both sexes belonging to this society were to be found working side by side with the regular sanitary *employés*, sometimes on the battle-fields, but chiefly in the ambulances and with the convoys; along the lines of railway were these Samaritans found, with their stations for affording refreshment and assistance. Far differently must this aid have been regarded by the German authorities than was that rendered by any number of foreign Red Cross societies, inasmuch as the motives of the individuals affording it were patriotic and above suspicion. In the interior, aid societies, and especially the ladies' societies, numbering altogether some 1,500, provided for the sick on their arrival; a number of these sufferers were received into private establishments or into private houses.

To diminish the cases of suspense as to the fate of friends or relatives, there was organised at Berlin a central "Information Office"; all the more necessary since during the war over 14,000 officers and men were returned "missing," though this number was ultimately reduced to about 4,000. This organisation was, through the Geneva committee, put in communication with a similar organisation at Paris, with the satisfactory result that information could be afforded concerning 509,837 men, of whom 60,000 were French.

During the war, gifts of all kinds, including clothing and money, flowed from home to those who were fighting for that home abroad. In money

alone these gifts amounted to more than one and a half million pounds sterling. Depots for gifts were established at Coblenz, Mayence, and Mannheim, whence they were forwarded seventy-six depots on French territory. The value of gifts in kind was estimated at more than three quarters a million pounds. From abroad, as from Germans residing there, came presents of all sorts, and more than 350,000*l*.

The German military authorities had since 1866 been true to the principle which they so consistently carried out, of profiting by experience and never believing that because satisfactory results have been obtained under some particular system that therefore that system does not need to be improved. In 1870-1 they reaped, rather the nation reaped, the benefit of this line of action in the lives saved during this campaign, for the percentage of deaths from sickness was but half those arising from the same cause in the war of 1866. Of the 40,800 deaths in the war 28,628 are assigned to the battle-field or external violence whilst the remainder are due to sickness and unknown causes. The Germans sum up their losses, which include killed and wounded but apparently not deaths from sickness, 6,247 officers and officials, 123,453 men.

There are yet two other administrative services which demand notice. The first, that of the telegraph, was of vital importance during the campaign. Two instances of its value may be mentioned. In the south-east of France, in January 1871, v. Manteuffel and v. Werder on opposite sides of Bourbaki's force, communicated with each other, *via* Versailles, over a length of some 400 miles of wire. In the south-west, Prince Frederick Charles in the centre of the attacking force in the battle of Le Mans, communicated with his right from which he was temporarily separated *via* Vendôme, Blois, Orleans, Versailles, Chartres, Nogent le Rotrou, a distance of some 150 miles.

miles. The length of telegraphic lines worked by the field telegraph department at the end of the war was about 6,770 miles, with 407 stations. The last department which calls for notice is the field post. Most perfect were its arrangements. On the battle-field of Gravelotte was established immediately after the battle a field post-office, whence letters were at once despatched by the survivors to reassure the loving ones at home. The *personnel* on French territory of this post consisted of more than 2,000 men, and 411 post-offices were established. Subsequent to the 15th October, 1870, the transmission of parcels was undertaken by this department, and some idea of the work performed by it may be formed from the following statistics :

Up to the 31st March, 1871, had

passed through the post to or from Germany upwards of 100,000,000 letters, post-cards, and newspapers, and over 2,500,000 packages, whilst the post had served for the transmission of money to the extent of nearly 10,000,000*l*.

The foregoing summary will at all events serve to illustrate the scale on which a great European power carries on war, and whilst it shows the hopelessness of our own country contending single handed on the Continent against such a modern Colossus, it warns us to take note of the resources of a nation which it would be bold to prophesy will never attempt to set its foot hostilely on our shores.

LONSDALE HALE,  
*Colonel.*

## UNDER THE SNOW.

## I.

BESIDE a lovely little lake in Switzerland there is a small village of scattered vine-clad chalets, and just beyond these the land curves round from a projecting point and forms a bay. On the side of the point nearest the chalets is a shallow creek, and from this goes up a long flight of steps; these are plainly not much used, grass grows between the stones, and on each side, among the dusky silver of the thistle-down, are black-berry bushes laden with fruit. No one has been there to take this. And, indeed, when the end of the steps is reached, one only gets a view of the opposite shore about two miles away, and of the grand mountain range that ends the view on the left. The outlook on the right is blocked by the garden wall which ends the point; on the left are some tumble-down sheds filled with faggots, and what may possibly be the rubbish of generations.

An artist would stand wrapt in admiration of the light and shade concentrated on the strange medley within the sheds—bits of the roof have been blown away, and although the gloom is too great to distinguish anything, there is sombre colour within, and a mysterious suggestiveness in the forms that here and there stand out of the chaos.

There is the tiniest strip of ground between the sheds and the lake, and from this gourds and vines have climbed up over the ruin. On this strip of ground, shading her eyes with her lean brown hand, André's mother has been standing this half-hour, watching the opposite shore. There is nothing special about her at first sight; she is like a score or so of the women of her canton. She wears a black, full skirt, more than half covered by a grey woollen apron; over this is a short, loose, black jacket, no cap or collar, only some white linen shows round

her brown neck. Her grey hair is smoothly gathered into a knot behind, and is almost covered by a tanned straw hat bent down over her spare face; her nose is long and thin. The rest of her face looks like a shrivelled leaf, but the eyes are strangely young and bright, with a look in them that at once arrests attention.

André's mother may be in other respects like her neighbours, but no other woman in the little village has such a weird story written in her eyes. As a rule eyes that are expressive can tell many stories, sometimes revealing quite an unexpected chapter of events, but it rarely happens to one person in a lifetime to read the shocked horror that is fixed in the eyes of André's mother, or to see in one face so strange a mingling of age and youth. Strangely, too, this weird expression is out of place in the sweet pathetic face; the loving lips seem ready to protest against the terror which has got, as it were, embroidered on what may have once been a face of beaming joy.

There are times when this terror lurks out of sight, but any sudden emotion recalls it; and now voices sounding close beside her make the woman look up, with the weird horror fully shown.

Two gentlemen are standing smoking in the terraced garden at the top of the wall. One of them, the elder, nods in a friendly way, and says, "Good evening, Madame Engemann."

His friend stands half hidden under a long, vine-covered pergola, that reaches from the charming house yonder to this point. He is a stranger, and he is absorbed in admiring the hills on the opposite side of the lake, and the grand snow mountains rising above them; but at the sound of a strange voice he turns and starts back as he meets the ghost-haunted eyes of André's mother.

"You are expecting André," says

Monsieur Weissembourg. "I suppose this is the last outing he gets before he comes down for the winter, eh?"

"Yes, sir, it is the last, till he comes in October."

The joy in her voice spreads over her face, and for a moment even her eyes smile. Then she turns away again and looks across the lake.

The two men walk under the pergola, where the leaves glint gold and green in the sunshine, and the grapes hang in purple clusters; the wind is rising, and the long vine-sprays are blown out towards the stately blue lilies that border the terrace.

"Whoever is that woman?" says the young man, when they have passed out of hearing. "Is she old or young? She looks spirit-haunted."

Monsieur Weissembourg smiles.

"Well, then, the spirits are good ones. She is usually called 'André's mother,' but her name is Elisa Engemann."

"But why does she look so scared?"

"Ah well, poor soul! she has cause. She was married fourteen years ago to a good husband, and they were very happy. She was a pretty young girl, and he was a fine handsome fellow, and had the reputation of being one of the best guides at Grindelwald; and he had saved money enough to buy a chalet here and to furnish it; and then, before André was born, he took his last journey—he was buried in a snowfall."

"And the shock of his death gave her that look?"

"It was more than that. He had left her, promising to be home before the baby was born. Three days after, between night and morning, she roused from sleep and heard her husband's voice outside calling to her. She said the voice was loud at first, but it grew feebler, and at last died away. She rose up and opened the door, but she could not see any one; she came on to my house, and begged to see me. I believe I was rough to her, for I felt provoked to be roused out of my sleep for what seemed to me an idle dream; but next day came the news that Engemann

and the traveller he was with were missing. Of course my first thought was for Elisa, and then I learned that she had started the day before, when she left me, for the place where her husband was to make the ascent. You may be sure I followed her at once; when I found her she lay in bed in a little mountain chalet with her baby beside her—her hair had changed to grey, and that awful look of horror was in her eyes."

There was a pause. Monsieur Weissembourg's young visitor had come to the Oberland to make the most difficult ascent he could find. Elisa's story seemed to him a troublesome episode; he wished he had not heard it. . . .

When the two men pass out of sight the stillness comes back to the lake—the grand silence that is in harmony with the giant mountains beyond the clear, blue-green water. In this evening light their snowy tops are shadowed by delicate greys, and the lower hills are a rich purple; the long range on the other side that follows the course of the lake to the right and goes on behind the river that flows into it, and the little town of Dort, grows darker and darker, and so does the great pyramid of rock just opposite to the place where Eliza stands gazing. High up on the side of this huge pyramid are chalets, tiny specks from this distance; a village lies beneath at its foot, hidden by a low ridge of green hills, and this is the point which seems to magnetise the woman's gaze. She is as still as the mountains; her head turned slightly over one shoulder so that her ear may receive the first sound of the expected steamer. The sound has reached her. She turns with a look of sudden happiness that fills even her eyes to the exclusion of the dread that lives in them; and then she comes briskly up the steps. At the top she waves one hand to the two gentlemen, who are coming this way again, as they smoke their cigars under the vine-wreathed pergola.

"André is coming," she calls out; "there is the boat."

And as André's mother crosses the dusty road to a bit of garden ablaze with a group of gorgeous sunflowers, the two gentlemen see the steamer shoot swiftly to the landing-place on the other side of the lake.

"The boy André takes the boat over there," Monsieur Weissebourg explains, "and he will be here soon. He has had to make a long journey before reaching the boat."

The ragged-looking chalet over the way, just now aflame with those huge flowers that try to stare the sun out of countenance, is not Elisa's own dwelling-place. She has spied her friend the carpenter, who is also the godfather of André, smoking his pipe in the wooden balcony that goes round his house, and she pauses a moment outside the sunflower plot, to call out—

"There is the boat, Hans Christen; André is coming."

Then, with her head bent forward, she hurries down the road.

Hans Christen, a big-headed fellow, and much too broad for his height, takes his pipe out of his mouth and looks down the road after her.

"Poor soul!" he says. "Poor loving soul!"

## II.

SOME little way beyond the village and the landing-place, a chalet stands beside the road, screened from the lake by a row of trees. In itself it is not very different from the other cottages. It is large, however, has two rows of green-shuttered windows, and has balconies with slender carved rails on each story, made of the same brown wood as the rest of the house; the roof of course has very deep projecting eaves, and in front these would make a high-pitched gable if the top had not been flattened; along the edge of this gable are carved barge-boards; a flight of wooden steps leads up to the lowest balcony.

There is more than one such chalet beside the lake but not over every one does the grape-vine and American creeper fling such luxuriant shoots. These climbers reach

the ridge of the roof, they cling lovingly to the topmost balcony, and then fling themselves down in cascades of green and gold, flame-colour and crimson, that would seem enough of themselves to satisfy a lover of colour, without the orange and scarlet of gladiolus and nasturtiums that gleam through them from the window-ledges. One side of the roof stretches out and forms an open shed; here are stacked freshly chopped logs for burning, and brushwood crusted with lichens and glowing with shrivelled brown leaves, gathered in the skirts of the lofty pine forest that clothes the steep hill behind the chalet. Near is a bundle of chopped broom, on which a handsome black goat is browsing, while a few chickens are picking about, with an anxious mother hen—that emblem of domestic worry—at their heels. In front of the house a cock and a few brown hens are keenly watched from the balcony by a small grey cat with a bushy tail. The tinkle of the goat's bell chimes in merrily with the cock-crowing and the cluck cluck of the hens.

This is the chalet which André's father, Joseph Engemann, built with his perilously earned gains. So much sympathy had been felt in the little town of Dort and at Grindelwald when he perished on the mountain, that the widow had been able to keep possession of the chalet, and by the sale of her eggs and fruit she had managed to supply her wants. When André left school, at the end of last winter, he wanted to live at home to help his mother; he said he felt sure he could make the garden yield twice as much as she did, and he could save her all hard work. Elisa's heart yearned to have her boy with her, but he was delicate, and every one told her that if she sent him up to the mountain he would grow strong and hearty; and when the lad found that he could earn wages there he was eager to go.

He had come home once for a couple of days, so brown and healthy-looking that his mother had cried for joy when she saw his rosy

cheeks and how much he had grown and strengthened. In October he would come home for the winter, for when once snow covered the mountain-top it was no longer a safe abiding place for either sheep or shepherds.

During the winter there would be plenty for André to do, and in the evenings she thought he would have time to read his father's books, for Joseph Engemann had been very fond of reading. She was not afraid that André would take up with idle ways. One fear she had, but of this she had never spoken. What if he grew to love the mountains as his father had loved them, and became a guide to travellers? When this thought came to her, Elisa's heart seemed to stand still as if an icy hand pressed on it, and the strange look of horror filled her eyes.

Then she would tell herself this was an idle dream and a selfish one, and she tried to chase it by giving her house an extra cleaning, though no one else could see that any cleaning was needed; or she would make a little extra soup for some poorer neighbours, by way of sending the phantom to the right-about.

The lower balcony went round the house, and on one side a gourd kept fast hold of the carved rails with its tendrils; on the ground below, showing among the light and shade of the huge leaves, were globes of golden, rosy fruit, and one of these had been cut for soup in honour of André's arrival. From the open door on this side the house came a murmur of happy voices, then a peal of merry laughter, in perfect harmony with the soft evening sunshine and the bright beauty of the flowers. If the grand tranquillity of the lake and the giant mountains had wanted a gem to brighten them, this chalet would assuredly have fulfilled the part.

Inside the bare, spotless room André and his mother sat side by side on a bench. The boy's arm was round her neck and his face was hidden on her shoulder, while he pointed to a heap of stockings in his mother's lap.

It was plainly the sight of the stockings that had caused his burst of laughter; he lay nestling his face in her black stuff jacket while his shoulders still shook with merriment. She too was smiling.

"Fie, then, saucy boy"—she patted his smooth, fair head with her brown veined hand—"why does he laugh so at his poor old mother?"

"She is not old; she is, on the contrary, quite young." He got up, and while he kissed her, he tenderly stroked the grey hair which matched so ill with her eyes; then he took up the stockings one by one and examined them. He was only thirteen, and though he was well grown he had still the charming oval face, clear skin, and limpid dark eyes which one sees in Swiss children, and which so completely deserts them as they grow older. The only fault that could have been found with André was that his neck was short, so that his head came a little too near his broad shoulders; but he was so active and light in his movements that this was scarcely noticed.

"Dear little mother!" he stood looking at the stockings; "did she make you all, and had she the conscience to think that André could wear you all? You would do for six Andrés. Naughty little mother to sit knitting all day long, when a walk in the pine-wood would do you good."

"All day long! Bless him, does he really think I spend so much time on him? Go along then; the goat and the chicks would not let me, even if it were in me to sit still all day."

"You have not then time to feel lonely, mother?"

He spoke carelessly, but the look in his sweet dark eyes made his mother's heart throb. She had never talked to him about his father's death. Up, on the mountains he had learned the sad story from his brother shepherds, and it often came back to him when he was alone. He thought the remembrance of it must be very terrible to his mother; and she had so many lonely hours.

But a new idea had been growing



in André's mind; probably it had been latent there, and had only needed the solitude and silence of his mountain life to develop.

For although the shepherds called to one another in their pleasant Swiss fashion, and travellers sometimes talked to André as they climbed the mountain, there were many solitary hours to be lived through on the green pasture. The pyramid-shaped mountain was not more than eight thousand feet high, and did not therefore offer great attractions to climbers; only a few travellers passed across it during the summer. It was, as André's mother often reminded herself, a safe, out-of-the-way sheep-pasture.

And yet the fear born with her child never deserted her, and now something in his words gave it new power.

She returned his earnest gaze, and answered the thought she shrank from, rather than the question he had put to her.

Brooding over her sorrow had increased her natural quickness of perception, for it had alienated the outward distractions which might have confused this perception by giving her less time for thought.

"You are lonely, then, my child; you want a more stirring—what do I say?—a more active life. Well," she went on quickly, as she saw that he was trying to speak, "at the château up yonder, they are wanting a good shepherd to manage the beasts they keep down here. Old Michael is dying, and, besides, he is much too old for work. If they would not think you too young, the place might suit you—eh, my boy?"

André got up from the bench; then he stood some minutes at the open door, looking out, seemingly, at the gourd-vine.

His mother waited till he turned round; a sickening fear clung about her heart, but she would not yield to it, though it had made her very pale.

"I had better go back to the mountains," André said; "the air down here feels close and heavy. It is nice

to be with you, mother, but I could not work so well down here."

He avoided meeting her eyes, but when she spoke the strange hoarseness in her voice drew his attention, and he started when he saw the wild terror in her face.

"Mother," he cried, "are you ill?"

She put out her hand.

"Tell me," she said, "I had best know it, André, what kind of life can you have up on the mountains that is not quiet and lonely?"

The boy hesitated; he was vexed with himself and with his mother; it had been easy to keep thoughts to himself up there among his fellows. At the mountain chalet where he slept he was considered only a merry, light-hearted boy; he kept his confidences for the snow mountains, and though these were so far above him, he used to talk to them, and tell them his longings to approach them more nearly.

André had not counted that the warm glow of home-coming would have the same effect on the reserve he habitually maintained as the sunshine had on mountain snow, and yet that look in his mother's eyes made the secret hopes seem a crime. He stood hanging his head; all the light had gone out of his face.

"You are tired of being on the same pasture," she said, trying to catch at a fragment of hope, as one seeks for a glimpse of blue in a threatening sky; "well, then, you must exchange on to the other side of the Simmenthal; you will there find an altogether different country."

"No, no," he said, "it is not the sameness I feel; sheep are not like cows, little mother; sheep do not stay in one spot till they have eaten up the grass; they stray here and there, and sometimes they lead me up to the very top. Ah, mother, it is a grand look-out I have then; it makes me long to know what more I could see from those high snow peaks above. Surely, if one climbed the white mountain herself, one would see to the end of the world!"

His mother's yearning gaze noted

the glow in his face, and her lips moved as if she were echoing his words. She got up and turned away, pressing her hard-worked hands together nervously.

"I must call in the goats," she said; and she went out.

In truth, to her also the air had become choked and heavy; the look on her boy's face had been a reflection she so well recognised.

Just so had Joseph her husband looked before he started on one of his perilous journeys, even while his eyes glistened with the sorrow of bidding her farewell. She felt hopeless; to her the life of an Alpine guide meant only certain death. It seemed to her that André must share his father's fate. It was so ordained, and who was she to set herself up against it?

André had not followed her. He was so glad to have preserved his secret, that his heart grew light again; and when, after a severe wrestle with herself, his mother came back, she found him as bright and gay as he had been when he reached the chalet by the lake.

### III.

It was August when André came down from the mountain to see his mother. It is now the middle of September, about a month before the cattle need come from the hills. But the trees look more like November; incessant rain has swept away the leaves, and the rich red beauty of the creepers is marred by gaps in the foliage. The brown-petalled, sodden-looking sunflowers and dahlia blossoms, that a while ago made a glory of the carpenter's little garden, are now only suggestive of damp and decay, sticking together in blurred masses.

The weather has been strangely cold too, and to-day a heavy mist has hung over the lake, blotting out the mountains. All day long masses of vapour have been rolling over the steep pine-covered ridge behind the village in huge clouds like the smoke of a battle-field, sweeping more than half-way down the hill-side with soft blurred edges, seeming as if they had

let loose the torrents of rain which have been falling for hours.

Hans Christen is a schoolmaster as well as a carpenter. All day long he hammers and saws and works into shape the wood that lies heaped behind his house, and in the evening he goes through much the same process mentally with the dull scholars who come to his class. He considers himself a scholar, and he is weatherwise, but this weather puzzles him, and he is in a mood to prove his wisdom on some one or other. As he turns from his study of the clouds, he sees André's mother walking quickly past his garden; her eyes are half closed, and her head is bent forward; certainly the cold is bitter enough to account for the pace at which she walks; but Hans is always ready to teach, and just now, as has been said, he feels specially commissioned in this direction.

"Elisa," he calls out; "Elisa Engemann."

"Yes, neighbour;" but though she stops she does not turn round or hold her head erect, it is bent forward ready for the next step.

"What ails you?" he says, severely. "Since André went back you have been keeping yourself away from us all. You have scarcely said a dozen words to me. Let me tell you, neighbour, that such conduct is unneighbourly and unchristian, unless, indeed, you are hiding something from us; but even then," he brings down his dirty hand heavily on the low wall that borders his garden, "why even then, widow Engemann, you ought to have come to me. I am consulted by every one, and also I am André's godfather. He is confirmed, I grant you, but I have the right to know his errors and misdeeds." The woman turned and faced him; she was smiling.

"Misdeeds will never be reckoned up against my André, neighbour; if I do not talk as much as I did, put it down to my fault, not to André's."

Christen shook his head.

"You do not deceive me, Elisa. Trouble is written in your face, and you keep aloof because you are trying

to keep it to yourself. Ah, well, you may turn your face away. I know what I know, you will have to come to me for counsel by and by."

She shook her head, and then as he remained silent, she passed on towards her cottage.

"The woman looks all eyes," said Christen, crossly; "she's—but then its natural, all women are fools, mothers more than any. The boy has got into trouble, and she's trying to hush it up. Ah, well," he grunted, "she'll have to come to me in the end."

This remark appeased him, and he fell on his pipe with added vigour, but he soon found his way indoors, for every moment the air grew colder.

Elisa had thought herself of so little consequence, it had not occurred to her that her silent brooding might give her neighbours offence. Somehow she had grown to feel that if she betrayed it in words, her fear would become a reality, and so she had avoided the chance of revealing it, and had lived alone with the spectre face to face.

There were times when she almost conquered it. She told herself that she had always known what she dreaded must come to pass. She had been sure from the first that a child born like the edelweiss at the glacier's edge, cradled so to speak in snow, must feel drawn to the mountain top as to his native atmosphere; and then she asked herself why she did not yield? was there not in all this an undercurrent that meant something stronger than her mere will? Was she not selfish in wishing to keep her boy from the dangerous life he craved? After that she had recoiled from this whisper as from the voice of a tempter. No, it must be her solemn duty to shelter André from the terrible fate which had made him fatherless.

Now having reached her home, she sat down exhausted, for the icy wind had fastened on her breath as she hurried down the road. Once more this question was unfortunate. Had she a right to plan André's life to suit hers? ought not her life rather to

be sacrificed to him? Her heart felt tortured with keen pain—as if indeed a weapon pierced it.

"I cannot yield him. I cannot," she cried; "he is all I have to love."

That was a night never to be forgotten in the villages beside the lake, or even in Dort, the busy little town on the blue green river.

Old people shivered in their sleep and dreamed they had ague; while those who possessed them, old and young too, drew their thistle-down stuffed coverlets up to their chins, and shrank deep down in bed, wondering why they slept so poorly. Towards morning, however, there was a general stir in the village; every one had roused at daybreak. Spite of the cold, half-clad men and women peeped out at doors and windows, so awful a sound had boomed across the lake.

"What was it?" Elisa asked herself as she looked out.

The atmosphere was clearer. The lake looked peaceful and gray, but the mountains and even the lowest ridge of the hills were white with snow. As she watched, the huge pyramid opposite, on which André kept his sheep, began to gleam with silver brightness as the sun sent up light from behind the cloud-veil in which he was rising.

A heavy snowfall in September! For a moment, Elisa could not believe her eyes; but there was no use in doubting them. The Jungfrau and her giant comrades were now only marked out from the rest by their superior height. Lower Alps which till now had blended in the distant view, showed out separately, the silvery coating defining and giving grandeur to their peaks. Elisa's eyes were fixed on the huge white pyramid across the lake. Where was André? She went out and hastened to the point, for the view in front of her chalet was somewhat obscured by trees. Presently she heard voices in the garden above. Monsieur Weissembourg was talking to Hans Christen,

"I do not say it was an avalanche,"

he said; "but it was a fall of some kind above Schonegg. I am going into town to learn what has happened."

Christen said something, but she could not make out the words.

"Yes," Monsieur Weissebourg answered, "that is what I fear. It seemed to me that the sound came from below the chalets; and in that case——," he hesitated—"Well, she need not be told till we are certain," he said.

"No, no," Christen spoke in a hushed, awed voice.

Elisa knew that they were speaking of her, but she also knew that they could not see her. A fear came lest they might prevent the purpose she had so quickly formed. She crept stealthily along the strip of ground between the outhouses and the lake, and then her face blanched, and with tottering knees she leaned against the broken timbers and tried to steady her thoughts.

Long ago she had learned to ask God for help—but now, when she tried to pray, her words froze on her lips.

It had come, then—the fate she so dreaded for her boy; he lay buried under the snow.

She had gone through all this already in thought. Oh, yes, she knew what she had to do. It never occurred to her to bemoan herself or to break down in tears. She sped back to her house, and wrapped herself more warmly; then she put some milk and some brandy into a basket with a warm wrap over them, and then she left the chalet and walked on swiftly in the opposite direction from the point. Half a mile of rapid walking brought her to just such another little creek as that at the foot of the grass-grown steps; but here, instead of the broken sheds, there was a bathing hut with two boats moored beside it. The sun had almost reached the mountain tops, and the gray of the lake was mottled with exquisite reflections of the rosy sky. Elisa bent over one of the boats and tried to launch it. At first this was beyond her strength; but at last it yielded, and she was

afloat. The oars were large and very heavy, and her hands were numbed with the intense cold. She was some time in crossing the lake.

She secured her boat at the landing-place, and then, panting, yet without any feeling of fatigue, she went up to a group of women who stood talking eagerly to an old man in front of the hotel. There was such a babel of sound that she could not distinguish words. She pushed in between the women and grasped the old man's arm.

"Tell me," she cried abruptly, "what has happened! Did the avalanche fall on this side the mountain?"

The man opened his mouth and stared in wonder. He was one of the head farmers of the district; his dignity was affronted. By what right did this wild-eyed stranger snatch at his arm and question him so fiercely? He had never seen her! But Elisa could not wait while he arranged his ideas. She placed herself in front of a woman who stood near.

"What has happened on the mountain?" she asked; "is it known?"

The woman was an eager talker; her broad face and black slit-like eyes kindled.

"Yes, yes, it is known. There has been a snowfall—some say a slip of part of the rock on this side, and the chalets up yonder at Oberstalden are buried, and no one knows where the sheep will have strayed to. Do you not hear the cow-bells? They are already bringing down the cows by hundreds. What a winter we shall have."

All this fell on Elisa's strained hearing as rain falls on a window-pane—she heard it, but it did not penetrate to her feelings.

She had learned the truth of what she dreaded. There was only one question still to be asked; but as she looked at her eager-tongued neighbour she felt that she would not get an answer from her.

Farther on, nearer the chateau, which stands beyond the houses, she saw the diligence; it was ready to start, but its rough-looking driver had not yet mounted to his seat. He was

stamping his boots heavily as if his feet were cold, cracking his whip now and then.

Elisa knew that this man travelled each day some way up the mountain. He must surely know the truth about what had happened, and she hurried towards him.

He left off cracking his whip: her eyes told him that she was in some sore need.

"At your service, neighbour," he said. "What do you want of me?"

"You have been up there—to the chalets?"

"No, but I have heard." He was full of sympathy, for in his youth he, too, had herded cattle on the mountain side. "The Unterstalden chalets are safe, my good woman; the lads only stay to collect the strayed sheep—"

He broke off; the agonised look in her eyes held him fascinated. It was plain that his words had no comfort for her. He was afraid to end his tidings.

"Go on," she said in a voice that sounded far off. "Is it true that the Oberstalden chalets are under the snow?"

The man bent his head: he was awed by her solemn tone. Then, remembering what he had heard, he took courage.

"But it was best so, mother. More than two of the Oberstalden lads had come down to a wedding at Wimmis and they were to stay all night. There were but two of the young ones left above, whereas the chalets of Unterstalden were full."

"And those two are left under the snow at Oberstalden."

Again her voice made him start. His blood seemed to chill as he heard it.

"Nay," he said, "I heard but now that a couple of diggers are presently going up the mountain with shovels and ice-axes; but what can they do if indeed the rock has fallen? Monsieur le Comte has settled how it is to be."

"Two diggers, did you say?" She looked so white that the man thought she must be ill.

"It is all they can spare," he said; "every soul is wanted to seek for the missing sheep. They will perish, else, in the snow—Monsieur le Comte has said so."

"Under the snow," she said mechanically, and then turned and walked quickly in the direction of the château.

"Monsieur le Comte," she was saying half aloud to herself, in a strange imperious voice, "Monsieur le Comte! What is it to him? He has not a child perishing in the snow."

She soon reached the old château, with its quaint red-roofed tower; and while she waited for an answer to her clamorous ringing she had quieted her temper.

In a few minutes a man appeared. He said, in answer to her eager request, that Monsieur le Comte could not see any one. Some important business was about to take him from home, and he could not spare a moment before he went.

"Will he come out this way?"

"Yes."

She stood waiting: she felt as if she were wasting precious moments, and yet, how little she could do alone. Presently she heard wheels grating on the slaty drive, and then Monsieur von Erlach came out ready to step into the carriage which had drawn up in front of the door. He looked round and saw Elisa.

"What do you want with me, my good woman?" and as he met her eyes he seemed to know her errand.

"Sir, are you going up the mountain?"

"As soon as I can. I must first drive to Dort to get some help; there are soldiers there who can be spared, our people are so busy with the herds."

Elisa flushed and her eyes brightened.

"But, sir, the boys are perishing in the snow."

She spoke roughly, almost fiercely the Count thought.

"Yes, yes," he said. "Two men have gone up already."

"Two men! Listen, sir. One of those boys is my boy, André; the

other is an orphan. He has no mother, only you, sir, to care for him. Will you lose so many precious hours before you go to see what can be done on the mountain? I am going there; but, sir, I am weak and ignorant, the men above will not listen to me. Only such as you, sir, can order what is best to do in such a strait. You will go there; you will come with me now."

She spoke with a fire and energy that would have greatly surprised Christen the carpenter, and her eyes told her that she had kindled the zeal of her listener.

He was indeed greatly moved. "I will go with you," he said.

He went into the house and came back with a note, which he gave to his grey-headed servant.

"You will bid Louis saddle a horse and carry this as fast as he can to Dort. Now my good friend," he said to Elisa, "I will drive you as far as we can go and we will climb together to the chalets."

#### IV.

THE two men had been digging for an hour, yet it seemed as if they made no impression on the enormous mass of snow at which they laboured.

When it became known that the Count had gone up to the chalets some lads who had come down with the cattle followed him, and there were soon almost a dozen at work with picks and shovels, but the snow was so hard and deep that it seemed as if they might go on for hours. They had pushed André's mother aside when she asked to help them, but Monsieur von Erlach took a spade and worked with a will.

Now and then Elisa walked up and down below them, but the chalets had stood on the exposed side of the mountain, and the snowfall, after overwhelming them, had drifted down on one side, so that only a small space of path was left thinly covered. Lately she had stood still muffled in her shawl watching the diggers.

All at once she moved to the left

where the snow lay thickly heaped, and when Monsieur von Erlach looked up she had passed out of sight. He thought she had gone down to the lower chalets, to which he had already sent a lad to make all ready to receive those they hoped to rescue. The sun was gaining power over the snow on this side, and as Elisa plunged resolutely into it she sank to her knees. She tried to go on but this seemed impossible. She felt rooted in the snow. At last, with much effort and long pauses between each step, she struggled forward. As she advanced her footing became firmer, for she had circled round the vast mound, and on this side the snow had not melted. She had quite lost sight of the diggers, and crouching down she listened. Then a wailing cry sounded over the snow—

"André, André, I am here."

The terrible cry startled the diggers; they looked round them in alarm the Count with some help climbed up to the top of the mound.

He saw André's mother lying crouched on the top of the snow.

"What is it?" he cried, too much astonished to realise the courage and daring which had enabled her to reach the spot where she lay.

"They are here, monsieur," she said, her eyes glistening with hope. "The men waste their labour on that side; the chalet is here, and some one still lives there under the snow."

Monsieur von Erlach climbed down till he reached her.

"You must not stay here," he said. "You will perish in the snow, and you can do no good."

She gave him a look which puzzled him. She was wondering how it could be possible that André yet lived, if mere contact with the snow was so harmful.

"Listen!" she held up her hand and bent her head.

Truly it seemed as if there was a far-off, muffled cry. Monsieur von Erlach still held the shovel with which he had been working, and with a loud shout he tried to thrust it down in the direction of the sound.

Presently he raised his head with a look of relief.

"The snow is hard below," he said, "but I believe it is only snow, the rock has not fallen."

"No, sir ;" Elisa rose up and pointed overhead ; "you can see that from here. Except for the snow the mountain has not changed."

And as he followed the direction of her finger he saw that she was right. The place where they stood was so altered in aspect that no one would have recognised it. The winding path which had curved outside the flank of the mountain had disappeared with the chalets of the herdsmen ; a new projecting spur in the shape of an enormous snow-hill had taken their place, barring all upward progress, and on one side it spread downward, but above, except that it was white with snow, the mountain was unchanged.

"You must come with me," the Count said, imperatively. "I will bring the men here, but you must come away—come, do you hear me?"

She was stooping down. Now she cried out again, in a wail that sounded strangely sad—

"André—André, I am here."

While she bent down listening for an answer, she was firmly drawn away, carried off her feet, and set down again, where the snow lay only a few inches deep on the ground.

Then as the Count told his news to the men, there rose a hearty shout ; they were soon digging rapidly on the spot where Elisa had crouched.

She stood waiting ; she had done what she could, but it seemed terrible that while her darling lay, perhaps dying, she could do nothing. Since that day, when she had fallen insensible at the foot of the snow mountain, where her husband had perished, she had rarely shed tears ; something had congealed them. Now she could only stand praying that her boy might yet live—her loving André. No one but she knew how good and tender, how self-denying he had been.

Clouds had risen, and now they reached the sun and obscured his

light, and an icy wind swept round Elisa, but she did not even shiver ; she could only think of her boy. . . .

The digging went on silently ; it seemed to her the men were digging a grave. How far off it was since her boy had come down to her, and she had seen his hopes, and how he strove against them for fear of grieving her.

Oh, how good and loving her André had ever been to her. He had never wilfully given her an hour of sorrow, and she—what had she done ? Because she had yielded to her fear, she had given him a constant secret grief, she had checked the flow of his confidence in her, and she had taught him that his mother exacted the sacrifice of his dearest wish, while in words she lived only for his happiness.

And now perhaps the end had come. She could not be sure that the cry she had heard was André's, and presently the men might bring out from under the snow. . . . The thought shaped itself with terrible reality ; the hard pain at her heart tightened, and then a burst of tears came. How blind she had been, she was able to see it now. What was the use of faith and trust, if she did not think his Father in heaven could better care for André than she could. . . . She stood silent after this ; she gave up even her longing to help ; she tried to accept that she must yield up her own will, and when the Count called out to her to move about or go down to the chalets, or she would get frozen by the wind, she began to hurry backwards and forwards along the narrow ledge on which she stood.

Time was slipping by quickly, yet it seemed to her slow-footed. The snow had made all below look monotonous, but as Elisa turned she saw on the white expanse dark objects in movement. Soon she made them out to be a body of men climbing up the road by which she had come.

"Monsieur, Monsieur le Comte," she cried loudly, "there is help coming to you."

It was, in truth, the party of soldiers for whose help Monsieur von Erlach had sent to ask, and behind

them came Hans Christen. He had evidently been schooling them as to the manner in which they were to proceed; but when Monsieur von Erlach came forward, Hans stopped short.

"I am glad to see you, Christen," the Count said. "You must take care of this poor woman, she is cold and weary with watching."

Her old friend had not seen her. Now he pulled off his spectacles, and blew his nose; then he frowned at her severely.

"You have given us all a nice fright, Elisa Engemann," he said, sternly. "Who would have thought a woman arrived at your years would run away from home? You made me feel like a fool when I found your cottage empty."

A wan smile came over her face.

"I could not help it, neighbour, I was wanted here," she said quietly, and then she turned back to the snow.

Christen caught her by the shoulder.

"You must come away with me," he said. "Did you not hear the Count say so just now? What will you be fit for by the time André is found?"

Her eyes brimmed over at his words.

"God bless you, old friend," she sobbed. "I will go with you by and by."

Christen turned away his head; secretly he was as unwilling to leave the place as she was. He tried to get round behind the diggers; but he found the snow too deep, and on this side it seemed to him not hard enough to climb over unaided, although since the sun had disappeared it had been freezing. . . .

It grew colder and colder. . . .

After half-an-hour's waiting, Christen went up to André's mother.

"Come, neighbour," he said, "let us go down and see that all is ready against he is found."

She followed him in silence; turning her head as she went she felt that part of her lay under the snow.

Elisa turned away from the blazing fire, beside which Christen sat lecturing the lad who had been sent to kindle it. She had seen that all was ready, and now she sat down near the

window; her body felt heavy and inert, but she was not sleepy; her faculties were awake and strained in the effort of listening.

More than once she had gone outside the hut, but now she had come in again—waiting—waiting. Yes, it was true what Christen had said to her; when André came his mother must be there to meet him.

What was that sound? This time surely it was not as Christen had said just now—the wind murmuring in the chimney. The sound came again, a dull, soft tread, and a murmur of voices—nearer now—nearer still. Elisa looked round; her companions did not hear; the boy stood listening to Christen's talk.

She could not move. . . . The terrible dread kept her still. . . . Now the dull tread grew more distinct, but still Christen went on talking. . . .

Which was real, the woman asked herself, the man talking there by the fire, or the soft, dull sound on the snow path? Was it, after all, her fancy that had heard it? . . .

All at once the sound ceased, and then the spell that kept Elisa still broke. She rose up and opened the door. Outside was Monsieur von Erlach.

"They are bringing them," he said, in a hushed voice. Then he stood aside, and the soldiers passed him, carrying their burdens into the hut.

The snow still lies on the lower mountains, but it will be there till spring sunshine comes to melt it, for winter is everywhere; the trees are leafless, except on the pine-clothed ridge behind the village, and though the water of the lake is not frozen over, the river beyond it is a long stretch of ice.

It is evening now, and red light gleams here and there from a chalet; but generally the heavy outside shutters are closed, and these keep in the firelight glow. Elisa has just shut the door that leads into the balcony, and she goes back into the room where André is lying on a sheepskin in



front of the fire. The room looks warm in the dim, ruddy light, and the soup-pot over the fire sends out an appetising smell.

"Shall I light the lamp?" his mother says to André. "You will spoil your sight, my boy, if you read by firelight."

André catches at her skirt as she goes to get the lamp.

"Not yet, little mother," he says; "sit down and be idle a while; it is good for you to have a change and help me to be idle. I am to begin work to-morrow. Hans Christen says so."

She sits down, and then he rises, and kneeling beside her leans his head on her bosom.

"Mother dear," he says, softly, "I want to tell you something."

She smiles fondly at him. Ever since the day when she was allowed to bring André home exhausted, but alive, it has seemed to Elisa as if life were too full of blessing. She does not talk much to her boy, but her eyes rest on him with loving, contented glances.

He has been some weeks in recovering from his burial under the snow; his poor little comrade was dead, but now André is as strong as ever; his godfather, Hans Christen, has offered to teach him his trade.

"Mother," says André, "did you guess that I was keeping a secret from you?" Elisa's heart gives a big throb, and the lad feels it as he leans against her; for a moment the struggle goes on in her heart, for she knows that she has long ago guessed André's secret; and then there comes vividly before her the huge snow hill across the lake, and the lesson she learned as she walked to and fro on the ledge below.

"You will tell me your secret now," she says, timidly; for as she looks at

him she feels puzzled, there is such a gleam of mirth in his eyes.

André puts both arms round her.

"Darling mother," he says, "you must not be hard on me, I was very childish then, I thought only of myself. I know it was not kind. I used to want to grow up so fast to be a strong man like father, that I might guide travellers across the glaciers."

He felt her tremble, but she kept her face still. He clasped her still closer, and kissed her.

"Mother, dear," he went on, "that is all over now. I told you that while I was lying there under the snow it seemed like years. I went on thinking and thinking more than I ever thought before, and then all at once I left off thinking about myself and poor little Heinrich, and I thought of you instead. 'This grief will kill her,' I said. 'Precious little mother! she has suffered so sadly; she cannot stand this.' And then presently I began to see how the mountain life I wanted would have been just as bad a trial to her as this one—what do I say? it would have been worse! for it would have given her the anguish again and again. Mother," he rose up and took both her hands in his, "I knew then for a certainty I could not be happy while you were sad, and I wondered how it was I had been so dull; it all came so clear—" he paused an instant; then he broke into a merry laugh. "You will have me to plague you always now. I mean to be a better carpenter than there is even in Dort before I'm as old as neighbour Hans."

André's mother strained her boy to her heart as though she would make him grow there, and he felt her hot tears on his neck.

KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

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## THE WIZARD'S SON.

## CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN Walter seated himself beside Oona in the boat, and Hamish pushed off from the beach, there fell upon both these young people a sensation of quiet and relief for which one of them at least found it very difficult to account. It had turned out a very still afternoon. The heavy rains were over, the clouds broken up and dispersing, with a sort of sullen stillness, like a defeated army making off in dull haste, yet not without a stand here and there, behind the mountains. The loch was dark and still, all hushed after the sweeping blasts of rain, but black with the reflections of gloom from the sky. There was a sense of safety, of sudden quiet, of escape, in that sensation of pushing off, away from all passion and agitation upon this still sea of calm. Why Oona, who feared no one, who had no painful thoughts or associations to flee from, should have felt this she could not tell. The sense of interest in, and anxiety for, the young man by her side was altogether different. That was sympathetic and definable; but the sensation of relief was something more. She looked at him with a smile and sigh of ease as she gathered the strings of the rudder into her hands.

"I feel," she said, "as if I were running away, and had got safe out  
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of reach; though there is nobody pursuing me that I know of," she added, with a faint laugh of satisfaction.

The wind blew the end of the white wrapper round her throat towards her companion, and he caught it as she had caught the rudder ropes.

"It is I that am pursued," he said, "and have escaped. I have a feeling that I am safe here. The kind water, and the daylight, and you—but how should *you* feel it? It must have gone from my mind to yours."

"The water does not look so very kind," said Oona, "except that it separates us from the annoyances that are on land—when there are annoyances."

She had never known any that were more than the troubles of a child before.

"There is this that makes it kind. If you were driven beyond bearing, a plunge down there and all would be over——"

"Lord Erradeen!"

"Oh, I don't mean to try. I have no thought of trying; but look how peaceful, how deep, all liquid blackness! It might go down to the mystic centre of the earth for anything one knows."

He leant over a little, looking down into those depths profound which were so still that the boat seemed to cut through a surface which had solidity; and in doing this put the boat out of

trim, and elicited a growl from Hamish.

It seemed to Oona, too, as if there was something seductive in that profound liquid depth, concealing all that sought refuge there. She put out her hand and grasped his arm in the thrill of this thought.

"Oh, don't look down," she said. "I have heard of people being caught, in spite of themselves, by some charm in it." The movement was quite involuntary and simple; but, on second thoughts, Oona drew away her hand, and blushed a little. "Besides, you put the boat out of trim," she said.

"If I should ever be in deadly danger," said Walter, with the seriousness which had been in his face all along, "will you put out your hand like that, without reflection, and save me?"

Oona tried to laugh again; but it was not easy; his seriousness gained upon her, in spite of herself.

"I think we are talking nonsense, and feeling nonsense; for it seems to me as if we had escaped from something. Now Hamish is pleased; the boat is trimmed. Don't you think," she said, with an effort to turn off graver subjects, "that it is a pity those scientific people who can do everything should not tunnel down through that centre of the earth you were speaking of, straight through to the other side of the world? Then we might be dropped through to Australia without any trouble. I have a brother there; indeed I have a brother in most places. Mamma and I might go and see Rob without any trouble, or he might come home for a dance, poor fellow; he was always very fond of dancing."

Thus she managed to fill up the time till they reached the isle. It lay upon the surface of that great mirror, all fringed and feathered with its bare trees; the occasional colour in the roofs gleaming back again out of the water, a little natural fastness, safe and sure. As Oona was later in returning than had been expected, the

little garrison of women in the isle was all astir and watching for her coming. Out of one of the upper windows there was the head of a young maid visible, gazing down the loch; and Mrs. Forrester, in her furred cloak, was standing in the porch, and Mysie half way down to the beach, moving from point to point of vision.

"They are all about but old Cookie," said Oona. "It is a terrible business when I am late. They think everything that is dreadful must have happened, and that makes a delightful sensation when I get home safe and well. I am every day rescued from a watery grave, or saved from some dreadful accident on shore, in my mother's imagination. She gives herself the misery of it, and then she has the pleasure of it," cried the girl, with the amused cynicism of youth.

"But to-day you bring a real fugitive with you—an escaped—what shall I call myself?—escaped not from harm, but from doing harm—which is the most dangerous of the two."

"You will never do harm to the poor folk," said Oona, looking at him with kind eyes.

"Never, while I am in my senses, and know. I want you to promise me something before we land."

"You must make haste, then, and ask; for there is Mysie ready with the boat-hook," said Oona, a little alarmed.

"Promise me—if it ever occurs that harm is being done in my name, to make me know it. Oh, not a mere note sent to my house; I might never receive it, like the last; but to make me know. See me, speak to me, think even:—and you will save me."

"Oh, Lord Erradeen, you must not put such a responsibility on me. How can I, a girl that is only a country neighbour—"

"Promise me!" he said.

"Oh, Lord Erradeen, this is almost tyrannical. Yes, if I can—if I think anything is concealed from you. Here I am, Mysie, quite safe; and of course mamma has been making herself miser-

able. I have brought Lord Erradeen to luncheon," Oona said.

"Eh, my lord, but we're glad to see you," said Mysie, with the gracious ease of hospitality. "They said you were going without saying good-bye, but I would never believe it. It is just his lordship, mem, as I said it was," she called to Mrs. Forrester, who was hastening down the slope.

The mistress of the island came down tripping, with her elderly graces, waving her white delicate hands.

"Oh, Oona, my dear, but I'm thankful to see you, and nothing happened," she cried; "and ye are very welcome, Lord Erradeen. I thought you would never go away without saying good-bye. Come away up to the house. It is late, late, for luncheon; but there will be some reason; and I never have any heart to take a meal by myself. Everything is ready: if it's not all spoiled?" Mrs. Forrester added, turning round to Mysie, as she shook hands with the unexpected guest.

"Oh, no fear of that, mem," said the factotum, "we're well enough used to waiting in this house: an hour, half an hour, is just nothing. The trout is never put down to the fire till we see the boat; but I maun away and tell cook."

"And you will get out some of the good claret," Mrs. Forrester cried. "Come away—come away, Lord Erradeen. We have just been wondering what had become of you. It is quite unfriendly to be at Auchnasheen and not come over to see us. Oona, run, my dear, and take off your things. Lord Erradeen will take charge of me. I am fain of an arm when I can get one up the brae. When the boys were at home I always got a good pull up. And where did you foregather you two? I am glad Oona had the sense to bring you with her. And I hope the trout will not be spoiled," she said with some anxiety. "Mysie is just too confident—far too confident. She is one that thinks nothing can go wrong on the isle."

"That is my creed too," said

Walter with an awakening of his natural inclination to make himself agreeable, and yet a more serious meaning in the words.

"Oh fie!" said Mrs. Forrester, shaking her head, "to flatter a simple person like me! We have but little, very little to offer; the only thing in our favour is that it's offered with real goodwill. And how do you like Auchnasheen? and are you just keeping it up as it was in the old lord's time? and how is Mary Fleming, the housekeeper, that was always an ailing body?" These questions, with others of the same kind, answered the purpose of conversation as they ascended to the house—with little intervals between, for Mrs. Forrester was a little breathless though she did not care to say so, and preferred to make pauses now and then to point out the variations of the landscape. "Though I know it so well, I never find it two days the same," she said. None of these transparent little fictions, so innocent, so natural, were unknown to her friends, and the sight of them had a curiously strengthening and soothing effect upon Walter, to whom the gentle perseverance of those amiable foibles so simple and evident, gave a sense of reality and nature which had begun to be wanting in his world. His heart grew lighter as he watched the "ways" of this simple woman, about whose guiles and pretences even there was no mystery at all, and whose little affectations somehow seemed to make her only more real. It gave him a momentary shock, however, when she turned round at her own door, and directed his attention to his old castle lying in lines of black and grey upon the glistening water. He drew her hastily within the porch.

"It gets colder and colder," he said; "the wind goes through and through one. Don't let me keep you out in this chilly air."

"I think you must have caught a little cold," said Mrs. Forrester, concerned, "for I do not find it so chilly

for my part. To be sure, Loch Houran is never like your quiet landward places in England: we are used up here to all the changes. Oona will be waiting for us by this time; and I hope you are ready for your dinner, Lord Erradeen, for I am sure I am. I should say for your lunch: but when it comes to be so far on in the day as this, these short winter days, Oona and me, we just make it our dinner. Oh, there you are, my dear! Lord Erradeen will like to step into Ronald's room and wash his hands, and then there will be nothing to wait for but the trout."

When they were seated at the table, with the trout cooked to perfection as fish only is where it is caught, Mrs. Forrester pressing him to eat with old-fashioned anxiety, and even Mysie, who waited at table, adding affectionate importunities, Walter's heart was touched with a sense of the innocence, the kindness, the gentle nature about him. He felt himself cared for like a child, regarded indeed as a sort of larger child to be indulged with every dainty they could think of, and yet in some ineffable way protected and guided too by the simple creatures round him. The mistress and the maid had little friendly controversies as to what was best for him.

"I thought some good sherry wine, mem, and him coming off the water, would be better than yon could claret."

"Well, perhaps you are right, Mysie; but the young men nowadays are all for claret," Mrs. Forrester said.

"Just a wee bittie more of the fish, my lord," said Mysie, in his ear.

"No, no, Mysie," cried her mistress. "You know there are birds coming. Just take away the trout, it is a little cold, and there's far more nourishment in the grouse."

"To my mind, mem," said Mysie, "there is nothing better than a Loch Houran trout."

All this had the strangest effect

upon Walter. To come into this simple house was like coming back to nature, and that life of childhood in which there are no skeletons or shadows. Even his mother had never been so sheltering, so safe, so real. Mrs. Methven had far more intellect and passion than Mrs. Forrester. It had been impossible to her to bear the failure of her ideal in her boy. Her very love had been full of pain and trouble to both. But this other mother was of a different fashion. Whatever her children did was good in her eyes; but she protected, fed, took care of, extended her soft wings over them as if they still were in the maternal nest. The innocence of it all moved Walter out of himself.

"Do you know," he said at last, "what I have come from to your kind, sheltering house, Mrs. Forrester? Do you know what everybody, even your daughter, thought of me two hours ago?"

"I never thought any harm of you, Lord Erradeen," said Oona, looking up hastily.

"Harm of him! Dear me, Oona, you are far, very far, from polite. And what was it they thought of you?" asked Mrs. Forrester. "Oona is so brusque, she just says what she thinks; but sure am I it was nothing but good."

"They thought," said Walter, with an excitement which grew upon him as he went on, "that I, who have been poor myself all my life, that never had any money or lands till a few weeks ago, that I was going to turn poor women and children out of their houses, out upon the world, out to the wet, cold mountain side, without a shelter in sight. They thought I was capable of that. An old woman more than eighty, and a lot of little children! They thought I would turn them out! Oh, not the poor creatures themselves, but others; even Miss Oona. Is thy servant a dog—" cried the young man in a blaze of fiery agitation, the hot light of pain shining through the involuntary moisture in his eyes.

"Somebody says that in the Bible, I know. Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?"

"Oh, my dear!" cried Mrs. Forrester, in her sympathy, forgetting all distinctions, and only remembering that he was very like her Ronald, and was in trouble, "nobody, nobody thought you would do that. Oh no, no, fie no! nobody had such a thought. If I could believe it of Oona I would not speak to her—I would: no, no, it was never believed. I, for one, I knew you would never do it. I saw it," cried the kind lady, "in your eyes!"

Though Walter had no real confidence in the independent judgment which she asserted so unhesitatingly, yet he was consoled by the softness of the words, the assurance of the tone.

"I did not think such things ever happened in Scotland," he said. "It is Ireland one thinks of. And that it should be supposed I would do it has hurt me more than I can say—a stranger who had no one to stand up for me."

"That was just the way of it," said Mrs. Forrester, soothingly. "We think here that there is something strange in English ways. We never know how a thing will appear to them—that is how it was. But I said all through that it was impossible, and I just wrote to you last night (you would get my letter?) that you must not do it—for fear you might not have understood how it was."

"But there is another side to it," said Oona, "we must not forget, mother. Sometimes it is said, you know, that the poor folk can do no good where they are. We can all understand the shock of seeing them turned out of their houses, but then people say they cannot live there—that it would be better for themselves to be forced to go away."

"That is true, Oona," said her mother, facing round; "it is just a kind of starvation. When old Jenny went there first (she was in my nursery when I had one) there was just a perpetual craik about her rent.

Her man was one of the Frasers, and a well-doing, decent man, till he died, poor fellow, as we must all do: and since that I have heard little about it, for I think it was just out of her power to pay anything. Duncan Fraser, he is a very decent man, but I remember the minister was saying if he was in Glasgow or Paisley, or some of those places, it would be better for his family. I recollect that the minister did say that."

"So, Lord Erradeen," said Oona, "without being cruel you might—but I—we all like you ten times better that you couldn't," said the girl, impulsively.

"Ay, that do we," said her mother ready to back up every side, "that do we! But I am not surprised. I knew that there was nothing unkind either in your heart or your face."

"There was no time," said Walter, "to think what was wise, or take into consideration, like a benevolent tyrant, what could be done for their good, without consulting their inclinations: which is what you mean, Miss Forrester——"

Oona smiled, with a little heightened colour. It was the commencement of one of those pretty duels which mean mutual attraction rather than opposition. She said, with a little nod of her head, "Go on."

"But one thing is certain," he said, with the almost solemn air which returned to his face at intervals, "that I will rather want shelter myself than turn another man out of his house, on any argument—far less helpless women and children. Did you laugh? I see no laughing in it," the young man cried.

"Me—laugh!" cried Mrs. Forrester, though it was at Oona he had looked. "If I laughed it was for pleasure. Between ourselves, Lord Erradeen (though they might perhaps be better away) turning out a poor family out of their house is a thing I could never away with. Oona may say what she likes—it is not Christian. Oh, it's not Christian!

I would have taken them in, as many as Mysie could have made room for: but I never could say that it was according to Christianity. Oh no, Lord Erradeen! I would have to be poor indeed—poor, poor indeed—before I would turn these poor folk away.”

“There would be no blessing upon the rest,” said Mysie, behind her mistress’s chair.

“That is settled then,” said Walter, whose heart grew lighter and lighter. “But that is not all. Tell me, if I were a benevolent despot, Miss Forrester—you who know everything—what should I do now?—for it cannot stop there.”

“We’ll go into the drawing-room before you settle that,” said Mrs. Forrester. “Dear me, it is quite dark; we will want the candles, Mysie. There is so little light in the afternoon at this time of the year. I am sorry there is no gentleman to keep you in countenance with your glass of wine, Lord Erradeen. If you had been here when my Ronald or Jamie, or even Rob, was at home! But they are all away, one to every air, and the house is very lonely without any boys in it. Are you coming with us? Well, perhaps it will be more cheerful. Dear me, Mysie, you have left that door open, and we will just be perished with the cold.”

“Let me shut it,” Walter said.

He turned to the open door with a pleasant sense of taking the place of one of those absent boys whom the mother regretted so cheerfully, and with a lighter heart than he could have thought possible a few hours ago. But at the first glance he stood arrested with a sudden chill that seemed to paralyse him. It was almost dark upon the loch; the water gleamed with that polished blackness through which the boat had cut as through something solid; but blacker now, shining like jet against the less responsive gloom of the land and hills. The framework of the doorway made a picture of this night scene, with the more definite darkness of the old castle

in the centre, rising opaque against the softer distance. Seeing that Lord Erradeen made a sudden pause, Oona went towards him, and looked out too at the familiar scene. She had seen it often before, but it had never made the same impression upon her. “Oh, the light—the light again!” she said, with a cry of surprise. It came up in a pale glow as she was looking, faint, but throwing up in distinct revelation the mass of the old tower against the background. Walter, who seemed to have forgotten what he had come to do, was roused by her voice, and with nervous haste and almost violence shut the door. There was not much light in the little hall, and they could see each other’s faces but imperfectly, but his had already lost the soothed and relieved expression which had replaced its agitated aspect. He scarcely seemed to see her as he turned round, took up his hat from the table, and went on confusedly before, forgetting ordinary decorums, to the drawing-room, where Mrs. Forrester had already made herself comfortable in her usual chair, with the intention of for a few moments “just closing her eyes.” Mysie had not brought the lights, and he stood before the surprised lady like a dark shadow, with his hat in his hand.

“I have come to take my leave,” he said; “to thank you, and say good-bye.”

“Dear me,” said Mrs. Forrester, rousing herself, “you are in a great hurry, Lord Erradeen. Why should you be so anxious to go? You have nobody at Auchnasheen to be kept waiting. Toots! you must just wait now you are here for a cup of tea at least, and it will take Hamish a certain time to get out the boat.”

“I must go,” he said, with a voice that trembled: then suddenly threw down his hat on the floor and himself upon a low chair close to her, “unless,” he said, “unless—you will complete your charity by taking me in for the night. Will you keep me for the night?”

Put me in any corner. I don't mind—only let me stay."

"Let you stay!" cried the lady of the isle. She sprang up as lightly as a girl at this appeal, with no further idea of "closing her eyes." "Will I keep you for the night? But that I will, and with all my heart! There is Ronald's room, where you washed your hands, just all ready, nothing to do but put on the sheets, and plenty of his things in it in case you should want anything. Let you stay!" she cried, with delighted excitement, "it is what I would have asked and pressed you to do. And then we can do something for your cold, for I am sure you have a cold; and Oona and you can settle all that business about the tyrant, which is more than my poor head is equal to. Oona, my dear, will you tell Mysie?—where is Mysie? I will just speak to her myself. We must get him better of his cold, or what will his mother think? He must have some more blankets, or an eider-down, which will be lighter, and a good fire."

If her worst enemy had asked hospitality from Mrs. Forrester, she would have forgotten all her wrongs and opened her doors wide; how much more when it was a friend and neighbour? The demand itself was a kindness. She tripped away without a thought of her disturbed nap, and was soon heard in colloquy with Mysie, who shared all her sentiments in this respect. Oona, who stood silent by the fire, with a sense that she was somehow in the secret, though she did not know what it was, had a less easy part. The pang of sympathy she felt was almost intolerable, but she did not know how to express it. The quiet room seemed all at once to have become the scene of a struggle, violent though invisible, which she followed dumbly with an instinct beyond her power to understand. After an interval of silence which seemed endless, he spoke.

"It must be intended that we should have something to do with each other,"

he said, suddenly. "When you are there I feel stronger. If your mother had refused me, I should have been lost."

"It was impossible that she should have refused you, Lord Erradeen."

"I wish you would not call me by that ill-omened name. It is a horror to me; and then if all that is true — How is it possible that one man should lord it over an entire race for so long? Did you ever hear of a similar case? Oh! don't go away. If you knew what an ease it is to speak to you! No one else understands. It makes one feel as if one were restored to natural life to be able to speak of it, to ask advice. Nothing," he cried suddenly, getting up, picking up his hat as if about to leave the house, "nothing — shall induce me to go——"

"Oh, no, no!" she cried, "you must not go;" though she could not have told why.

He put down the hat again on the table with a strange laugh. "I was going then," he said, "but I will not. I will do exactly as you say." He came up to her where she stood full of trouble watching him. "I dare say you think I am going wrong in my head, but it is not that. I am being dragged—with ropes. Give me your hand to hold by. There! that is safety, that is peace. Your hand is as soft—as snow," cried the young man. His own were burning, and the cool fresh touch of the girl seemed to diffuse itself through all his being. Oona was as brave in her purity as the other Una, the spotless lady of romance, and would have shrunk from no act of succour. But it agitated her to have this strange appeal for help. She did not withdraw her hand, but yet drew away a little, alarmed, not knowing what to do.

"You must not think," she said, faltering, "that any one—has more power over another than—he permits them to have."

She spoke like one of the oracles, not knowing what she said; and he



listened with a slight shake of his head, not making any reply. After a moment he yielded to the reluctance which made itself felt in her, and let her hand go.

"Will you come with me outside?" he said; "not there, where that place is. I think the cold and the night do one good. Can we go out the other way?"

Oona accepted this alternative gladly. "We can go to the walk, where it is always dry," she said, with an assumption of cheerfulness. "It looks to the south, and that is where the flowers grow best." As she led the way through the hall, Walter took up Mrs. Forrester's furred cloak which hung there, and put it round her with a great deal of tenderness and care. The girl's heart beat as he took this office upon him, as one of her brothers might have done. It was the strangest conjunction. He was not thinking of her at all, she felt, save as affording some mysterious help in those mysterious miseries: and yet there was a sweetness in the thought he took, even at this extraordinary moment, for her comfort. There could have been no such dangerous combination of circumstances for Oona, whose heart was full of the early thrill of romance, and that inextinguishable pity and attraction towards the suffering which tells for so much in the life of women. A softness and melting of the heart indescribable came over her as she felt his light touch on her shoulders, and found herself enveloped, as it were, in his shadow and the sentiment of his presence. He was not thinking of her, but only of his need of her, fantastic though that might be. But her heart went out towards him with that wonderful feminine impulse which is at once inferior and superior, full of dependence, yet full of help. To follow all his movements and thoughts as well as she could with wistful secondariness; yet to be ready to guide, to save, when need was—to dare anything for that office. There

had never been anything in Oona's life to make her aware of this strange, sweet, agitating position—the unchangeable one between the two mortal companions who have to walk the ways of earth together. But his mind was pre-occupied with other thoughts than her, while hers were wholly bent upon him and his succour. It was dangerous for her, stealing her heart out of her breast in the interest, the sympathy, the close contact involved; but of none of these things was he very clearly aware in the pre-occupation of his thoughts.

They walked up and down for a time together, behind the house, along the broad walk, almost a terrace, of the kitchen garden, where there was a deep border filled in summer with every kind of old-fashioned flowers. It was bare now, with naked fruit-trees against the wall, but the moon was hid in clouds, and it was impossible to see anything, except from the end of the terrace the little landing-place below, and the first curves of the walk leading up to the house, and all round the glimmer of the loch. The stillness had been broken by the sound of a boat, but it was on the Auchnasheen side, and though Oona strained her eyes she had not been able to see it, and concluded that, if coming to the isle at all, it must have touched the opposite point where there was a less easy, but possible, landing-place. As they reached the end of the terrace, however, she was startled to see a figure detach itself from the gloom and walk slowly towards the house.

"The boat must have run in under the bushes, though I cannot see it," she said; "but there is some one coming up the walk."

Walter turned to look with momentary alarm, but presently calmed down. "It is most likely old Symington, who takes a paternal charge of me," he said.

Soon after they heard the steps, not heavy, but distinctly audible, crushing the gravel, and to Oona's great sur-

prise, though Walter, a stranger to the place, took no notice of the fact, these footsteps, instead of going to the door, as would have been natural, came round the side of the house and approached the young pair in their walk. The person of the newcomer was quite unknown to Oona. He took off his hat with an air of well-bred courtesy—like a gentleman, not like a servant—and said—

"I am reluctant to interrupt such a meeting, but there is a boat below for Lord Erradeen."

Walter started violently at the sound of the voice, which was, notwithstanding, agreeable and soft, though with a tone of command in it. He came to a sudden stop, and turned round quickly as if he could not believe his ears.

"There is a boat below," the stranger repeated, "and it is extremely cold; the men are freezing at their oars. They have not the same delightful inspiration as their master, who forgets that he has business to settle this final night——"

Walter gave a strange cry, like the cry of a hunted creature. "In God's name," he exclaimed, "what have you to do here?"

"My good fellow," said the other, "you need not try your hand at exorcising; others have made that attempt before you. Is Circe's island shut to all footsteps save yours? But, even then, you could not shut out me. I must not say Armida's garden in this state of the temperature——" he said.

"Who is it?" asked Oona in great alarm under her breath.

"Let me answer you," the intruder said. "It is a sort of a guardian who has the first right to Lord Erradeen's consideration. Love, as even the copybooks will tell, ought to be subordinate to duty."

"Love!" cried Oona, starting from the young man's side. The indignant blood rushed to her face. She turned towards the house in sudden anger and shame and excitement. Circe!

Armida! Was it she to whom he dared to apply these insulting names?

Walter caught her cloak with both hands.

"Do you not see," he said, "that he wants to take you from me, to drive you away, to have me at his mercy? Oona! you would not see a man drown and refuse to hold out your hand?"

"This is chivalrous," said the stranger, "to put a woman between you and that—which you are afraid to meet."

To describe the state of excited feeling and emotion in which Oona listened to this dialogue, would be impossible. She was surprised beyond measure, yet, in the strange excitement of the encounter, could not take time to wonder or seek an explanation. She had to act in the meantime, whatever the explanation might be. Her heart clanged in her ears. Tenderness, pity, indignation, shame, thrilled through her. She had been insulted, she had been appealed to by the most sacred voice on earth—the voice of suffering. She stood for a moment looking at the two shadows before her, for they were little more.

"And if he is afraid why should not he turn to a woman?" she said with an impulse she could scarcely understand. "If he is afraid, I am not afraid. This isle belongs to a woman. Come and tell her, if you will, what you want. Let my mother judge, who is the mistress of this place. Lord Erradeen has no right to break his word to her for any man: but if my mother decides that you have a better claim, he will go."

"I will abide by every word she says," Walter cried.

The stranger burst into a laugh.

"I am likely to put forth my claim before such a tribunal!" he said. "Come, you have fought stoutly for your lover. Make a virtue of necessity now, and let him go."

"He is not my lover," cried Oona, "but I will not let him go." She

added after a moment, with a sudden change of tone, coming to herself, and feeling the extraordinary character of the discussion. "This is a very strange conversation to occur here. I think we are all out of our senses. It is like the theatre. I don't know your name, sir, but if you are Lord Erradeen's guardian, or a friend of his, I invite you to come and see my mother. Most likely," she added, with a slight faltering, "she will know you, as she knows all the family." Then, with an attempt at playfulness, "If it is to be a struggle between this gentleman and the ladies of the isle, Lord Erradeen, tell him he must give way."

The stranger took off his hat and made her a profound bow.

"I do so on the instant," he said.

The two young people stood close together, their shadows confounded in one, and there did not seem time to draw a breath before they were alone, with no sound or trace remaining to prove that the discussion in which a moment before their hearts had been beating so loudly had ever existed at all. Oona looked after the stranger with a gasp. She clung to Walter, holding his arm tight.

"Where has he gone?" she cried in a piercing whisper. She trembled so after her boldness that she would have fallen but for his sustaining arm. "Who is he? Where has he gone? That is not the way to the beach. Call after him, call after him, and tell him the way."

Walter did not make any reply. He drew her arm closer through his, and turned with her towards the house. As for Oona, she seemed incapable of any thought but that this strange intruder might be left on the isle.

"He will get into the orchard and then among the rocks. He will lose himself," she cried; "he may get into the water. Call to him, Lord Erradeen—or stop, we will send Hamish. Here is Hamish. Oh, Hamish! the gentleman has taken the wrong way——"

"It will just be a boat that has

come for my lord," said Hamish. "I tellt them my lord was biding all night, but nothing would satisfee them, but I had to come up and get his lordship's last word."

"Oh, he is not going, Hamish! but there is a gentleman——"

Walter interrupted her with an abruptness that startled Oona.

"Let them see that every one is on board—and return at once," he said.

"Oh there will just be everybody on board that ever was, for none has come ashore," said Hamish. "What was you saying about a gentleman, Miss Oona? There will be no gentleman. It is joost Duncan and another man with him, and they cried upon me, Hamish! and I answered them. But there will be no gentleman at all," Hamish said.

## CHAPTER XVII.

It was very dark upon Loch Houran that night. Whether nature was aware of a dark spirit, more subtle and more powerful than common man, roaming about in the darkness, temporarily baffled by agencies so simple that their potency almost amused while it confounded him—and shrank from the sight of him, who could tell? but it was dark, as a night in which there was a moon somewhere which ought never to have been. The moon was on the wane, it was true, which is never like her earlier career, but all trace and influence of her were lost in the low-lying cloud which descended from the sky like a hood, and wrapped everything in gloom. The water only seemed to throw a black glimmer into the invisible world where all things brooded in silence and cold, unseen, unmoving. The only thing that lived and shone in all this mysterious still universe was one warm, window full of light, that shone from the isle. It was a superstition of the simple mistress of the house that there should be no shutter or

curtain there, so that any late "traveller by land or water" might be cheered by this token of life and possible help. Had that traveller, needing human succour, been led to claim shelter there, it would have been accorded fearlessly. "Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold." The little innocent household of defenceless women had not a fear. Hamish only, who perhaps felt a responsibility as their sole possible defender, might have received with suspicion such an unexpected guest.

The mysterious person already referred to—whose comings and goings were not as those of other men, and whose momentary discomfiture by such simple means perplexed yet partially amused him, as has been said, passed by that window at a later hour and stood for a moment outside. The thoughts with which, out of the external cold and darkness, which affected him not at all, he regarded the warm interior where simple human souls, sheltering themselves against the elements, gathered about their fire, were strange enough. The cold, which did not touch him, would have made them shiver; the dark, which to his eyes was as the day, would have confused their imaginations and discouraged their minds; and yet together by their fire they were beyond his power. He looked in upon their simplicity and calm and safety with that sense of the superiority of the innocent which at the most supreme moment will come in to dash all the triumphs of guile, and all the arts of the schemer. What he saw was the simplest cheerful scene, the fire blazing, the lamp burning steadily, a young man and a girl seated together, not in any tender or impassioned conjunction, but soberly discussing, calculating, arguing, thought to thought and face to face; the mother, on the other side, somewhat faded, smiling, not over wise, with her book, to which she paid little attention, looking up from time to time, and saying something far from clever. He might have gone in

among them, and she would have received him with that same smile and offered him her best, thinking no evil. He had a thousand experiences of mankind, and knew how their minds could be worked upon and their imaginations inflamed, and their ambitions roused. Was he altogether baffled by this simplicity, or was there some lingering of human ruth in him, which kept him from carrying disturbance into so harmless a scene? or was it only to estimate those forces that he stood and watched them, with something to learn, even in his vast knowledge, from this unexpected escape of the fugitive, and the simple means by which he had been baffled for the moment, and his prey taken from him? For the moment!—that was all.

"Come, come now," Mrs. Forrester said. "You cannot argue away like that, and fight all night. You must make up your bits of differences, and settle what is to be done; for it is time we had the Books, and let the women and Hamish get to their beds. They are about all day, and up early in the morning, not like us that sit with our hands before us. Oona, you must just cry upon Mysie, and let them all come ben. And if you will hand me the big Bible that is upon yon table—since you are so kind, Lord Erradeen."

At this simple ceremonial—the kindly servant-people streaming in, the hush upon their little concerns, the unison of voices, from Oona's, soft with youth and gentle breeding, to the rough bass of Hamish, in words that spectator knew as well as any—the same eyes looked on, with feelings we cannot attempt to fathom. Contempt, envy, the wonder of the wise over the everlasting, inexplicable superiority of the innocent, were these the sentiments with which he gazed? But in the night and silence there was no interpreter of these thoughts. How he came or went was his own secret. The window was closed soon after, the lights extinguished, and the darkness

received this little community of the living and breathing, to keep them warm and unseen and unconscious till they should be claimed again by the cheerful day.

The household, however, though it presented an aspect of such gentle calm, was not in reality so undisturbed as it appeared. In Oona's chamber, for one, there was a tumult of new emotions which to the girl were incomprehensible, strange, and terrible, and sweet. Lord Erradeen was but a new acquaintance, she said to herself, as she sat over her fire, with everything hushed and silent about her; nevertheless the tumult of feeling in her heart was all connected with him. Curiously enough, the strange encounter in the garden—of which she had received no explanation—had disappeared from her thoughts altogether. The rise and sudden dawn of a new life in her own being was more near and momentous than any mysterious circumstances, however unlike the common. By and by she might come to that—in the meantime a sentiment "*nova, sola, infinita*," occupied all her consciousness. She had known him during the last week only: three times in all, on three several days, had they met; but what a change these three days had made in the life that had been so free and so sweet, full of a hundred interests, without any that was exclusive and absorbing. In a moment, without knowing what was coming, she had been launched into this new world of existence. She was humbled to think of it, yet proud. She felt herself to have become a sort of shadow of him, watching his movements with an anxiety which was without any parallel in her experience, yet at the same time able to interpose for him, when he could not act for himself, to save him. It seemed to Oona suddenly, that everything else had slipped away from her, receding into the distance. The things that had occupied her before were now in the background. All the stage of life was filled with him, and the

events of their brief intercourse had become the only occupation of her thoughts. She wondered and blushed as she wandered in that maze of recollections at her own boldness in assuming the guidance of him; yet felt it to be inevitable—the only thing to be done. And the strange new thrill which ran through her veins when he had appealed to her, when he had implored her to stand by him, came back with an acute sweet mixture of pleasure and pain. She declared to herself, Yes!—with a swelling of her heart—she would stand by him, let it cost her what it might. There had been no love spoken or thought of between them. It was not love: what was it? Friendship, fraternity, the instinctive discovery of one by another, that divination which brings those together who can help each other. It was he, not she, who wanted help—what did it matter which it was? in giving or in receiving it was a new world. But whether it was a demon or an angel that had thus got entrance into that little home of peace and security—who could tell? Whatever it was, it was an inmate hitherto unknown, one that must work change, both in earth and Heaven.

Everything that could trouble or disturb had vanished from the dark world outside before Oona abandoned her musings—or rather before she felt the chill of the deep night round her—and twisted up her long hair, and drew aside the curtains from her window as was her custom that she might see the sky from her bed. There had been a change in the midnight hours. The clouds at last had opened, and in the chasm made by their withdrawal was the lamp of the waning moon "lying on her back" with a sort of mystic disturbance and ominous clearness, as if she were lighting the steps of some evil enterprise, guiding a traitor or a murderer to the refuge of some one betrayed. Oona shivered as she took refuge in the snow-white nest which had never hitherto brought her anything but profound youthful repose,

and the airy fitting dreams of a soul at rest. But though this momentary chill was impressed upon her senses, neither fear nor discouragement was in her soul. She closed her eyes only to see more clearly the face of this new influence in her life, to feel her pulses tingle as she remembered all the events of the three days' *Odyssey*, the strange magical history that had sprung into being in a moment, yet was alive with such endless interest, and full of such a chain of incidents. What was to be the next chapter in it? Or was it to have another chapter? She felt already with a deep drawing of her breath, and warned herself that all would probably end here, and everything relapse into vacancy—a conclusion inconceivable, yet almost certain, she said to herself. But this consciousness only excited her the more. There was something in it of that whirl of desperation which gives a wild quickening to enjoyment in the sensation of momentariness and possible ending—the snatching of a fearful joy.

This sudden end came, however, sooner than she thought; they had scarcely met at the breakfast table when Lord Erradeen begged Mrs. Forrester to allow him to send for his servant, and make his arrangements for his departure from the isle, instead of returning to Auchnasheen. "I have not felt safe or at ease, save here, since I came to the loch," he said, looking round him with a grateful sense of the cheerful quiet and security. His eyes met those of Oona, who was somewhat pale after her long vigil and broken rest. She had recognised at once with a pang the conclusion she had foreseen, the interruption of her new history which was implied in the remorseless unintentional abruptness of this announcement. He was going away; and neither felt any inducement to stay, nor any hesitation in announcing his resolution. She had known it would be so, and yet there was a curious pang of surprise in it which seemed to arrest her heart.

Notwithstanding, as in duty bound, she met his look with a smile in her eyes.

"Hoots," said Mrs. Forrester, "you flatter the isle, Lord Erradeen. We know that is just nonsense; but for all that, we take it kind that you should like our little house. It will always be found here, just faithful and friendly, whenever you come back. And certainly ye shall send for your man or make what arrangements suits you. There's the library quite free and at your service for any writing you may have to do, and Hamish will take any message to Auchnasheen, or wherever you please. The only thing that grieves me is that you should be so set on going to-day."

"That must be—that must be!" cried Walter: and then he began to make excuses and apologies. There were circumstances which made it indispensable—there were many things that made him anxious to leave Auchnasheen. No, it was not damp—which was the instant suggestion of Mrs. Forrester. There were other things. He was going back to Sloebury to his mother (Mrs. Forrester said to England), and it was so recently that he had entered upon his property, that there was still a great deal to do. After he had made this uncompromising statement of the necessities that he had to be guided by, he looked across the table at Oona once more.

"And Miss Forrester is so kind as to take in hand for me the settlement of the cottars. It will be her doing. I hope they will not blame me for that alarm yesterday, which was no fault of mine; but the new arrangement will be your doing altogether."

"I shall not take the credit," said Oona. "I had not even the boldness to suggest it. It was your own thought, and they will bless you so, that wherever you are, at Sloebury or the end of the world, you must feel your heart warm—"

She said this with great self-command; but she was pale, and there was a curious giddiness stealing over her. She seemed to feel the solid

ground slip away from under her feet.

"My heart," he said, looking at her with a grateful look, "will always be warm when I think of the Isle, and all that has been done for me here."

"Now, Lord Erradeen," said Mrs. Forrester, "you will just make Oona and me vain with all these bonnie speeches. We are always glad to be friendly and neighbourlike, but what have we been able to do?—just nothing. When you come back again and let your friends see a little more of you, we will all do what we can to make the loch agreeable. But I hope it will be warmer weather, and more pleasure in moving about. You will be back no doubt, if not sooner, in time for the grouse."

He grew pale in spite of himself, and Oona looking at him, felt the steady earth slip more and more away.

"I don't know," he said, hurriedly, "when I may come back—not before I—not sooner than I can—I mean there are a great many things to look after; and my mother——"

His eyes seemed to seek hers again as if asking her sympathy, and appealing to her knowledge. "Not before I must—not sooner than I can help," that was what he meant to say. Oona gave him a faint smile of response. It was so wonderful that when she understood him so completely, he should understand her so little, and never suspect that there was anything cruel in those words. But she made the response he required, and strengthened him by that instinctive comprehension of him in which he put so strange a trust. There was an eagerness in all his preparations for going away which he almost forced upon her notice, so strong was his confidence in her sympathy. He lost no time about any of these arrangements, but sent Hamish with his boat to Auchnasheen for Symington, and wrote down his instructions for Shaw, and talked of what he was going to do when he got "home," with the

most absolute insensibility to any feeling in the matter save his own. And it seemed to Oona that the moments flew, and the quick morning melted away, and before she could collect her thoughts the time came when her mother and she walked down to the beach with him, smiling, to see him off. There had never been a word said between them of that conversation in the garden on the previous night. Only when he was just about to leave, he cast a glance towards the walk where that encounter had taken place, and turned to her with a look such as cannot pass between any but those that have some secret link of mutual knowledge. Her mother was talking cheerfully of the view and the fine morning after the rain, walking before them, when he gave Oona that look of mutual understanding. "I owe you everything," he said, in a low tone of almost passionate fervour. Presently she found herself shaking hands with him as if he had been nothing more than the acquaintance of three days which he was, and wishing him a good journey. And so the Odyssey came to an end, and the history stopped in the course of making. She stood still for a little, watching the boat and the widening lines it drew along the surface of the water. "Sometimes to watch a boat moving off will give you a giddiness," Mrs. Forrester said.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

THERE could be no greater contrast than that which existed between Walter Methven, Lord Erradeen, hurrying away with the sense of a man escaped with his life from the shores of Loch Houran and Oona Forrester left behind upon the isle.

It was not only that he had all at once become the first object in her life, and she counted for little or nothing in his. That was not the question. She had been for sufficient space of time, and with sufficient stress of circum-

stances to make the impression one which would not die easily, of the first importance in his thoughts: and no doubt that impression would revive when he had leisure from the overwhelming pre-occupation which was in his mind. But it was that he was himself full of an anxiety and excitement strong enough to dwarf every other feeling, which made the blood course through his veins, and inspired every thought; while she was left in a state more like vacancy than anything else, emptied out of everything that had interested her. The vigorous bend of the rowers to the oars as they carried him away was not more unlike the regretful languor of the women as they stood on the beach, Mrs. Forrester waving her handkerchief, but Oona without even impulse enough in her to do that.

As for Walter, he was all energy and impulse. He arranged the portmanteaux which Symington had brought with his own hands, to leave room for the sweep of the oars, and quicken the crossing. His farewells were but half said. It seemed as if he could scarcely breathe till he got away. Every stroke of the oars lightened his heart, and when he was clear of that tragic water altogether, and sprang up upon the rude country waggonette which had been engaged at the inn to carry him to the station, his brow relaxed, and the muscles of his mouth gave way as they had not done since his first day on Loch Houran. He gave a look almost of hatred at the old castle, and then averted his face. When he reached the railway, the means of communication with the world he had known before, he was a different man. The horses had gone too slowly for him, so did the leisurely friendly trains on the Highland railway, with their broad large windows for the sake of the views. Travellers, as a rule, did not wish to go too fast while they skirted those gleaming lochs, and ran along under shadow of the mountains. They liked to have somebody to point out which was Loch Ool and which St.

Monan's. It was too slow for Lord Erradeen, but still it was going away. He began to think of all the commonplace accessories of life with a sort of enthusiasm—the great railway stations, the Edinburgh Hotel, with its ordinary guests. He was so sick of everything connected with his Highland property and with its history, that he resolved he would make no pause in Edinburgh, and would not go near Mr. Milnathort. The questions they would no doubt put to him made him impatient even in thought. He would not subject himself to these; he would put away altogether out of his mind, if he could, everything connected with it, and all that he had been seeing and hearing, or, at least, had fancied he heard and saw.

But when Oona turned away from looking after the boat—which she was indeed the first to do, Mrs. Forrester waiting almost as long as it was within sight to wave her handkerchief if the departing guest should look back—she felt herself and her life emptied out all at once. When she began to think of it in the cold light of this sudden conclusion, a sense of humiliation came over her. She blushed with hot shame at this altogether unasked, unreasonable, unnecessary resignation of herself and her interests to a stranger. He was nothing but a stranger, she said to herself; there was no remarkable charm in him one way or another. She had not been at all affected by his first appearance. He was not handsome enough or clever enough, nor had he any special attraction to gain him so high a place. Somehow she had not thought of Walter in her first realization of the new interest which had pushed away all the other occupations out of her existence: and she had not blushed in the high sense of expanded life and power to help. But now it moved her with a certain shame to think that the sudden departure of a man whom she scarcely knew, and and to whom she was nothing, should thus have emptied out her existence and left a bewildering blank in her



heart. She went slowly up the walk, and went to her room, and there sat down with a curious self-abandonment. It was all over, all ended and done. When he came into her life it was accidentally, without any purpose in it on either side; and now that he had gone out of it again, there was no anger, no sense of wrong, only a curious consciousness that everything had gone away—that the soil had slipped from her, and nothing was left. No, there was no reason at all to be angry—nobody was to blame. Then she laughed a little at herself at this curious, wanton sort of trouble, intended by nobody—which neither he had meant to draw her into, nor she to bring upon herself.

There was one thing however between her and this vacancy. He had left her a commission which any kind-hearted girl would have thought a delightful one—to arrange with the factor how the cottars were to be most effectually helped and provided for. It had been their thought at first—the young man being little better instructed than the girl on such matters—that to make Duncan Fraser and the rest the proprietors of their little holdings would be the most effectual way of helping them, and would do the property of Lord Erradeen very little harm—a thing that Walter, unaccustomed to property, and still holding it lightly, contemplated with all the ease of the landless, never thinking of the thorn in the flesh of a piece of alienated land in the midst of an estate, until it suddenly flashed upon him that his estates being all entailed, this step would be impossible. How was it to be done then? They had decided that Shaw would know best, and that some way of remitting the rents at least during the lifetime of the present Lord Erradeen must be settled upon, and secured to them at once. Oona had this commission left in her hands. She could have thought of none more delightful a few days ago, but now it seemed to make the future vacancy of life all the more

evident by the fact that here was one thing, and only one, before her to do. When that was done, what would happen?—a return upon the pleasant occupations, the amusements, the hundred little incidents which had filled the past? After all, the past was only a week back. Can it ever return, and things be again as they were before?—Oona had never reasoned or speculated on these matters till this moment. She had never known by experiment that the past cannot return, or that which has been be once more; but she became aware of it in a moment now.

Then she got up and stood at her window and looked out on the unchanging landscape, and laughed aloud at herself. How ridiculous it was! By this time it made no difference to Lord Erradeen that she had ever existed. Why should it make any difference to her that he had come and gone? The new generation takes a view of such matters which is different from the old-fashioned sentimental view. After yielding to the new influence rashly, unawares, like a romantic girl of any benighted century, Oona began to examine it like an enlightened young intelligence of her own. Her spirit rose against it, and that vigorous quality which we call a sense of humour. There was something almost ludicrous in the thought that one intelligent creature should be thus subject to another, and that life itself should be altered by an accidental meeting. And if this was absurd to think of in any case, how much more in her own? Nobody had ever had a more pleasant, happy life. In her perfect womanliness and submission to all the laws of nature, she was yet as independent as the most free-born soul could desire. There was no path in all the district, whether it led to the loneliest cottage or the millionaire's palace, that was not free to Oona Forrester. The loch and the hills were open as her mother's garden, to the perfectly dauntless, modest creature, who had

never in her life heard a tone or caught a look of disrespect. She went her mother's errands, which were so often errands of charity, far and near, with companions when she cared for them, without companions when she did not. What did it matter? The old cottar people about had a pretty Gaelic name for her; and to all the young ones Miss Oona of the Isle was as who should say Princess Oona, a young lady whom every one was bound to forward upon her way. Her mother was not so clever as Oona, which was, perhaps, a drawback; but she could not have been more kind, more tender, more loving if she had possessed, as our Laureate says, "the soul of Shakespeare." All was well about and around this favourite of nature. How was it possible then that she could have come to any permanent harm in two or three days?

Notwithstanding this philosophical view, however, Oona did nothing all that day, and to tell the truth felt little except the sense of vacancy; but next day she announced to her mother that she was going to the Manse to consult with Mr. Cameron about the Truach-Glas cottars, and that probably she would see Mr. Shaw there, and be able to do the business Lord Erradeen had confided to her. Mrs. Forrester fully approved.

"A thing that is to make poor folks more comfortable should never be put off a moment," that kind woman said, "for, poor bodies, they have little enough comfort at the best," and she stood at the porch and waved her hand to her child, as the boat sped out of the shade of the isle into the cold sunshine which had triumphed for an hour or two over the clouds and rain. Oona found Mr. Shaw as she had anticipated, in the village, and there was a very brisk and not altogether peaceable discussion in the minister's study, over this new idea. The factor, though he was so strongly set against all severe measures, and in reality so much on the side of the cottars, was yet taken aback, as was natural, by

the new idea presented to him. He laughed at the notion of making them the owners of their little holdings.

"Why not give Tom Patterson his farm too? He finds it just as hard to pay the rent," he cried in mingled ridicule and wrath. "There is no difference in the principle though there may be in the circumstances. And what if Lord Erradeen had a few hundred crofters instead of half-a-dozen? I'm speaking of the principle. Of course he cannot do it. It's all entailed, every inch of the land, and he cannot do it; but supposing he could, and that he were treating them all equally? It's just not to be done. It is just shifting the difficulty. It is putting other people at a disadvantage. A man cannot give away his land and his living. It is just a thing that is not to be done."

"He knows it is not to be done; he knows it is entailed, therefore——"

"Oh yes, Miss Oona; therefore——" cried the factor. "Little of it, very little would have come his way if it had not been entailed. Whether or not it is good for the country, there can be no doubt it's the stronghold of a family. Very likely there would have been no Methvens (and small damage, begging his pardon that is a kind of a new stock), and certainly there would have been no property to keep up a title, but for the entail. It is a strange story, the story of them altogether." Shaw continued, "It has been a wonderfully managed property. I must say that for it; no praise to me, so I am free to speak. There was the late lord—the only one I knew. There was very little in him, and yet the way he managed was wonderful; they have just added land to land, and farm to farm. I do not understand it. And now I suppose we've arrived at the prodigal that always appears some time in a family to make the hoards go."

"No, no," said the minister, "you must not call the man a prodigal whose wish is to give to the poor."

"That is all very well," said Shaw;

"the poor, where there are half-a-dozen of them, are easily enough managed. Give them their land if you like (if it were not criminal to cut a slice out of an estate), it does not matter much; but if there were a hundred? It is the principle I am thinking of. They cannot buy it themselves, and the State will not buy it for them, seeing they are only decent Scots lads, not blazing Irishmen. I cannot see where the principle will lead to; I am not against the kindness, Miss Oona, far from that: and these half-a-dozen Frasers, what would it matter? but if there were a hundred! The land is just my profession, as the Church is Mr. Cameron's, and I must think of it, all the ways of it; and this is a thing that would not work so far as I can see."

"But Lord Erradeen acknowledges that," said Oona. "What he wants to do is only for his time. To set them free of the rent they cannot pay, and to let them feel that nobody can touch them, so long as he lives—"

"And the Lord grant him wealth of days," said the minister; "a long life and a happy one!"

"You will not look at it," cried the factor, "from a common-sense point of view. All that is very pretty, and pleasing to the young man's—what shall I call it?—his kindness and his vanity, for both are involved, no doubt. But it will just debauch the minds of the people. They will learn to think they have a right to it; and when the next heir comes into possession, there will be a burning question raised up, and a bitter sense of wrong if he asks for his own again. Oh yes, Miss Oona, so long as the present condition of affairs lasts it will be his own. A man with a rent of two or three pounds is just as liable as if it were two or three hundred. The principle is the same; and as I am saying, if there were a number of them, you just could not do it: for I suppose you are not a communist, Miss Oona, that would do away with property altogether?"

A sudden smile from among the clouds lit up Shaw's ruddy, remonstrative countenance, as he put this question, and Oona smiled too.

"I don't make any theories," she said; "I don't understand it. I feel as Lord Erradeen does, that whatever the law may be, I would rather be without a roof to shelter myself than turn one poor creature out of her home. Oh, I don't wonder, when I remember the horror in his face! Think! could you sleep, could you rest—you, young and strong, and well off, when you had turned out the poor folk to the hill!—all for a little miserable money?" cried Oona, starting to her feet, "or for the principle, as you call it? I, for one," cried the girl, with flashing eyes, "would never have let him speak to me again."

"There you have it, Oona; there's a principle, if you like; there is something that will work," cried the old minister, with a tremulous burst of laughter. "Just you keep by that, my bonnie dear, and all your kind; and we'll hear of few evictions within the Highland line."

"That would be all very well," said the factor, "if every landlord was a young lad, like Lord Erradeen; but even then it might be a hard case, and Miss Oona would not find it as easy as she thinks; for supposing there were hundreds, as I'm always saying: and supposing there were some among them that could just pay well enough, but took advantage; and supposing a landlord that was poor too, and was losing everything? No, no, Miss Oona, in this world things are not so simple. My counsel is to let them be—just to let them be. I would bid them pay when they can, and that my lord would not be hard upon them. That is what I would do. I would tell them he was willing to wait, and may be to forgive them what was past, or something like that. After what happened the other day, they will be very sure he will not be hard upon them. And that is what I would advise him to do."

"You are not going to wash your hands of it, after all?" the minister said.

Shaw laughed. "Not just this time, Mr. Cameron. I always thought he was a fine lad. And now that he has good advisers, and amenable——" he added, with a glance at Oona, which fortunately she did not see.

She had made up her mind to go up to the Glen, and convey the good news to the cottars, and, though it was not such entire good news as she wished, and Oona was somewhat disappointed, she paid them the visit notwithstanding, and gave the women to understand that there was nothing to fear from Lord Erradeen. It was a long walk, and the afternoon was almost over when Oona came once more in sight of the loch. To get there the sooner, she took a path which cut off a corner, and which communicated, by a little narrow byway leading through the marshy ground at the head of the loch, with the old castle. She was a little startled as she hurried along, to see some one advance, as if to meet her from this way. Her heart jumped with a momentary idea that the slim dark figure against the light in the west, was Lord Erradeen himself come back. But another glance satisfied her that this was not so. She was surprised, but not at all alarmed; for there was no one within reach of Loch Houran of whom it was possible to imagine that Oona could be afraid. She was singularly moved, however, she could not tell why, when she perceived, as they approached each other, that it was the same person who had come two nights before with the boat from Auchnasheen, and who had sought Walter on the isle. It had been too dark then to distinguish his features clearly, and yet she was very sure that it was he. In spite of herself, her heart beat at this encounter. She did not know what or who he was; but he was Walter's enemy and taskmaster, or so at least it was evident Lord Erradeen thought. She felt a nervous feeling steal over her as he

came towards her, wondering would he speak to her, and what he would say. She did not, indeed, know him, having seen him only under such circumstances, but she could not keep the consciousness that she did know him, out of her face. It was with a still stronger throb of her heart that she saw he meant to claim the acquaintance.

"Good evening," he said, taking off his hat, "I have not had the advantage of being presented to you, Miss Forrester: but we have met——"

"Yes," she said, with a momentary hesitation and faltering. She had so strong an impulse in her mind to turn and flee, that her amazement with herself was unbounded, and was indeed stronger than the fear.

"I hope," he said, "that nothing I have done or said has made you—afraid to meet me on this lonely road?"

This stirred up all Oona's pride and resolution. "I know no reason," she said, "why I should be afraid to meet any one, here or elsewhere."

"Ah, that is well," said the stranger; "but," he added, "let me tell you there are many reasons why a young lady so well endowed by nature as yourself might be timid of meeting a person of whom she knows nothing. Lord Erradeen, for instance, over whom you were throwing a shield of protection when I saw you last."

Oona felt her thrill of nervous disquietude give way to irritation as he spoke. She restrained with difficulty the impulse to answer hastily, and said after a moment, "I am at home here: there is no one who would venture, or who wishes, to do me harm."

"Harm!" he said; "do you think it no harm to claim your interest, and sympathy, and help, and then without a thought to hurry away?"

"I do not know who you are," said Oona, looking into his face, "that ventures to speak to me so."

"No; you don't know who I am. I am—one of his family," said the stranger. "I have his interest at

heart—and yours to a certain extent. I mean to make him rich and great, if he does as I say—but you are inciting him to rebellion. I know women, Miss Forrester. I know what it means when they foster benevolence in a young man, and accept commissions of charity.”

Oona coloured high with indignation and anger, but she was too proud to make any reply. The involuntary excitement, too, which had taken possession of her, she could not tell why, took away her breath. She was not afraid of the stranger, but it was irksome beyond description to her to see him stalk along by her side, and she quickened her pace in spite of herself. He laughed softly when he saw this. “You begin to think,” he said, “that it is not so certain you will meet with no one who can do you harm.”

“Do you mean to harm me?” she said looking more closely in his face.

“You have a fine spirit,” he replied. “What a pity then that you are harmed already, and such a vacancy left in your life.”

The girl started and her heart began to beat wildly. She began “How do you——” and then stopped short, fluttered and out of breath, not knowing what she said.

“How do I know? You have meddled in a life that does not concern you, and you will have to pay the penalty. After you have executed his commission, how blank everything will be! The past will not come back—it never comes back. You will stay on your isle, and look for him, and he will never come. The ground has gone from under your feet—you are

emptied out——” He laughed a little as he spoke, not malignantly, but as a not unfriendly eavesdropper might do who had heard some ridiculous confession. To have her own thoughts thus turned over before her filled her with strange dismay. She had no power to make any reply. Though there was no definite alarm in her mind, her panic gained upon her. She tried to say something, but the words would not come. The slight trembling which she could not conceal seemed to mollify her strange companion.

“I have no wish to hurt you,” he said, in a lofty tone. “What is done is done: but take care how you do more.”

“I will take no care,” cried Oona, with a flash of sudden power. “I will do what is right, what I think right, and if I suffer it will be at my own pleasure. What I do can be nothing to you.” As she spoke the panic which she had been struggling against overcame her powers of resistance wholly. She gathered up her dress in her hand and flew with the speed in which, for a short distance, a girl cannot be surpassed. But as she got out of the immediate oppression of this stranger’s presence, her spirit returned to her with a sense of defiance and opposition which was almost gay. She looked back, and called out to him with a voice that rang like a silver trumpet, “Good-bye—good-night!” waving her hand as she flew along. The dark figure advanced not a step further, but stood still and watched, almost invisible himself against the quickly-darkening background of the brushwood and the distance, the dim hills and gathering night.

*(To be continued.)*

## LIBEL LAW REFORM.

THERE are two means by which an individual's character may be damaged—by oral slander, and by libel. The latter consists of any writing, picture, or other sign which immediately tends to injure the reputation of a person by holding him up to contempt, ridicule, or obloquy, or to occasion public mischief, and which is published without lawful justification or excuse. Now libel—which derives its name from the *libellus*, or document in which the offensive statement is issued—is and always has been considered to be a far greater offence than verbal slander, as it is much more deliberate, malicious, and lasting, and is also notified further and wider than the latter. Hence it is that while slander is merely a civil wrong remediable only by an action for damages—unless it be blasphemous, seditious, or grossly immoral, or be uttered to a magistrate in the exercise of his office, or spoken as a challenge to fight a duel, or with the intention to provoke the other party to send a challenge—libel is both a criminal offence and a civil injury, and is punishable by fine and imprisonment in the former case, and by damages in the latter, except a few forms of libel not now usually so designated, such as defamatory statements which blacken the memory of the dead, blasphemous and seditious libels, and those which are of an obscene character tending to corrupt the public morals, which, although criminal offences, are not actionable for damages, since they are not legally deemed to be in violation of personal rights.

Notwithstanding that several legislative efforts have been made during the present century materially to repress defamatory libels, nothing of importance has been done for this purpose since the passing of Lord Campbell's

Libel Act in 1843. This being so, and the law of defamation being in a defective condition, and requiring amendment so far as it applies to newspapers, a Select Committee of the House of Commons was appointed in 1879 to examine witnesses upon it. The Committee took much evidence from newspaper proprietors and editors, and others well representing the interests of journalism in Great Britain and Ireland. A second Committee was appointed in 1880, but being satisfied with the evidence already given, they did not examine any more witnesses, and contented themselves with issuing a short report, in which a few of the required changes in the law are recommended.

One of its principal defects is, that a right of action should exist against newspaper proprietors for *bonâ fide* reports of what passes at public meetings, at the instance of persons aggrieved by them. In consequence of this injustice the newspapers often omit to publish matters that in the interests of the public ought to be published, which is in itself a great grievance.

As a general rule, it is for the benefit of the public to have a fair, true, and full report of all public meetings, subject even to the occasional hardship of the individual having to explain or contradict in the newspaper, or to suffer the consequences of publication. In Scotland not only are fair reports of public and political meetings privileged, but far greater latitude is given to the press generally than in England. Nor is the license abused, according to the statement of Mr. Leng, proprietor and editor of the *Dundee Advertiser*, who said, about two years ago, that he did not recollect a single instance, during the twenty-eight years he had

lived in that part of Great Britain, in which an action had been brought against a newspaper proprietor for giving an accurate report of a public meeting. There are several meetings of a semi-public character, such as those of Town Councils, Boards of Guardians, and School Boards, which are thought by many people not to be privileged, inasmuch as so many personal remarks are made at such meetings that it is not considered for the benefit of the public that the proceedings should be published. The same view appears to be taken in the decisions given in the Court of Common Pleas and the Court of Appeal in the case of *Purcell v. Sowter*, in which judgment was given against the proprietor of the *Manchester Courier* for a report of the proceedings at a meeting of the Knutsford Board of Guardians, defamatory of their medical officer. Many journalists and others, however, think that the balance of public advantage justifies such reports, even though individual character should be thus occasionally injured. The Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Law of Libel in 1880 came to the conclusion that more protection should be given to the reports of public meetings, and proposed that—

“Any report published in any newspaper of the proceedings of a public meeting should be privileged, if such meeting was lawfully convened for a lawful purpose, and was open to the public; and if such report was fair and accurate, and published without malice; and if the publication of the matter complained of was for the public benefit;” but they thought “that such protection should not be available as a defence in any proceeding if the plaintiff or prosecutor can show that the defendant has refused to insert a reasonable letter, or statement of explanation or contradiction by or on behalf of such plaintiff or prosecutor.”

This recommendation is a wise one, and a clause embodying it was inserted in Mr. Hutchinson's Newspaper Libel Law Bill, introduced into the House of Commons in 1881. Some persons think that an apology should be published instead of a statement of explanation or contradiction; but this

would be unwise, inasmuch as it would compel editors or proprietors of newspapers to say suddenly whether an alleged calumnious statement in one of such public prints was true or false, without the proper evidence to enable them to do so; and actions for libel are often brought before these gentlemen can investigate facts to enable them to come to a rational conclusion as to the truth or untruth of such statement. Again, an apology given from fear of an action for damages is of very little value to a person, and when published it is only an apology for the insertion of a defamatory statement in the paper, regardless of its truth or inaccuracy, which is of little consequence to the reading public. Newspaper proprietors also greatly object to apologising in public for assertions made at public meetings, as this act injures their independence; and actions are therefore frequently brought against them in which, though only nominal damages are awarded, they are punished with heavy costs.

Considerable difference of opinion exists as to whether the speakers of calumnious statements should be alone liable for them. Lord Lyndhurst, Sir Colman O'Loughlen, and Sir John Karslake were of opinion that they should be; but there is an overwhelming weight of evidence to the contrary; and this includes the recommendation of the House of Lords' Committee on the Privilege of Reports in 1857, to the effect that an alteration of the law depriving persons libelled of all remedy except against the speakers who defamed them could not safely be made. One reason mentioned in favour of this conclusion, is that the precautions taken by respectable journalists against including wanton attacks on private character in their reports of the proceedings at public meetings, might be relaxed if they were not liable to an action for libel for defamatory words spoken at these assemblies. Another reason was that even although the speaker might

not be a man of straw, nor inclined to make a speech to satisfy the malignity of another, the calumniated person might frequently be left without any remedy; inasmuch as the author of the injurious statements might have a defence personal to himself, whereby his interest in the subject-matter of his speech would give him a privileged communication protection, while the imputation might be one which would give no legal right of action unless the words containing it were printed and published.

The present law of libel is also defective in allowing the truth of the alleged defamation in all actions to be by itself a defence to it. To remedy this evil it should be satisfactorily shown to the jury that the publication of such libellous words was for the public benefit, since extremely cruel instances are on record of pleading their truth; and in his evidence before a previous Select Committee of the Lower House of Parliament on the Law of Defamation in 1843, Lord Abinger pointed out a very grievous illustration of one of such possible cases, when he said—

“Put the case of the father of a family, whose daughter may in early life have been guilty of some indiscretion; afterwards she is married, and has a family, and is respected in the world, when some ill-natured fellow, who takes offence at something that she or her husband has done, thinks fit to rake up an event which happened thirty or forty years ago, and bring it before the public without any motive, except to gratify his own malice.”

This learned judge, as well as the Committee just mentioned, were of opinion that to entitle a party against whom a libel action had been brought to a verdict in his favour, he should prove not only that the alleged calumny was true, but that it was for the public benefit to publish it—and the Committee expressed their opinion to this effect. As, however, there is a strong public opinion to the contrary, I believe it would not at the present time be advisable to change the law in this respect.

Cases have occurred in which vexa-

tious actions have been brought for true and faithful reports of proceedings at public meetings, though no actual damage has been sustained on this account. In these litigious causes, notwithstanding mere nominal damages were granted, whereby the plaintiffs did not recover costs, the defendants have been obliged to pay the whole of the costs incurred in their defence, besides suffering the annoyance of being dragged into court without just reason. Thus in 1857 the proprietor of the *Durham Advertiser* had an action against him for alleged libellous matter contained in a correct report of proceedings at a meeting of the Improvement Commissioners at West Hartlepool; and although only a farthing damages was recovered against him he had to pay his own costs, which exceeded 400*l*. The House of Lords' Committee on the Privilege of Reports, who took evidence in this case, resolved that in an action for an alleged libel, the defendant should be at liberty to plead that it was a portion of the report of the proceedings of a public meeting legally assembled for a lawful purpose, that the report was a faithful one, and that the plaintiff had suffered no actual damage by the publication of the calumny complained of; and that on this being proved a verdict should be directed to be found for the defendant. It is to be hoped that this recommendation will be given effect to by legislation, since journalists will then be considerably relieved of the grievance to which they are largely exposed, of speculative actions being brought against them by low and pettifogging solicitors.

One very important improvement urgently required in our newspaper libel law, and mentioned in Mr. Hutchinson's Libel Bill, is that in all actions for such defamation, when the jury shall award less than forty shillings damages, the plaintiff shall not be entitled to recover a greater amount of costs, unless the



judge before whom the verdict is obtained, immediately afterwards certifies that the calumny was "wilful and malicious." According to Lord Campbell's Act, in all criminal proceedings by a private prosecutor for the publication of a libel, if judgment be given against him, the person accused shall be entitled to costs from the accuser. It is reasonably thought by many persons who are familiar with libel cases, that on verdicts being found for defendants, they should recover their costs from the plaintiffs. This equitable requirement should be provided.

The leading object of Lord Campbell's Act, was to exonerate newspaper proprietors from liability for criminal prosecution for libels published in their newspapers without their consent or knowledge, an anomaly which has existed for centuries, in consequence of which they were the only class of persons regarded as legally cognisant of a criminal offence, though actually ignorant of it. This immunity has, however, been much questioned in the recent leading case of *The Queen v. Holbrook and others*. In this cause criminal proceedings were issued against the defendants in 1877 for a libellous attack in the form of a letter which appeared in the *Portsmouth Times*, of which the defendants were the proprietors, charging the prosecutor, the Clerk of the Peace of that town, with having packed a grand jury at the borough quarter sessions, for the purpose of improperly dealing with an indictment for personation at a municipal election. The Clerk of the Peace immediately afterwards called attention to this article, and demanded an apology. The defendants at once denied all knowledge of the libel before its publication, and offered their newspaper to the prosecutor for any reply he might desire to have inserted in it. This offer, however, he declined, and at once commenced criminal proceedings against them. It appears that the defendants all resided at Portsmouth,

where their paper was published, and all of them took an active part in its management; but the literary department had been intrusted by them to an editor, who published therein what articles and correspondence he thought proper. At the time the libellous article was published one of the proprietors was in Somersetshire, and neither he nor the others had given authority or consent for its publication, nor was there any evidence that any papers containing the letter were sold after it came to their knowledge. Mr., now Lord Justice Lindley, at the trial stated that as authority had been given by the defendants to the editor to edit the newspaper, and publish therein what he thought fit, there was a proved actual authority for him to do so, and therefore the jury should find them guilty of the libel. This view appears to have been shared not only by Lord Coleridge, who was consulted by the former judge on the question, but also by Justices Mellor and Grove, who had judicially to recognise this case in connection with a new trial of it; but Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, and Lord Justice Lush, who directed it to be re-tried, expressed a contrary opinion. On account of the death of the prosecutor the case was never settled; and we have thus the dissatisfaction to know that our judges are divided in opinion respecting the responsibility of newspaper proprietors for libels inserted by their editors without their authority, consent, or knowledge. Statutory law is, therefore, required to confirm the decision of the last mentioned two judges on this question.

It is also considered a great hardship that newspaper proprietors should be liable to criminal prosecution for the publication of libels, and much evidence to this effect was given before the Select Committee of the House of Commons in 1879. In Scotland and Ireland there have not been any such prosecutions for many years. But the better opinion appears to be

that it would not be safe to alter the English law in this respect; and some of the strongest reasons in support of this may be gathered from the evidence of Lord Brougham before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Law of Defamation in 1843, respecting the disadvantages of actions for libel as a remedy for calumny, evidence which has by no means lost its force:—

“Actions for damages for a libel, besides other objections . . . . are unsatisfactory vindications of character from the tendency of juries to give insufficient damages under the influence of eloquent and ingenious defences, and the general directions given by judges to give temperate and moderate damages; and the value of a man's character, and the amount of injury he has sustained, is apt to be estimated by the amount of the verdict. It frequently happens that the jury will give very small damages, because the party is so far above all attack that they consider he has sustained very little injury; nevertheless, 20*l.* for a man's character is apt by the public to be reckoned not merely the estimate of the damage he has sustained, but of the value of his character, and therefore there is a tendency in men not to bring actions.”

As proprietors, editors, and publishers of newspapers have been subjected to much grievous injustice on account of criminal prosecutions improperly commenced against them, it is rightly maintained that such proceedings should not be brought against any one responsible for the publication of a newspaper, for any libel published therein, without the consent of the Attorney-General. On the second reading of Mr. Hutchinson's Newspaper Law of Libel Bill on the 11th of May, 1881, this recommendation was disapproved of by Mr. Inderwick and Mr. Labouchere, but without giving any good reason for their objection thereto. In speaking upon the measure the Attorney-General observed that no one would be entitled to protection under the Bill unless he could show that he was discussing a public matter, and added that a *fiat* should not be issued against editors for criminal proceedings for libel until they had had an opportunity of making a statement. This suggestion is much more reasonable than that of Mr. Labou-

chere, viz., that, instead of such direction being obtained from the Attorney-General, magistrates should be empowered to deal summarily with applications made to them concerning alleged libels; and I hold this opinion because the Attorney-General, from his legal status, wide knowledge, and great experience of defamation, would be far more capable of satisfactorily deciding whether the prosecution should be taken to a jury, than a magistrate would.

Another grievous defect of the English libel law is that in these proceedings the defendant cannot offer himself as a witness, and consequently the person who thinks himself libelled, may at the trial close the mouth of the defendant; which is a very great injustice, as the defendant is probably the only individual who can substantiate his plea that the alleged calumny is true, and that it was published for the benefit of the public.

For the better discovery of persons responsible for defamatory matter published in newspapers, the Select Committee of the House of Commons, in 1880, thought—

“That the name of any proprietor of a newspaper, or in the case of several persons engaged as partners in such proprietorship, the names of all such persons should be registered at the office of the Registrar of Joint-Stock Companies, with full particulars of the addresses and occupations of all such persons, or of any change therein.”

The Attorney-General, on the second reading of Mr. Hutchinson's last Bill, said that, on the whole, he considered registration beneficial to the public, and not injurious to editors of newspapers; and the few observations to the contrary by Mr. Cowen and Mr. Labouchere are founded on no substantial reason, and entitled to little consideration.

It is much to be regretted that pressure of business prevented this measure from being properly discussed in the House of Lords; yet, notwithstanding this disadvantage, and the urgent protest made by Lord Redesdale against the passing of the Bill during the 1881 session, on the

ground that a proper judgment could not then be formed upon the matter, it received the Royal assent, and became law as the "Newspaper Libel and Registration Act." Now, although the statute contains some very appreciable provisions, before referred to, these are insufficient for existing requirements, while the advantage of them is in a great measure diminished by an injudicious provision giving justices of the peace jurisdiction in criminal proceedings for libel, a provision which ought not to have been embodied in the statute.

The first important provision of the new Act is that reports of the proceedings of public meetings legally convened for a lawful purpose shall be privileged, if the reports are fair and correct, and published without malice; but this protection is not to be available as a defence unless the plaintiff or prosecutor can show that the defendant has refused to publish in the newspaper containing the report a reasonable letter, statement, or contradiction, by the plaintiff or prosecutor. The next enactment is that criminal prosecutions shall not be brought against an English newspaper for libellous matter therein contained, without the consent of the Director of Public Prosecutions, or against Irish newspapers without the direction of the Attorney-General for Ireland.

Courts of summary jurisdiction are empowered to take evidence respecting libels, and to dismiss a case for defamation if they see a strong probability that the person charged would be acquitted if tried before a jury. These minor courts, if they consider a person guilty of a libel of so trivial a character that it may be adequately punished by them, shall cause the charge to be read to the defendant, and shall ask him if he consents to the case being dealt with summarily; and if he consents, the court may summarily convict him, and fine him not more than 50*l*. Precautions are taken to guard against libel prosecutions being abused by the application to them of the Vexatious Indictments Act of 1859. But

the additional powers thus given to justices of the peace will, I believe, prove unsatisfactory, since justices are often not sufficiently well qualified to form a proper judgment upon such cases.

In order to ascertain who are the proprietors of newspapers, a register is established, under the superintendence of a registrar, in which the titles and proprietors of all newspapers are required to be registered annually, under penalties for omission. Changes of proprietorship are also to be registered; and the register may be inspected and certified copies obtained of its contents, such certified copies being receivable in evidence. These provisions do not apply to newspapers incorporated under the Companies Acts 1862 to 1879; nor is the Newspaper Libel and Registration Act of 1881 to extend to Scotland.

The protest of Lord Redesdale and other peers already noticed is entered in the journals of the House of Lords. This protest states that the measure

"has never been discussed in this House, either on principle, or in regard to its details. It was brought to the House from the Commons on Monday last (August 22nd) and read a first time; was read a second time on Tuesday, though further time was asked for its consideration, the print of the Bill having only been delivered ten minutes before the House met! It was in like manner forced through Committee on Wednesday, though further time was asked to propose amendments; and read a third time and passed on Thursday in the same manner . . . . No privilege is of more importance than that the peers should be allowed sufficient time to consider and deal properly with measures of importance, for the passing of which in a proper form they are responsible to the Queen and country; and the forcing this Bill through in the manner aforesaid, without allowing time for its consideration and amendment, if necessary, in the last week of the Session is open to great objection."

These and other considerations furnish strong reasons for a further Libel Law Amendment Bill; and it is to be hoped that one supplying the defects of the 1881 statute will soon be introduced, and properly discussed in both Houses of Parliament.

JAMES NEVILLE PORTER.

## THE SIEGE OF POTCHEFSTROOM.

IN December, 1880, my regiment was quartered at Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal and seat of government; and at this time we were beginning to speculate on the probability of an early move towards the sea coast, to which officers and men looked forward with a degree of pleasure only known to those who had done little else but march about from place to place since our arrival in the country early in the year before.

Late in the afternoon of the 9th of December, 1880, in the course of my daily ride, I went into Government House, Pretoria, to pay a visit to Sir Owen Lanyon, the administrator, when almost the first word His Excellency addressed to me, was, "Have you seen Bellairs?" Colonel Bellairs, the present Sir William Bellairs, C.B., was then in command of the troops in the Transvaal. I had not "seen Bellairs," but presently that officer came forward, and I soon learned that I was to go to Potchefstroom at once to relieve the officer in command there, who, being the senior officer of the Royal Artillery in South Africa was required to joined the head-quarters at Pretoria.

"When will you be ready?" was the first question. Now was the long-looked-for opportunity come after many years of service, and I answered readily enough, "Within a couple of hours, if you wish it." It was settled that I was to start the next day, and I set off at once to the commissariat to make arrangements about a conveyance.

The officers of my regiment were unanimous in congratulating me on my good fortune, for a separate command does not often come in the way of us soldiers, and when it comes

is always duly appreciated. It was known that there had been a dispute about the payment of taxes, or something of the sort, and there seemed at least a chance of a break in the monotony of life at Pretoria.

Next morning I left in a buck waggon drawn by twelve mules, and did the distance, 110 miles, in forty-eight hours, over a baddish road with several rivers to cross. The first night I slept in my waggon (having "outspanned" to rest the animals), but the second was passed in my tent, which proved a great improvement on the waggon. That stirring events were on the *tapis* we had little idea; those in authority alone knew how affairs were progressing, and we soldiers were only anxious to obey orders and keep up the good name our regiment had won in the Zulu and Secocoeni campaigns. A field force consisting of two guns of the N 5 Battery, Royal Artillery, twenty-five mounted infantry of the 2nd Battalion Royal Scots Fusiliers, two companies of the same regiment, and a proportion of commissariat and medical staff were already at Potchefstroom under the command of Major Thornhill, Royal Artillery, and these I was destined to join as commander, relieving the last named officer. The strength of the force was 213 of all ranks, not including civilians. The prevailing idea of the hospitable colonists I met on the road was wonderment that I had not been stopped *en route*, as many armed parties of Boers were at the time on their way to a meeting which was being held not far off. "So they let you go!" said a man in a "spider" (American gig), "they" being an armed party that had just passed. I did not meet this party, and I saw none along the road.

I arrived in Potchefstroom early in

the afternoon of Sunday the 12th of December, 1880, and found that my arrival was unexpected, and all hands were anxious for news from Pretoria. I was expected to be the bearer of important secrets of State, to be divulged without delay for the public benefit, and great was the disappointment when I had to confess that I knew as little as they did. My first thought was to look about me and see how the camp was placed with regard to offence or defence as the case might be. A fort, thirty yards square, had been commenced, but had made little progress, and the water-furrows (channels) near could not be long held with the force at hand; so we set to work at a well, which had been commenced, and also at the fort, which was little more than a shelter trench. This work was continued with little interval on the three following days. During this time attempt was made to raise volunteers in the town, but without success, owing to the unwillingness of the inhabitants, some of them fearing to lose their Boer customers, and others having no sympathy with the British. Our camp was pitched round the entrenchment; and the horses, mules, and oxen were at some little distance.

After dinner we went down the town to the house of our kind friend the Consul-General for Portugal, where the officers of the garrison were always welcome. Friends came in, and there was much talk about the coming of the Boers, and what was going to happen.

The gentlemen were all of opinion that there would be fighting ere long, but we placed little credit on this. The ladies of the family sang to us, and we walked on the "stoup" (a sort of open verandah without roof) in the moonlight, and arranged to have a ball in two nights more in a vacant house close by. Our thoughts were, I am bound to say, a good deal directed as to how we should amuse ourselves and our fair friends at Potchefstroom; and all promised well

to our minds for a pleasant sojourn in the old capital of the Transvaal. The town covers a great deal of ground, most of the houses of the rich inhabitants standing in their own ground of about 200 yards square, and thickly studded with fruit trees. Flowers are most abundant, and hedges of cluster roses are everywhere to be seen in this, one of the most beautiful parts of the Transvaal.

On the 13th and 14th, nothing unusual was observable in the town. We went about our ordinary military duties, and in the evening some of us again went to town and spent some time with our friends, dancing, and walking on the "stoup" by turns, while the voices of others could be heard singing inside. On the 15th, the officer in command of the artillery was about to take his seat in the post cart about noon to proceed to Pretoria, when he was sent back at full gallop to warn the camp that the Boers were then entering the town, armed, and in force. In a very short time the tents were struck, horses in the ditch, guns ready for action, and the parapet manned. Garrisons were sent to the Land-roost's office and to the gaol, which places it had been decided to occupy in case of necessity. In the afternoon the family of the [Consul-General for Portugal, the District Surgeon and his wife, and some others, sought refuge in the camp. We had heard that the Boers had determined to take possession of their old capital on the 16th December, "Dingaan's Day," the anniversary of their victory over the Zulu King Dingaan; and now we began to believe it. During the remainder of the 15th, the Boers contented themselves with patrolling the town, taking possession of the printing office, and stopping people in the streets; and we supposed that after issuing a proclamation, they would leave the next morning.

The military were not allowed to act in any way, so we remained in our lines getting things generally in order;

and we made good use of our time. On the morning of the 16th our position was as follows :—The enemy held the town with its lines of walls, gardens, &c., while our troops occupied the fort, the gaol, and the Landroost's office. The two guns were in shallow gun-pits about two feet deep at the north-east corner of the fort facing the cemetery. Between the fort and the gaol a distance of 360 yards was open "veldt," sloping from the former to the latter, crossed by a water furrow about 150 yards from the fort. Between the gaol and the Landroost's office, a distance of about 400 yards, the space was intersected by garden walls and hedgerows. The gaol itself was a square building with walls twenty feet high, standing in comparatively open ground. The Landroost's office on the contrary was surrounded by walls and houses with thatched roofs. In position the enemy therefore had every advantage.

The troops had still no authority to act, and we wondered what was to come next. About 9 a.m. as we were breakfasting with our guests in little groups outside the fort, a mounted party of about ten Boers, with their rifles at the "carry," came slowly riding past us at about 150 yards distance with the evident intention of surveying our proceedings. This was going a bit too far; so a few mounted infantry, who were ready with their horses saddled, were sent to inform them that a patrol was not permitted so close to our camp, and to inquire their business. On seeing the mounted infantry approach the Boers turned their horses heads towards the town and rode away at a trot.

The mounted infantry followed as far as the first road which enters the town, when suddenly they were fired upon from behind a wall close by. About a dozen shots were fired when immediately the officer commanding the mounted infantry dismounted some of his men and returned the fire, with the result of severely wounding one of the enemy's patrol. The retire was

immediately sounded, as our party were getting into an ambuscade, and we got within our entrenchment; the two nine-pounder guns were hastily surrounded with a few mealie sacks, and a few of the same were placed round the ditch to protect the horses. The ladies were protected in the same manner, and we waited the next turn in events.

We were not kept long in suspense, for shortly afterwards the Boers entered the market square in force and were fired upon by the garrison of the Landroost's office, which was situated in the square.

The attack now became general; the enemy opening fire from their line of walls, and throwing out a right and left attack on our position. The head of the right attack got behind the wall of the cemetery, but was soon driven back by the fire of the two guns, and these also broke the advance of the main body which fled towards the north end of the town. Quickly we went to work; and, with the gaol, which was about half-way between the fort and the Landroost's office, were soon hotly engaged with the rebels who occupied the neighbouring houses and gardens. They came out well into the open and attacked the fort; but our fire was too much for them, and after about twenty minutes they retired repulsed on all sides, having lost a good number of men and horses. Cronjé, their leader, who we were afterwards informed had two horses killed under him, was subsequently well known to us as General Cronjé, commanding the Burgher forces, Potchefstroom Division.

Divided counsels evidently prevailed in the enemy's ranks, for had they attacked with anything like determination we should have had our work cut out for us. The guns being almost entirely in the open, had a specially hot time of it; but such soldiers as those of the N 5 Royal Artillery to all appearance cared little for bullets, and only made an inward vow not to be made targets of again if pick

and spade could prevent it. The strength of the enemy on this occasion was about 800 mounted men; afterwards, on the 1st of January, their numbers increased to about 1,400, and towards the end, when re-enforcements were sent to Laing's Neck, they never fell below 400. They were exceedingly well armed, generally with the best Westley Richards rifles (the favourite arm amongst the Boers); many had double express rifles, and a few carried explosive bullets, about the using of which frequent protest was made without effect. One of our men had the flesh blown from his arm by one of these shells, and their explosion was frequently heard at night. During the greater part of this, the first day of active hostilities, heavy firing was going on throughout the position generally; and we worked all day and night, and for many nights after, in strengthening our defences. In the end the fort became a really strong work, as indeed the searching and accurate character of the enemy's fire required it to be. On the night of the 16th, twenty-one women and children and five men came and asked for protection, and this was given them. Every night during the whole siege of ninety-five days, we worked at the parapet, as the heavy rain often brought down the work of the day before. Sand bags got rotten, and the enemy's fire combined with this sometimes brought them down by the run, and we had to wait for dark before the damage could be repaired.

During the early part of the siege, while the parapet was still low, moving about was anything but pleasant, and the artillery were fully employed in clearing the enemy out of the trees with shrapnel, and from the house-tops, where they tried to establish themselves. On the 17th firing was going on from all the positions most of the day. On the morning of the 18th communication, which had been established with the Landroost's office by signallers, was stopped, and we got no news of what was going on. About

10 a.m., to the surprise of every one, the Union Jack was seen to be hauled down from the top of the Landroost's office, and a white flag appeared in its place. Many were the speculations as to the cause—few guessed the real one; viz., that the officer in command had been forced to surrender. A letter brought by a flag of truce told us the sad news that the garrison had surrendered unconditionally to the enemy; the position, never a good one, having become untenable. We had learned before this by flag signal that the captain in command had been killed and some others wounded; and we sympathised much with the officer left in command, in being compelled to give up the post which he had so well defended. We replied that the surrender of the Landroost's office did not concern the other positions held by Her Majesty's troops, and arranged a truce until 4 p.m. for the carrying out of the retirement from the place. During this time we worked like fiends in strengthening our fort; and well it was that we did so, for shortly before the hour named the enemy opened a tremendous fire while the white flag was still flying, with the result of severely wounding one of our men at the gaol. This act of treachery on the part of the enemy had no excuse, and had a bad effect on our men. It was now decided to abandon the gaol, and the officer in command there received orders during the afternoon, by flag signal, to retire on a given signal. This was displayed after dark, and the garrison retired noiselessly in skirmishing order, carrying their wounded in stretchers made with rifles. The enemy must have been engaged in drinking schnapps, for it is very strange that our men were not observed, though the place was closely invested on three sides. The casualties at the gaol were one man killed and two wounded. We were glad to see our comrades back again, as they had a bad time of it, and we knew the place could not have been held much longer. The upper walls were made of sun-dried bricks,

through which the bullets of the enemy penetrated with ease; and the lower loop-holes could hardly be used with effect since the Boers fired with the greatest accuracy through them at very short range. Our water supply now became a source of considerable anxiety. We suffered greatly from want of water at this time, especially the private soldiers, who, being hard worked, required it most. Three pints a day, for all purposes, was the allowance; and only those who have been reduced to this quantity can realise how little this is for men who were working hard day and night. As I said before we had commenced digging a well, and none of us will ever forget how anxiously we watched the work as it progressed. We sunk to a depth of thirty feet, sixteen feet of it through solid rock, and yet the yield was absolutely nothing—only a nine gallon cask each night, and this half mud. For three nights we managed to water our horses and mules, and fill our water carts, by sending them above the junction of the water furrow, which had been cut off by the enemy a day or so before. Our procedure was something like the following:—The water carts started from the rear of the fort after dark, attended by a small escort, the twenty-five mounted infantry and thirty infantry went as a covering party on the flanks and rear, the remainder of the garrison stood every man in his place on the parapet, and the artillery at their guns. On the return of the water carts the horses went out, about one-third of them at a time. Some of the horses we watered at the water furrow before it was cut off, but on each occasion we lost some of them and had also men wounded. It will be understood that at this time the place was not closely invested. It was an anxious time while these watering parties were away at a distance of 1,200 yards; and as the operation had to be repeated several times, it took the greater part of the night. The rumbling of the water-

carts could be plainly heard by us on the parapet, and by the enemy also, no doubt; and it seemed strange to us that they did not seize the water at the fountain head, which they could easily have done. It soon became apparent that this operation could be no longer performed, as the enemy were seen by us going in the direction of the water, and it became a question whether the horses and mules could be kept. On the 19th December the animals had been without water for forty-eight hours, and the supply for the troops was nearly gone. Shortly after dark a storm came on, and sufficient water was caught to supply men and animals until the 21st. On this day the well still showed no signs of yielding a sufficient supply, the horses and mules had been thirty-six hours without water, and evidently could not hold out much longer. They were therefore turned adrift; and, as they galloped off to the water, were driven away by the enemy. There were seventy-six horses (very many of them magnificent black Australians) and one hundred and twenty-one mules. We kept a mare, the property of one of the officers, and she survived the whole of the siege, although twice wounded.

On the afternoon of the 21st it again rained heavily, and enough water was caught to last another three days. The original well still showed no signs of yielding water, so a second was started, which proved more successful. Good water was found at a depth of fifteen feet, and thus our greatest necessity was secured. The old well was therefore abandoned. I have dwelt thus long on the question of water as it was everything to us—on it depended our existence.

Very many of our horses and mules were killed, and it was a very painful sight to see the poor animals suffer. Always at night we had to drag the carcasses to a distance, and this alone entailed great labour and loss on some occasions. On the 29th December a



flag of truce appeared, and the bearer handed to our messenger a printed paper containing a proclamation of the Transvaal Republic. On these occasions our messenger generally returned with a pipe in his mouth, and was the object of envy to his comrades. I must say, however, he would always give a comrade a piece of tobacco on his return. A soldier does not often forget to share with a comrade; and the serjeant who always went, being a favourite with the Boers, generally got some tobacco given him. He was one of my most trusted men, and exerted himself to the utmost in keeping the young hands in good-humour—singing continually such songs as soldiers like at all times, and particularly on the wettest and most unpromising days.

On the 1st of January, 1881, at daylight, the enemy commenced a fierce attack on our position, bringing into action a ship's gun throwing a leaden ball of about 5 lbs. weight—and with this they pounded us merrily until silenced by our nine-pounders. The fire on this morning was terrific, and delivered from loop-holed walls, trees, and house-tops; so that it could only be silenced in detail by artillery fire. The garrison were kept under cover for upwards of an hour and a half. While this went on every man sat at his post, rifle in hand, singing part-songs to while away the time, while the ladies joined in the refrain. The bugles assisted in this; and the men were much amused at the vigour of the enemy, while we replied not a shot, waiting for the rush on the fort which was every moment looked for. When the commotion ceased our time came; and we "let them have it," but the uselessness of this soon became apparent, so we sounded the breakfast bugle and the duel came to an end. Our loss on this occasion was not great, but every now and then one of our comrades fell, shot through a chink in the sand bags.

The loss of one of our number was, in truth, only to be compared to

that of a personal friend. I want to say that on few occasions in the history of the British army have officers and their men been so closely associated than during the siege; officers came to know the men, men came to know their officers and each learned to put their trust in the other and to work together. A good feeling was observable always, and we thought ourselves hard-pressed; which I hope we should have been had the Boers ever ventured to rush the fort.

This would have been an easy task for the grass stood the height of a field of corn all round us, and they could have come very close without being seen. Many times we tried to burn it, but without effect, as it was green the whole time. Cronjé told me afterwards that had he known what the fort was like he would have stormed it. The truth of the matter was the fort was much stronger than he thought it was, as we worked day and night the whole time in making it so. The plan was to get 2,000 Caffres to come straight at us, and then the Boers were to come on when we were exhausted, or very few of us left. This is the story we were told, and we have no reason to disbelieve it.

At that time the Caffre chiefs were too loyal to fight against us; now we must only hope that they are so. One Caffre chief sent to me to say he was coming with 3,000 men to relieve me, but his message only arrived after the capitulation.

It may be interesting to know something of our daily routine and duty. At about 7 a.m. all breakfasted in our little mess place, and the men sitting about anywhere that they could find room; then the *terre-plein* of the fort was swept, or scraped with spades in wet weather, and the draining of the place looked to.

On a report being made, I was round and had a general look at the affairs; the work executed by the enemy during the night was discussed

and our work for the day settled upon. This, of course, greatly depended on what the rebels had been doing during the night, as we were pretty nearly surrounded by their works, and they were continually at something new. The doctor attended to the sick and wounded, and the commissariat officer went about his duties. Previously to this every man stood his rifle and ammunition against his place on the parapet, and then the men off duty were generally free to look after their own affairs. All then soon settled down into general quietness, unless anything happened to prevent it, which was too often the case. A certain number of men were told off daily to keep down the fire of the enemy, and they soon acquired great accuracy of shooting, the ranges having all been taken previously to the investment. About 5 p.m. the guards mounted, and night sentries were placed at dark, after which not a word was spoken above a whisper nor a light allowed, except on very urgent occasions when required by the doctor.

Once an amputation had to be performed at night, and the scene will not easily be forgotten by those who witnessed it. It was pitch dark, and silence reigned as usual in our little company when the doctor began his share of the night's work, which of course required a light. This made visible to the enemy the upper part of the tent, and as a matter of course, they directed their fire on it. The operation to be performed was the taking off an arm above the elbow. Bullets were whizzing through the tent top while the patient, who by the way was my servant, lay on the amputating table; and the operation was successfully performed under chloroform, strange to say, without any one being hit. Glad we all were when the man recovered, for he was a great favourite. He is now a pensioner, and I hope honoured in his native town as he should be, for he is a very gallant young fellow, having

sent in his name every time volunteers were called for during the siege.

One of our chief industries was the making of sand-bags, in the manufacture of which we cut up every tent, and indeed everything else that was possible to convert to such use. The wounded and the convalescent were chiefly employed in this work, and they were presided over by an Irish serjeant, who was indefatigable in this one of our chief requirements. Many thousands of bags were made, but we were sometimes at our wits' end to know how to get enough of them. I never entered into the subject of how they were to be made, but just ordered a certain number to be ready by night, and they were there in rows ready to be counted as sure as night came. It was like counting the game after a *battue*, and much more interesting.

About an hour before dark the ladies and we dined; and we would then sit a while discussing our day's work (in whispers, be it remembered), and often talking of the army that was coming to relieve us and scatter the Boers to the four winds. Alas, this was destined never to come off, but lucky it was for us that we firmly believed it always, until the end, when we were roughly and suddenly undeceived. Soon after, the ladies would get up to retire, and then there was saying good-night—often unnecessarily prolonged, I believe, but still, as an Irish member of our band would have said, "in perfect silence." If any of my readers happen to be of the fair sex they will understand how much assistance they would require in getting through a hole about two feet high and one-and-a-half feet broad, and, I believe, some of the younger members of our flock were impressed with the belief that some of our charges were suffering from lameness from the amount of care with which they helped them into the "stronghold," as the soldiers named their apartment.

To have gone over the top of this would have been dangerous, as the

bullets struck the tops of the bags continually. The ulsters of some of the ladies showed many bullet-holes from having been left on the top of the wall of their apartment, which was only five feet high.

On dark nights a few sentries were placed outside in pits dug for the purpose, and sandbags were placed round to make the shelter better. The pits were approached by a small zigzag trench; but on moonlight nights these outlying sentries were withdrawn, and we trusted to those on the parapet. At guard-mounting the officers for night watch were told off for two hours' duty at a time. These officers always remained in the centre of the fort (there was a chair of state for the officer of the watch, and the ground for the orderly bugler) and had sole charge of the ship for the time being; all others slept peacefully except the sentries, while the enemy kept up a pretty steady fire all night long.

The writer of this usually kept watch from 2 to 4 a.m.; and at the latter hour, and sometimes earlier, we fell into our places and remained until daylight, when all went to sleep again until about 6.30 a.m. The cooks lit their fires at daylight and prepared breakfast.

A party was told off nightly to work at the parapet; the native drivers and leaders baled the water out of the ditch, as this on two sides could never be drained, and the stench was now and then indescribably awful. But, luckily, the wonderful climate we were in, and the fresh open-air life we led, I suppose, neutralised the effect of this poison, and we suffered less from sickness than might have been expected. We were a very merry and happy party, all hands working willingly and cheerfully to one end, and no doubt this too had its effect.

Most of us were very sick, however, and for long times; but still they did their work, though hardly able to walk, and troubled as little as

possible our kind doctor, who himself was not always as fit as might be. Now and then thoughts of home and of the loved ones there would come over us, and we knew that our case was better than theirs; but these were so often rudely dispelled by the work in hand that they seldom lasted long. Occasionally we had an artillery duel in the middle of the night, and then would come the musketry until both sides were tired with this interruption of their repose. Once, and once only, was the alarm sounded without cause during the night, and on this occasion every man was in his place on the parapet before the bugle had finished sounding. The men were then told that this would not be done again for practice, and praise for their smartness in turning out was not withheld. Every man slept with his rifle and ammunition at his right hand, and each night the officer on duty went round to see that this was done.

On the night of the 3rd of January we occupied a small magazine as an outpost, and held it until the end of the siege. It was situated 200 yards from the fort, in a good position for adding to our defence, and the enemy never relaxed in their endeavours to take it, having, at the last, succeeded in sapping up to within eighty yards of the building, and erecting there a large and well-constructed work which completely commanded it, and on which our artillery fire had no effect. Many times they pounded this magazine with their gun, and pierced the wall and roof, so we built an earth-work communicating with it, and into this the garrison went when necessary. The enemy, having practically unlimited command of labour, sapped round us in all directions, keeping us fully employed in defilading our works.

Our ladies, as we called them, were a great care to us. Suffice it to say, that their behaviour in danger and privation was admirable, and not to be surpassed. Never could I have believed that tender women could have done as they did. They came into the

fort with only what they stood in, and, of course, suffered unheard-of hardships. A shelter of mealie sacks about nine feet square and five feet in height was made for them, in which was a small hole at the bottom to creep through; and in this they lived for upwards of three months, never coming out without permission being first obtained, and then only into a small shelter adjoining, in which we had our meals. Here we were comparatively safe from bullets, although they occasionally came in; but, when the rebels got their gun to work in rear of our position and took our front parapet in reverse, we had to take down the "stronghold," and I began to wonder what next to do for the safety of our charges. The sacks would have been no protection against round shot; and so, when the gun was in action, we placed the ladies in a dug-out hole, and at night (when it never fired), they slept in a tent. This tent was riddled with bullet-holes, and so they got terribly wet—this was the case anywhere, however. The stronghold had a waggon sail roof propped up on a couple of tent poles; but this soon got so full of bullet-holes that, when it rained, the water entered in torrents and drenched everything within. When this happened at night, the occupants had to get up and huddle into a corner, cover themselves with a bit of canvas to keep their clothes dry, and so wait until daylight.

It happened that we were on the sky-line, and, consequently, visible on all but the very darkest nights; so all night long the bullets would tear through the roof of the ladies' lodging, sending, often, splinters of the tent-pole over them, but never a word of complaint was made. They seemed always to have the most perfect confidence in their defenders.

The blow came at last, however. One died, a young wife stricken with typhoid fever, and things wore a different aspect in the fort that day. All, to the youngest drummer, were sorrowful; rough men seemed sub-

dued at the loss of this bright young face from our midst. We signalled to the enemy and asked that a coffin might be made in the town, and the next morning one came filled with the most lovely flowers; these were the gifts of relatives who obtained permission of the authorities to send them. Some wreaths of stephanotis, and other flowers, were there also, and these we placed on the coffin before lowering it into the grave. A black dress for the mother, and some ribbons of the same colour for the sisters, were to have been sent also, but these were thrown aside by our antagonists, and not allowed to reach us. The interment took place almost immediately, in full view of the enemy, a truce for one hour having been arranged for the purpose.

Our watches were not in the best order, and probably none of us looked at them; for while filling in the grave a round shot reminded us that time was up. We were inside our entrenchment quickly enough and our guns in action, forgetting for a moment the work on which we had been engaged. Thus it was with us always—thought was set aside, and it was well that it was so. So ended one of the saddest incidents of the siege.

Once only was one of the ladies wounded, and this happened towards the end when want of exercise was telling sadly on them. Our doctor had been continually impressing on me the necessity of their taking exercise; and so after much solicitation, and much doubt as to the result, I gave them leave to walk with their father one afternoon when there was less firing than usual. Hardly had they gone out of our mess place when I heard a scream at my elbow, and there was one of the youngest girls lying on the ground. I thought she was killed; but on examination the wound proved slight, and in a few days it was healed. The bullet struck the back of her neck and just missed the spine. After this the wish for a constitutional was not so general.

On the 7th of January we had a night adventure. The enemy had been working hard for some nights behind the cemetery wall, 360 yards distant, and we wished to find out what they were after. Volunteers as usual were plentiful. An officer and six men were chosen to go and have a look at the Boers at close quarters, and a hazardous business we all knew it was likely to be. The cemetery was a large inclosure, some 300 yards square or more; we knew it was always occupied at night behind the wall on the near side, and on the far side there lay a large covering party.

The night was pitch dark and perfectly still when the small party set off by a circuitous route on their voyage of discovery, and we in the fort stood every man ready to cover the retirement of our comrades. They were a long time getting there, and we were beginning to wonder what had become of them, when suddenly we heard our men fire a volley; then came the sounds of a revolver, and then two more volleys. Then there was a considerable commotion in which we joined, for we knew our party were retiring, and it was long before we were on anything like friendly terms again, for I believe the enemy thought we were most of us out there. They certainly showed us they had no lack of ammunition, and it was pretty hot for a time. In the midst of it all our party returned unhurt. They had crept up to the wall unseen, and at five yards distance had fired three volleys into the enemy, who were working at a trench with their rifles lying near, and we suppose they could not find them in the dark. The situation was not altogether an enviable one for the enemy, and we guessed they would keep a better lookout next time.

On the 16th of January a letter reached us by a flag of truce from the husband of one of our lady refugees, who had managed to get into the town from his farm in the

country, and the lady was allowed to leave and join her husband. Later on this would not have been permitted by the Boers; for towards the end of the siege I asked for the ladies to be allowed to go and it was refused, as they knew we were short of provisions. Such is war sometimes, but the fact was that our enemies were content to starve us out. I was one who always said they would never attempt to storm the fort, and it turned out that I was right. Numbers, of course, would have done it easily, and many of us wondered that they never made the attempt.

By the same messenger who carried the flag of truce came a letter in telegraphic cipher, purporting to be from Colonel Bellairs, commanding the troops in the Transvaal, and informing us that he had come to our relief, and would be with us next morning. We were to go out on a given signal, a great fight was to take place, and the Boers were to be driven away. The trick was a clumsy one, and we paid no attention to it. The signal failed or we never saw it; but sure enough next morning, in a drenching rain, we heard heavy firing in a wood about a mile off, and the cannon also was heard. The enemy got their morning's amusement for nothing; and they must have had some trouble in drying themselves, for the rain could not well have been heavier.

We saw them coming home, some of them got up in red coats for our benefit, so we gave them a shell which made them move a little faster. This precious document, I was told, was concocted at Heidelberg; but it did little credit to the authors.

On the 22nd of January a trench, which the enemy had opened 220 yards in our rear, threatened to become troublesome, and I determined to take it. Volunteers were called for, and I selected one officer, one sergeant, and ten men to storm the trench. This they did in the most dashing manner in broad daylight, across the open veldt. Three men

fell before they had left the fort a few yards, and one of these died of his wound a few days after.

There were eighteen Boers in this trench; we saw three of them escape, four were taken prisoners—two being unable to move from wounds, and we saw eleven fall of those who were running away. Our party were under a tremendous cross fire both coming and going, which we kept down as much as possible with every rifle we could muster. We succeeded in exchanging the four Boers for four of our own men who had been taken prisoners at the Landroost's office on December 18th. Directly our party got back a man appeared carrying a huge Geneva cross flag, and this proved to be a doctor, who was sent to attend the wounded. We hoisted the white flag, and he came up looking anything but happy, as he had been in fear of his life all the way out lest we might fire on him. We sat down under a waggon outside the fort and had a pleasant chat while our doctor attended to his wounded. He was an old acquaintance to some of us who had been at Standerton, from which place he had been summoned to attend the wounded in Potchefstroom. He presented me with a handsome pipe, and we smoked while we talked, for the first time for over a month. For this, we afterwards learned, he was put in irons by the Boer commander. On coming out of the fort two months later he showed us that we had shot off one of his fingers, and this we regretted as he was not fighting against us. We lent the enemy stretchers to take away their wounded, and next morning these were returned with fruit for our wounded, and also some carbolic acid which our doctor had asked for. We thanked the Boer commander for his thought of our wounded, and so this affair ended.

Civilities like these take the sting off warfare, and I must say for the Boers that they were never behind-hand in such things. They are a fine,

manly, sturdy race, such as I should like to live among. Who can blame them for fighting for their independence?—we at least did not do so.

About this time we began to think of the coming of a relief column. Each made his calculations as to the time of its probable arrival, and need I say how widely these differed? There was one point on which all agreed, and that was in trust and belief in Sir George Pomeroy Colley, who we knew would strain every nerve to reach us. There was something about Sir George that inspired soldiers, and those of us who knew him had caught the contagion. His was a courteous, soldierly manner, that would have gone a long way with a people like the Boers. Great was our grief when afterwards we heard of the death of this distinguished officer; and such of us as had dear ones at home did not forget those he had left, and who had, to temper their grief, only the remembrance of how nobly he fell.

A look-out party had been organised under an officer. All the hill-tops within view were watched day and night for signals, and measures were taken for answering any that might be made. A heliograph was constructed out of a looking-glass, and kept always ready. One night just as I was turning in, a look-out man called me. Rockets were seen on the top of the Swartz Kop, and the relieving column was on the road, and would be with us in two days. All turned out to see the welcome sight—ladies in ulsters, and wounded from their beds; but they might better have slept. Those signals certainly looked like rockets, and for a time we were deceived.

Some of us dreamt that night that they heard the bagpipes coming down the Heidelberg road to the tune of "The Campbells are coming." Next morning looking over the parapet was as hazardous as ever, and a helmet on the top of a bayonet quickly reminded us that "discretion is the better part of valour." For us such disappoint-

ment as this did not signify, but for our poor wounded soldiers it was different. They could only lie on their beds and wonder who would be the next to join them.

On the 23rd of January about thirty of the mule and ox drivers left the fort at night by their own desire, and we were glad of this relief to our commissariat. Some of these poor fellows were shot by the Boers in escaping, and a very few came back, unable to get away.

On the 4th of February a flag of truce brought us a copy of the *Staats Courant* (Transvaal Government Gazette) of the 2nd of February, containing an account of the action fought near the Ingogo by the troops under the command of Sir George Colley, and this certainly did not tend to raise our hopes of immediate relief. This was of course sent to discourage us by our adversaries, who at this time expected our capitulation daily. We sent a message to the Boer commander that we should be pleased to receive the paper regularly, but I am afraid he thought we were poking fun at him. On these occasions of a flag of truce the Boers never allowed their messenger to remain more than a few seconds—just time to hand in the letter and go away.

Our serjeant, the one invariably selected, a good deal of a wag, generally managed to have a word or two, and something like the following would pass:—

*Boer.* "When are you coming out?"

*Serjeant.* "Oh, never! we like it so much. We have plenty to eat and drink. When are you coming to take the fort?"

*Boer.* "When our best men come we are going to rush the fort. General Colley is not coming."

*Serjeant.* "Good-bye, thanks for the tobacco."

*Boer.* "Good-bye."

He would come back looking the picture of good humour, and the soldiers would gather round to hear the latest from the town.

In the fort, which by this time was about twenty-five yards square, were five bell tents for the sick, one for the surgery, and the commissariat marquee; and these were dug out to a depth of about eighteen inches. All the rest of the garrison were in the open. In the bottom of one of these tents a round shot smashed the thigh of one poor fellow who was lying wounded, and shattered the arm of another. The latter was the man the amputation of whose arm I described before. I mention this to show how the round shot found its way into apparently impossible places. Five tents were not enough for the sick, and it was necessary to put up infectious cases elsewhere. To accomplish this we had to dig holes in the outside wall of the ditch, and there put the worst cases. A brother of one of the ladies died of typhoid fever, and it was sad to see the sister sitting all night in this hole watching her dying brother. We did all we could for them, but that was little enough.

After the first few Sundays, at least during the daytime, little shooting went on, and by mutual consent we left each other alone. I always read the Church of England service myself in our little mess, while captains of companies read morning prayers to their men along the parapet. Our commissariat officer, who had been one of the brave defenders of Rorke's Drift, read the Roman Catholic service to the men of that Church. That we had a few sympathisers in the town was evident; for on Sunday afternoons we often saw a whole family come out from behind a wall and wave their handkerchiefs to us; and this we took to be a friendly greeting. We could hear the singing in the Dutch churches in the town on Sundays; and in the trenches the Boers used to collect on Sunday nights and sing psalms for an hour or so, sure of being undisturbed, as they always were.

We sent a number of messages away during our captivity, but to only one did we receive an answer. This was

the letter I sent to Colonel Bellairs on the 16th December, and to which the answer came about six weeks later telling us of the disaster at Bronkir's Spruit. These messages were taken by Caffres who crept out after dark, and what became of them we never knew. Twice only did an European succeed in getting away; on the first occasion he returned half starved, having been unable to cross the Vaal, twelve miles off; and on the second two brothers Nelson succeeded in reaching the head-quarters of Sir Evelyn Wood, at Newcastle in Natal. These gentlemen swam the Vaal near De Wet's Drift, and reached Newcastle through the Orange Free State by way of Kronstadt and Harrismith. We knew nothing the whole time of what was going on outside, and often wondered what our friends would think of our silence. On reaching Ladysmith on the 2nd of May, we found two sacks full of letters awaiting us. I myself received thirteen letters from my home in the north, not to mention many others.

For food we were badly off the whole time. All our cattle were lost on the 17th December; we had no fresh meat the whole of the time, except nine cows, which we captured during the first few days; and were so closely invested that not an ounce of food was got into the fort during the siege. On Christmas Day we were going to have roast horse instead of roast beef for dinner; but it turned bad; and at the last moment had to be rejected by our *chef*, and we contented ourselves with something less succulent. We went on reduced rations on the 19th of December, and further reductions were made from time to time.

On the 11th of January we began to issue half a pound of mealies (Indian corn) three times a week in lieu of the same quantity of biscuits, and on the 22nd of January this was made a daily issue. These mealies were the food of the horses and mules that we were consuming. On the

15th of March we were reduced to one pound of mealies and half a pound Caffre corn (millet) daily, with a quarter of a pound of preserved meat on alternate days, and nothing else whatever.

Tea, coffee, sugar, salt, rice, biscuits, and indeed everything else was exhausted long before. All were weak from having to work hard on this kind of food, but health was fairly preserved notwithstanding. The mealies and Caffre corn were pounded by the men, and when boiled proved wholesome and comparatively nutritious. The husk, however, was only partially got rid of, and this made the men ill. Dysentery and diarrhoea were always prevalent, and none escaped either one or the other. Towards the end there was a good deal of enteric fever, and a few cases of scurvy.

When our beef-tea was finished, we made a substitute from preserved Australian beef, but it gave little nourishment. To keep off scurvy the men were ordered to boil grass and young mealie stalks in their food, and this was undoubtedly very beneficial.

Our wood came entirely to an end on the 15th of January, and we then began burning our waggons. But for this we should have been in a bad way. We burnt the whole of the waggons except five, which were used as traverses inside the fort, but were able to keep the ambulance waggons, water carts, and ammunition carts. These would have gone had we remained longer.

All tents, tarpaulins, and everything else we could lay our hands on was cut up to make sand-bags; a few pieces only being reserved to cover us on rainy nights. With this exception, all hands were in the open, day and night, during the hottest rainy season of the year. After the first few days we had no tobacco, and many men smoked tea leaves, coffee grounds, and mealie leaves. A smoking mixture composed of the two former was quite the rage at one time. We had a few gallons



of rum, which was served out in wet weather on five or six occasions; but our drink was water, of which we had plenty when our well got into working order.

On the 20th of March we had only the following left: nothing else, of any kind that was eatable, being in the place:—

	lbs.	} All damaged, having been three months in the parapet.
Mealies (whole)	1,600	
Kaffir corn (whole)	5,006	} This had been reserved for the sick.
Preserved meat	24	
Rice	16	
Erbswurst, 40 rations.		

The silence at night, coming as it did so soon after dark, was often irksome, especially as we had not much in the shape of diversion. One of my officers, a lieutenant of artillery, seemed to feel this unaccustomed quietude, for he would come to me sometimes and say, "Would you allow me just to give a screech?" "Yes," I would say, "but first tell all the sentries, or they might take a fancy to shooting you." This done, he would get on the top of the parapet and commence a series of most unearthly yells. The Boers, not understanding this performance, would open fire promptly; but he was down in no time, and feeling all the better for the exertion. Occasionally, the men would put a lantern on top of a pole at night, and this always raised a commotion in the enemy's lines, for they would fire incessantly at it. At night we communicated with the magazine by lanterns, and very useful this kind of signalling was found.

Amongst our many requirements was a Union Jack. One was made in the gun pits by the men of the Royal Artillery; they were allowed to retain it, and it is now in the possession of the N Battery, Fourth Brigade Royal Artillery. It was made from coat linings, and has a good number of bullet holes to show. It displayed its folds for exactly two months on our parapet, a visible sign that the small garrison had yet some life left, and could still do something for the

honour of their Queen and of the army to which they were proud to belong. I am proud to say that Her Most Gracious Majesty has lately been pleased to inspect this flag at Windsor.

After dark on the 8th of March I was informed that a Dutchman had been captured, and wanted to see me. I was taken to a lonely part of our magazine sap, and there sure enough was our friend; or rather spy as I took him to be, and have always thought him. We were left alone in the darkness, and the man began his tale, of which I could make nothing, as he trembled so that he could hardly speak.

Perhaps he had heard something of the ferocity of the "Rooi Badges," or Red Coats, as the Boers called us; and expected nothing less than instant annihilation. I thought we were quite alone, but soon found my officers deemed that a little company might be desirable; for, thinking I heard a movement behind me, I looked round, and there was a soldier with his bayonet within an inch of the back of the man's neck. This finished matters, for he could not speak at all now; so thinking, I suppose, deeds were better than words, he stood up and showed that he was tobacco all over, literally from head to foot. The soldier dropped his bayonet now, and we two unrolled the Dutchman, making him turn round until he was quite giddy, and in less than no time we were weighing out the precious weed and distributing it all round. By way of reward for this thought of our wants, we handcuffed him there and then, and chained him to the wheel of a waggon for the night, and there he remained always, except in the day, when he had more liberty. A glass of Hennessy's "Three Star" from the hospital stores, soon loosened his tongue, he was handed over to one of our refugees, and the number of questions he had to answer was appalling. He told us many things that turned out true afterwards; and amongst others, of the

intended attack which took place two days afterwards.

Well, on the morning of the 10th, sure enough the enemy commenced a general attack, which lasted with slight interval until sunset. Their gun, which was placed 600 yards from our rear face, was well protected by sand bags and bales of wool, and supported by the fire of about seventy riflemen in shelter pits on each side of it.

The gun fired on this day eighty-three rounds, of which about forty struck our small work, scattering things in all directions and making matters generally unpleasant.

We placed the ladies in the commissariat marquee, the floor of which was deeply dug out on one side, and there they remained until near evening. Our men for a long time amused themselves by signalling the shots of the gun, for the want of something better to do; but the fire that they drew caused this to be stopped, much to the disappointment of some. I don't know what the enemy could have thought of this frolicsome behaviour, but anything like amusement was welcome.

The next morning the same thing was renewed, but with more men supporting the gun, and on this day it fired forty-seven rounds, of which about twenty-five struck the fort. The rifle fire this day was very trying, coming as it did by volleys from all four sides at uncertain intervals, not to speak of a dropping fire going on all day from the trenches. These volleys must have been regulated by signal, or the enemy themselves would have suffered. The wonder is that it did not wind up by a rush on our position. Our casualties on these two days were not very heavy when the tremendous fire is considered.

Towards evening, when we thought the day's work was over, we sat down to dinner in our usual mess place. Hardly had we sat down when a round shot came in amongst us and covered the party with earth. For a few

minutes we thought, "now they are coming," and the men went to their places.

We soon sat down again, thinking this was the last for the night, and just as we had done so, another round shot came and missed one of the ladies by only about a foot; this was the last for the day.

We made it very hot for the enemy that night as they were going home, just by way of saying good-night.

On the 17th of March, finding things coming to a crisis, I determined to send our spy into town, and offered him 100*l.* to go there and bring me the latest news. He got there, no one can tell how, and at daybreak the next morning, the 18th of March, his wife gave the preconcerted signal to let us know of his arrival. His house was on the outskirts of the town within view, and he had pointed it out to us before he left. That night he returned, and his news made it clear that the game was up. We had a consultation of course, and there was but one opinion as to the line to be taken. We had nothing more to eat, and our sick were dying from want of proper nourishment. Late that night I wrote a letter to the Boer commander, proposing a meeting, and sent the letter off at sunrise the next morning, the 19th, by a flag of truce, in the usual manner. After some delay and a couple of letters on both sides, a meeting was arranged to take place the same day at noon. Some time before the hour appointed up went a white flag, and we hoisted another in return.

Presently some mounted men appeared (for a Boer rarely walks), and along with them a Scotch cart. We watched this latter being unloaded, and spied amongst the contents a hamper. What feelings did not that hamper give rise to? I know some of us had visions of "French," as they call all but Cape brandy in these parts; and perhaps the thoughts of others might have been directed to "square face," as they call Hollands. As it turned

out afterwards, both of these were present, as were also biscuits and cigars. Our servants had been polishing up in an astonishing manner all the morning, and we marvelled at each other's appearance when we mustered to confront our antagonists at the water furrow where the tent for the interview was pitched. I know I gave 5*l.* for a very doubtful pair of "Peel's patent" to wear at that meeting. We turned out in a way that would have done no discredit to St. James's Street; even cigarettes were not wanting, as our spy had brought us some the night before. One man said to me, "How are you all so clean when you come out of that hole?" Well, we sauntered down at the time appointed with the most nonchalant air, in order the better to conceal the true state of affairs.

A colonial marquee had been pitched by the water furrow, 150 yards from the fort, and there we shook hands for the first time with the men who shortly before had been trying all they knew to assist us into a better world. They certainly looked as if they had been having worse times than we had, to say the least of it. After preliminaries outside, we entered the tent, and settled down to business. A cigar and a glass of "French" soon took the place of the cigarette, and the conference began. They contented themselves with saying "no" to everything we advanced, and to make headway under these conditions was not easy.

They handed us an agreement ready for signature. By the terms of this the officers were to be free and keep their weapons and private property—this in consideration of the way we had fought our position, and our treatment of the Boer wounded. All the rest, "horse, foot, and artillery," and civilians, were to be prisoners of war; and everything in the fort to be surrendered to the Transvaal Republic. The men knew they had us in their power, they knew we were getting

very close to starvation (closer than is generally imagined), and they thought they had only to dictate terms for us to accept. They were wrong in this, because we really dictated terms to them the next day. They would have given a good deal for the ammunition of the nine-pounders, but they did not get it notwithstanding.

Nothing could be settled on this day, so we agreed to meet on the next, at the same hour.

Next day at noon we were again in the tent; and finally, after a tremendous palaver, came to an agreement. By the provisions of this we were to march out with the honours of war and our flag flying, officers to retain their arms and private property, and none of us to be prisoners of war. The private property of the soldiers also to be kept by them.

They tried hard to make us give up our thirty-three civilians; but they reckoned without their host, and we took them all with us into the Orange Free State. We kept all ammunition for the field guns and rifles, but surrendered the two nine-pounder guns and the men's rifles, and the miscellaneous property in the camp. On the 21st of March, 1881, we met again at the same place, and signed the treaty. So ended the "battle of words," much to our advantage under the circumstances, I think most people will say.

After the signing of the treaty the scene changed. All became *coulour de rose*. We went down the town and looked curiously at the gaol, Land-roost's office, and other positions, and were well received by the inhabitants. Bullets had reached them, as the houses and walls testified, and shells had missed their mark and fallen in their midst; but they knew we had spared the town and the people in it as much as possible. Introductions went on all day—there was the commandant of Shuinspruit, the commandant of Mooi River, the "Fighting General," and many others.

Why this last was so named we don't know to this hour.

The commandant of the gun pressed forward for an introduction, and we complimented him on his practice, at which he seemed very much pleased. One man was presented to us as "one of our bravest men;" and if bravery consisted in stopping bullets he was rightly named, for he had his arm in a sling, and two other wounds beside, and we gave him his due as in duty bound. We were invited to breakfasts, luncheons, dinners, and consumed a quantity of "dry Monopole" champagne that was surprising. An invitation to dine at the Royal Hotel with General Cronjé and his officers, was accepted. Five of us went and were most hospitably entertained. It was a strange scene and not easily to be forgotten. There were about thirty at table, rough, hearty, determined looking men, of a class to command respect. I speak of the Boers, not of the Hollanders, who are their advisers in wrong-doing, and on whom unfortunately they are too dependent.

The room was a large one, lined about three deep round the walls by Boers with rifles, and as many as could see in through the windows were there also. We had an excellent dinner; and went there with the intention of enjoying ourselves, which in truth I believe we all did in spite of little drawbacks. Our doctor had spoken words of wisdom and moderation, &c., &c., overflowing with sage advice, but none of this did he follow himself when the time for action came. Many speeches (in Dutch, translated by a Hollander present) of a pleasant hearty character were made, and to all of these a reply had to be given, taking up a good deal of time. Very full of good feeling were these speeches, and genuine I fully believe were the sentiments expressed in them.

But the beginning of the end was nearly reached when the Boer commander, carried away by his emotions, wound up the speech of the evening by

proposing to drink success to the Boer arms. I let him have his sweet will, and he resumed his seat amidst tumultuous applause.

This sentiment was rather strong, however, even allowing the "dry Monopole" its due weight, and I saw with alarm the moustache of one of my young Scotch subalterns positively bristling. I felt thankful that his sword and revolver were in the next room. He looked positive daggers at me, as if I was the real culprit, and I felt it was do or die with me. The oration over, I rose; and after replying to the first part of the speech, told my hearers that the sentiments in the latter part were of a nature I could not respond to. Anything less like satisfaction at the efforts of an orator it has never been my fate to see; so, thinking to divert the current of their thoughts, I promptly proposed the health of General Cronjé and of all his officers, who had lately been our enemies, but were now our friends. Happily this had the desired effect, and there was some applause and hammering of rifles on the floor. Good feeling culminated when General Cronjé rose and gave me his hand across the table, and we drank the toast amidst great excitement from those at the table and the mob outside, who seemed fully aware of all that was going on.

Our nerves by this time were pretty highly strung, and we were ready for any new adventure, so I was not surprised at feeling my shoulder touched by a friendly waiter. I put down my hand instinctively, and into it dropped a note, which I read under the table. This told me to be careful, as some of the mob outside had determined to shoot me on my way home. This was pleasant intelligence to receive at a festive gathering, and I only hoped that the bullet would miss me and hit—well, somebody else. After leaving the table, and while in the passage, a similar warning was conveyed to me. I kept my ears open to hear the sentiments of my enter-

tainers, but what I heard convinced me of the good faith of all around. I saw General Cronjé assemble all his officers, and I knew Dutch sufficient to inform me that he was charging them in the most solemn manner with the task of looking to our safety.

When we got outside it was as dark as pitch, the Boer leaders closed round us and escorted us to the fort, and there we took leave of them in the most cordial manner. The whole affair was characterised by genuine good feeling, our entertainers doing their utmost to make us feel at home with them, and I must say succeeding. All our dealings with the Boer leaders after the capitulation went smoothly, and they seemed anxious that they should do so.

It was arranged that we should evacuate our position and march from Potchefstroom on the 23rd of March. The night before we packed our waggon, and early on the morning of the 23rd fell in on the glacis and marched down to the water furrow, our flag at our head and bugles playing a march.

There we found the Boers drawn up, a fine soldierly lot of men, in number about 400. Previous to marching off Cronjé came up to me, and with him a burgher holding a horse, which I was invited to ride. The horses we had bought the day before stood ready saddled in the ditch. We went in and mounted the one our groom held, for as a rule we had not seen the animals before. There was scarcely a saddle in the lot that had not a bullet or two through it. At the water furrow we opened our ranks and laid down our arms, and soon after marched off with part of the Boers as an advance guard, and the remainder behind. They escorted us through the town and about a mile beyond. Then Cronjé made a farewell speech, and his leading men crowded round to grasp our hands and wish us God speed, no doubt as glad as ourselves that fighting was

over. This done, they formed up on each side of the road and saluted us as we marched through their ranks.<sup>1</sup>

Every man, woman, and child was with us in marching from Potchefstroom, except two badly wounded men whom we were forced to leave to the care of the doctors in the town.

We continued our march to Vy Hoek, the farm of Captain —, late of the 7th Hussars (he would perhaps be pained if I gave his name), and there halted, in order to make our preparations for a march through the Orange Free State into Natal. All next day we halted here, and met with nothing but kindness from every one; one Dutchman sending fifty ducks for our hospital, in which we had twenty-three patients, fifteen of these being wounded. The day before leaving, my mess companion and myself went to one of the Stores to get some things for the march, including some underclothing, which we were much in want of. These things could not be sold, the proprietor said; the Boers would not permit it, or something of the sort. We did not understand this; and had to go without getting what we wanted. On our arrival at the house of our kind friend we found everything we had ordered, and many things besides, and these ready packed to go in our waggon! His house was turned into a store, but the things were all gifts, freely distributed to all of us. The sick, too, were not forgotten, and I don't believe a soldier went away empty-handed.

One sad duty remained to us before quitting Hoek, and that was the

<sup>1</sup> The capitulation, it may be remembered, was afterwards cancelled, and Potchefstroom reoccupied by our troops for a short time. This cancelling was proposed by the Boer Triumvirate in consequence of the action taken by Cronjé in withholding from the garrison, contrary to his orders, the terms of the agreement entered into by Sir Evelyn Wood and Piet Joubert on the 6th March, 1881. Had Cronjé fulfilled his instructions, affairs would have turned out differently, and the capitulation would not have taken place.

placing in consecrated ground the remains of our brother officer who fell at the Landroost's office on the 16th of December. A kind friend had taken the body and buried it in his garden. The coffin was disinterred by our men and placed in the cemetery, all officers off duty attending to perform this last sad service to a departed comrade.

We had also to bury our two men who had been left behind the day before, for they, poor fellows, lived only long enough to hear our bugles play us through the town. I don't believe there was a man of our party who did not think of these two, as we marched past the hospital where they lay, and wish we had them with us. Before leaving, we did all we were able to the graves of our soldiers who had fallen during the siege, and this work, I am told, was completed by the garrison that went there later on. The casualties by death, disease, and wounds, were as follows, viz. :—

Killed in action, or died of wounds received there . . . . .	25
Died of disease . . . . .	6
Wounded . . . . .	54
<b>Total . . . . .</b>	<b>85</b>

This includes 8 civilians.

When we take into consideration the continued fire day and night of the most searching and accurate character, and every bullet directed into a small space of twenty-five yards square filled with people, the marvel is that the loss was not greater.

The casualties in detail were as under :—

Nature of Casualties.	Officers.	Non-Commissioned Officers.	Soldiers.	Civilians.	Women.	Children.	Total.
Killed and died of wounds ... ..	1	2	19	2	—	1	25
Died of disease ... ..	—	1	3	—	1	1	6
Wounded ... ..	5	6	40	2	—	1	54
<b>Total ... ..</b>	<b>6</b>	<b>9</b>	<b>62</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>85</b>

The above is taken from the official returns, but there were some slight wounds not mentioned. For instance, the girl who was wounded in the neck is not included.

Of the above, one man was wounded three times, and three men were wounded twice ; and it is no exaggeration to say that the bullet holes in our six tents numbered several thousands, besides a few from round shot. All the hospital tents were completely riddled ; and even in the tent where the lady died, a round shot entered and smashed the pole.

To give some idea of the gun and rifle fire that we were subjected to, I may mention that on the 10th of March the enemy had from seventy to a hundred men guarding their gun. In the interval of the loading nearly every one of these discharged his rifle with the object of keeping down our fire. The gun fired eighty-three rounds on this day, and therefore about 5,810, (70 × 83) and 73 rifle shots might be estimated to have come. Besides this, firing was going on the whole day from the trenches ; and a good many volleys were fired from all four sides at uncertain times from sunrise to sunset.

Of the Boer casualties during the siege it is difficult to form any estimate. They will only confess to one or two killed and some twenty wounded. There can, however, be little doubt that their total in killed and wounded fell little short of 250, as many as fifteen burials being known to have taken place at one time. The Boer leaders in Potchefstroom, as in other places, were careful to conceal their losses ; and until they dispersed to their homes, the Boers themselves did not know their true loss.

Early on the morning of the 25th of March we left our generous host, and set off on our march to Natal, through the Orange Free State, that way being likely to prove more agreeable than that through the Transvaal. On the 26th we arrived

at De Wet's Drift on the Vaal, and spent that day and most of the next in crossing the river by the "pont," or floating bridge. On the opposite bank, in Free State Territory, we halted for two days, enjoying ourselves thoroughly. No more firing or sitting up at night! nothing but profound repose! We felt like birds let out of a cage, free as the air we lived in. We were entirely in the open, but to that we were accustomed, and rather liked it in such a climate. Our men made shelters for themselves with their blankets, and we officers did the same. The men were in the river the most of the day washing their clothes and amusing themselves generally. Letter-writing under a tree in the shade took up a good deal of time at the first, and I wrote my report for despatch to headquarters.

On the 29th we again marched, and arrived at Cronstadt on the 4th of April. Here we handed our gun and small-arm ammunition to the care of the authorities—as provided for in the treaty made with the Boers in Potchefstroom—to be returned to the British Government at the close of the war.

We bivouacked by the river bank among the trees, and received visits without number, and invitations to entertainments of all sorts. The Union Jack was displayed all over the town on our arrival, and the people in the place did all in their power to make our stay a pleasant one. One Dutchman hoisted the flag of the Transvaal Republic; but as we marched in it was hauled down: some of the inhabitants saying that we would not like it. We were entertained at dinner by some hospitable Englishmen, and I am afraid we spent a very noisy evening. A cricket match was played, which occasioned great excitement, spectators coming from far and near.

On the 11th of April we left Cronstadt on the way to Harrismith. On

this day we took leave of the Consul-General for Portugal (the Chevalier Forssman) and his family. They drove a long way with us on our march, and we shook hands for the last time with this family with whom we had been so closely associated during the siege. Few ladies have had rougher experience or gone through it more bravely. We were truly sorry to part; but our roads lay in different directions, and so we said good-bye, wondering if we should ever meet again.

We arrived at Harrismith on the 24th of April, and remained three days, resting our sick and wounded, and making preparations for a fresh start. A ball was got up for us, and we danced until four in the morning; and at eight most of us were present at a wedding at the English church, a pretty little edifice on the outskirts of the town. Two hours after this we set out, and crossed the Drakensberg Range into Natal by Van Renan's Pass, 6,000 feet above sea level, on the 30th of April. On the 2nd of May, 1881, we arrived at Ladysmith, having completed our journey all well, and with sick and wounded much improved since leaving Potchefstroom. Here we found tents waiting for us, a luxury we had not known for nearly five months.

The officers of the garrison were as follows:—

*Commanding Officer*—Major and Bt. Lieut.-Colonel R. W. C. Winsloe, 2nd Battalion Royal Scots Fusiliers.  
*Officer Commanding R.A.*—Major C. Thornhill, Royal Artillery.  
*Medical Officer*—Surgeon H. Wallis, A.M.D.  
*Commissariat Officer*—D.A.C.G. W. A. Dunne.

The other officers were—

Capt. A. L. Falls, 2nd Battalion Royal Scots Fusiliers (Killed).  
 Lieut. H. L. M. Rundle, Royal Artillery.  
 „ P. W. Browne, 2nd Battalion Royal Scots Fusiliers.  
 „ C. F. Lindsell, ditto.  
 „ H. E. Lean, ditto.  
 „ Dalrymple Hay, ditto.

Brevet-Major M. J. Clarke, Royal Artillery, was in Potchefstroom-town as Special Commissioner ; and, on the death of Captain Falls at the land-roost's office, was the only officer left there.

DETAIL OF GARRISON.

Corps.	Officers.	Non-Commissioned Officers and Men.	Total.
Royal Artillery ...	2	43	45
Royal Scots Fusiliers Mounted Infantry.	4	125	129
Royal Scots Fusiliers...	2	24	26
Commissariat Corps	1	7	8
Medic. Dept. Corps	1	4	5
	10	203	213

REFUGEES.

Men.	Women.	Children.	Total.	
13	19	16	48	8 men, 13 women, 16 children, left during the siege.

TRANSPORT.

Conductor.	Caffre Drivers and Leaders.	Total.	
1	60	61	39 drivers and leaders left during the siege.

SUMMARY.

Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers, and Men.	Refugees.	Transport.	Total.
213	48	61	322

ANIMALS.

Horses.	Mules.	Oxen.	Total.
76	121	147	344

All these, except one horse, had to be turned adrift on the sixth day of the siege.

WAGGONS.

Mule and Ox Waggon.	Ambulance Waggon.	Water Carts.	Ammunition Carts.	Total.
17	2	3	2	24

In no spirit of boasting, but in justice to the little garrison I had the honour of commanding, I subjoin a copy of a District Order issued by Colonel Bellairs, C.B. ; and with this I close a curtailed, and what I am afraid is but a disjointed, account of events that will not soon pass from the memory of any who participated in them.

R. W. C. WINSLOE,  
*Colonel, Royal Scots Fusiliers,*  
*Aide-de-camp to Her Majesty the Queen.*

DISTRICT ORDER.

"PRETORIA, 7th April, 1881.

"The fort at Potchefstroom capitulated on the 21st March, but only when its garrison was reduced to extremity, and after as brave a defence as any in military annals ; the troops marching out with the honours of war, and proceeding through the Orange Free State to Natal. The sterling qualities for which British soldiers have been so renowned have been brilliantly shown in this instance, during a long period of privation and under very trying circumstances.

"Colonel Bellairs begs Lieutenant-Colonel Winsloe, and the officers and men under him, will accept his thanks for the proud and determined way in which they have performed their duty.

" By Order,  
"(Signed) M. CHURCHILL, *Captain, D.A.A.G.*"



## A RED INDIAN REVENGE RAID.

### A TRUE STORY.

BEFORE I begin to describe this terrible, but I am now happy to say very rare, episode of frontier life, I ought to tell you what an "Indian Revenge Raid" means.

It is the attack upon the Indians by the settlers, who have had their homes destroyed, and their families massacred, or worse, by the "noble red man!"

The Indians, as perhaps some of my readers know, frequently break out of the territory reserved for them, where they have remained quietly all the winter; and, during the summer, skulk about the nearest settlements, stealing horses if they can get the chance, but otherwise not molesting the ranche men; again returning to their reservations when the weather begins to get cold.

But once, every few years, a sort of frenzy seizes them, in consequence of the extortions of the Government and the encroachments of enterprising white settlers; and then a party of braves will stealthily creep round the ranches, and the miserable stockman wakes up some night to be scalped and murdered, or worse, to see his family outraged and killed before his eyes, and himself afterwards tortured in a way that defies description. Our settlement, situated in the most northern portion of New Mexico, was considered one of the most unassailable and safe in that part of the country. To a stranger, this would have seemed peculiar, as there were fewer people than in many of the districts further south, where men turned pale at the mention of an Indian raid, while we received the news with sublime indifference.

The reason was not hard to find, however. Living amongst us as peace-

able citizens, were men, who, in days gone by, had been noted desperadoes and Indian fighters; and it is a well-known fact among Western men, that the Indians dread—and with good reason—a man who has fought against them, and who knows their ways, more than twenty inexperienced hands. But that was a terrible summer. In a settlement south of us two hundred families were massacred in a few months. Troops were sent by Government to drive the Indians out; but as usual could never find them, or when they did, they were taken at a disadvantage and obliged to retreat.

Even *we* got anxious, and did not breathe freely until November began to draw to a close, and we were expecting day by day that the winter would set in.

Never within the memory of the oldest frontiersman had Indians remained so far north during the winter. So by Christmas they were a thing of the past, and the public mind was filled with excitement concerning a great meeting of stockmen, to be held at a town thirty-five miles north, on the 1st of January.

Nearly every one was going to this meeting, and all were congratulating themselves upon the unprecedentedly mild weather, which enabled them to leave their sheep and cattle with light hearts under the charge of a few boys.

It was in the afternoon following the departure of the stockmen, the 31st of December, that I, then a lad of seventeen, was herding sheep, camped by myself in a little hut, a mile from the home-rancho. It was getting rather late, and I was beginning to think with much satisfaction of the supper of juicy mutton-chops that I

should devour in a short time, when I saw, afar off on the prairie, a black dot, that soon developed into a man on horseback coming towards me at full gallop. As he approached, I saw that he had no hat, and though his horse was going at a headlong pace, he was urging it furiously with both whip and spur. In another minute he was close to me, and I recognised a young fellow, Ad. Stafford by name, who lived at a ranche about ten miles from us.

"What's the matter, Ad.?" I shouted, as he came thundering up, with difficulty pulling in as he reached me.

"Matter?" he cried. "Why the Indians never left after all. They have just burned ten ranches, killing every man they came across, but carryin' off the women alive. They won't go any distance, however, to-night, as they think there is no one left in the country to come after 'em. I managed to escape, bein' on a good horse, and am now riding everywhere, trying to get up a party for a revenge raid. You'll make one, won't you, Pat, to save them women from a fate one shudders to think of?"

"Yes," I replied, "I'll come, if I can do any good; but it will be a tough business, as there are not more than thirty white men left in the settlement."

"Never mind," he answered. "The red devils don't expect any attack, they are so sure that there is no one to make it; and, remember, there are Mike Alison, Tom Stockton, and Luke Remington still left, and *they* are worth fifty common cusses. But I must be off to get every one I can. Be at Gate's Cañon by ten o'clock to-night, two hours before the moon rises; the Indians are not camped far from there. For God's sake don't go back on us, Pat," he said, as he gathered up the reins. "Think of the fate of those women if we do not rescue them. *Adios!*"

With that he was gone again, and soon disappeared in the direction of the ranche of Mike Alison, the most noted desperado in the country.

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Not much supper did I eat that night. Quickly and silently I put my sheep into the corral. My horse, a large, wiry Mexican pony, more than half mustang, was feeding near the camp. I caught and saddled him carefully; then, eating a hasty meal, I spent the next few hours in cleaning my revolver thoroughly, and sharpening my butcher-knife, also in writing a farewell note to my mother in case I should never return.

It had been dark for some time. I stepped outside my log hut, and studied the position of the "Great Bear," by which we tell the time of night on the prairies.

"Hem," I soliloquised, "half-past nine. I guess I must be off. I wonder whether I shall be alive this time to-morrow? Not likely; twenty men against, probably, two or three hundred—fearful odds. However, life is worth very little here, and at any rate one will die in a good cause."

All this I said aloud, as men who have lived much by themselves get into the habit of doing. Then, mounting my horse, I struck off in the direction of "Gate's Cañon."

After about half-an-hour's ride, my horse began to prick up his ears and snort slightly, proving that I was nearing the rendezvous. I looked eagerly forward to see how many men poor Ad. had been able to collect for this desperate errand.

There were terribly few; I counted only fifteen when I came up. We sat motionless on our horses' backs, waiting until the last moment for reinforcements to arrive.

Every few minutes a man would appear out of the darkness, and silently take his place in the group. No greetings were given; only one tall horseman, on a powerful roan, rode quietly from man to man, saying a word to each. This was Mike Alison, the desperado and veteran Indian-fighter, who, in right of his reputation for a cool head and determined courage, was tacitly accepted by every one as captain.

F H

Suddenly the silence was broken by his deep voice echoing among the rocks of the cañon.

"Well, boys, I guess we won't wait any longer. We must get to the Injuns' camp before the moon rises, or they'll spot us like so many sheep. I haven't much to say. You all know what yew air in fur, I suppose. You all know that the odds against us will be about ten to one, as I b'lieve the Injuns number about two hundred, mebbe more."

He paused a moment, and then said, with a perceptible effort, in a lower voice, "There are some very young lads among yer, as will hev many friends mournin' for 'em if they get killed; an' I say ter those lads—go home while yer hev time, and leave them to do the business as has no one to care a cuss whether they live or die."

He paused again. No one stirred, but some of the "young lads" grunted rather contemptuously.

"No one goin'?" he resumed. "Well then, boys, let's be off; don't make more noise than you can help. Keep yer eyes on me, and stop when I give the word, now *Vamos!*"

So we started on our errand of revenge. Little did the trembling women, crouched in the tents of the Indians, think that succour was so nigh. Still less did their cruel captors dream of the terrible vengeance that was to overtake them so speedily, as they sat drinking the white man's whisky.

Meanwhile nearer and nearer drew the little band, small in numbers but terrible in their stern determination to rescue the women or die.

An hour's silent ride over the desolate prairie, or under the frowning rocks or pine-trees of the mira. Then a sudden halt. No voice now echoes among the rocks, but a stern whisper passed from man to man.

"We are close to the camp. The first fifteen men follow Mike Alison round to the opposite side of the camp and charge in. The rest dismount and creep

forward from different points until they come in sight of the fires, then crouch down with cocked rifles until Mike gives the signal. Then shoot every redskin that runs out. After second volley make for the tents where the women are. Fight to the death—give no quarter!"

I was one of the last, so silently slipping from my saddle, with my bridle over my arm, I crept softly on until a red glare shone through the bushes in front of me, and I knew I must go no further, but crouch—and wait. I knelt behind a rock, with cocked pistol and unsheathed knife. Waiting, waiting, for the signal to begin.

Ah! how terrible it was, this suspense. One seemed to live a whole life-time in those awful few minutes. I could hear the weird songs of the half-tipsy Indians, mingled with yells and curses, as if they were quarrelling over their booty.

What was that? The signal? Ay, there it is. A long, shrill whistle. Then the thunder of horses' feet. A wild, hoarse howl of surprise and dismay, answered by a relentless volley from the repeating rifles.

In a moment more Indians were flying out of the brush-wood on every side. I stood up and fired my pistol, right and left, with deadly effect. I reloaded, and again emptied it. Then remembering the order to remount after the second volley and make for the tents where the women would be, I looked round for my horse, expecting to find him gone. No, there he stood, close by, snorting fiercely, with dilated nostrils; under his feet the mangled body of an Indian.

A moment more and I was galloping towards the spot from which came the indescribable roar of conflict. At first high rocks intervened between myself and the scene of battle. But suddenly it all broke upon my view.

I pulled up for a second to get a clear idea of the best place to strike for. I was at the end of a large open space. In all directions were the

camp-fires of the Indians, but my eyes were fixed upon one spot, where there was a struggling mass of figures, in the midst of which rose the white tents. Not a moment did I hesitate. Digging my spurs into my horse's sides, with a shout I charged furiously at the thick mass of Indians surrounding our little band.

The struggle was frightful, and victory seemed more than doubtful. Most of the Indians, utterly surprised, and not knowing how small a number of enemies they had to contend with, had decamped at the first shock, but sixty or seventy rallied, got their arms, and being for the greater part tipsy, fought like incarnate fiends. Those of our men who had rifles had dismounted, and taking their stand in front of the women's tents poured deadly and unceasing fire upon the foe. We who had only pistols remained on horseback and dashed hither and thither, shooting right and left, our horses entering into the spirit of the fray as much as their riders.

Backwards and forwards surged the battle. Now it seemed as if the Indians must conquer; they swarmed on every side, their war-whoops filled the air. But just when it seemed almost vain to struggle further a stalwart figure on a powerful roan horse darted into the centre of the mass of foes. Everything gave way before his charge. His stentorian "Mike Alison to the rescue! give it to 'em, boys," rang out above the yells of the Indians, and again the white men rallied, and the redskins were driven back. How long this lasted I cannot say. The terrible strain and exertion began to fatigue me fearfully. My horse had apparently carried me from the thick of the fight, and was standing still panting heavily. Suddenly he started and gave a feeble shy. From the bushes in front of me broke three Indians, who, as soon as they caught sight of me made a simultaneous attack. I had one shot left in my pistol and contrived to shoot the foremost Indian before they quite reached

me. Then, indeed, it seemed as if my time had come. Utterly exhausted, with only a knife, how could I hope to grapple successfully with two powerful foes? They came on, one at each side, both armed with knives. Making a last desperate effort, I drove my knife into the breast of the one on my left hand. At the same moment I felt the knife of my other antagonist cut through coat, waistcoat, and shirt—surely it would reach my heart? No. The blade was turned too much outwards, and cutting a slight gash, it went deeply into the leather of my saddle. Still I was not out of danger. I had not strength enough left to tear my knife from the man I had stabbed, and my living foe was fresh and vigorous.

But he had another enemy whom he had not counted upon.

Suddenly I saw his face contract with agony, some unseen force was dragging him downwards. He disappeared. I felt my horse rear. I heard a dull crushing sound, a deep groan, and all was still.

I was safe, my life was preserved by my horse, who had seized the Indian with his teeth, by the middle of his back, thrown him down, and trampled on him. For the next few minutes I remained almost stupefied with fatigue upon my horse's back. From this state I was aroused by the gruff voice of Mike Alison—

"Well, Pat, so you're alive still, are you? It has been a lively time, hasn't it? Much hurt?"

I looked up at him, wondering at the coolness of his tone and manner. His face looked ghastly by the light of the moon, now at its brightest, and one arm hung, evidently broken, at his side. But he was as cool and unconcerned as if he had been merely driving cattle for an evening's amusement.

"Oh! Mike," I exclaimed, "is it over yet? Have we beaten them? Are the women safe? Have——"

"Stop," interrupted Mike, "one thing at a time—" "Yes, it is over, for the present anyhow; and what redskins are left alive are makin' tracks

fur their reservations a deal faster than they came out o' them, I guess. Yes, the women are safe, lad, thank God. But get off yer horse and lay down fur a spell, you need the rest, and I'll tell you all about it. You see, when we left you behind to watch fur the skunks as they ran from the first shock of our charge, we went round to the opposite side of the cañon, where there is space fur fifteen or twenty men to ride in abreast. But before we went for 'em, I scouted round till I spotted the tents where I knew the women would be. I was in an almighty scare lest they might be hurt before we reached them. But I found it all quiet. The Indians had not finished the whisky yet. Then I crept back to the boys, mounted, gave the whistle—which I dessay you heard—and we piled in.

"I, Tom Stockton, and Luke Remington struck a bee-line for the tents, the boys following. I got to 'em first, and throwin' open the flap of the biggest one, I shouted to the women inside that we had come to save them, but they must keep quite still, and on no account come out.

"But, Lord bless you! the pore critters could no more keep in than fly. I'm a hard cuss, Pat, there ain't many mean things I haven't done, but it a'most brought tears into *my* eyes, to see the joy with which we were welcomed. And that fool Luke fairly blubbered. Some on 'em threw their arms round us and hugged us, some fell on their knees and prayed God to bless us. I saw more gratitude in those five minutes than I ever saw before in my life. Certainly, nothin' could have better fitted the boys fur the struggle that was to come than that. We bundled them in in a minute, however, and only just in time too, for in half a jif on the devils came.

"Ay! it was a rough time. But ye see the Indians were taken completely

by surprise, and were shot from so many different *directions* at onces; that fur all they knew we might be a hundred and fifty strong, instead of only twenty-five, and most of 'em struck south straight away. But those that stayed fought like hell, and I guess not many of the boys hev got off as easily as you an' me. More'n once I thought it was all up, but we tired 'em out at last.

"But let's come and lend the women a hand with the wounded, and mebbe they may have time to bind up my arm a bit. It does hurt considerable. I suppose it'll hev to come off, worse luck." We walked slowly towards a little group of pines, in the midst of which was a patch of open ground, converted, for the time being, into a field-hospital. There were the women, alive and well, thank God, doing what they could to relieve the wounded men, who were heroically making light of their sufferings, or bearing them in grim silence. Dearly did we pay for our revenge, successful though it was. Ten men killed outright, five died before morning; six were disabled so seriously that they were never again fit for active service. Only four, among whom was myself, really recovered the effects of that terrible New Year's Day. But an awful vengeance was wrought upon the Indians. During the ensuing week, the stockmen came down from the north and scoured the country far and wide, up to the very verge of the Indian territory, and it was calculated that only one of all the ferocious band that had for so long been the terror of the country-side reached the reservations alive.

Not for many many years will northern New Mexico be troubled again by Indians. Such a lesson as they received in the winter of 1878 will not soon be forgotten.

A. H. PATERSON.

# RECOLLECTIONS OF LORD CHANCELLOR WESTBURY.

BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM.

IF the character of Richard Bethell Lord Westbury was somewhat of an enigma to his friends, it was still more so to the general public. Up to the time of his entering Parliament at the age of fifty-one, notwithstanding his superlative abilities both as a lawyer and an advocate, and the facilities which they usually offer to social distinction and conventional intimacies, his friends were out of all proportion in number and weight to those who entertained for him an absolute personal aversion; and the larger circle in which he moved, after he had allied himself to an ascendant political party, must in strictness be termed an extended "connection" rather than an increase of personal adherents and admirers. It is easy to offer as a solution the commonplace explanation of professional rivalry, or natural envy, or the tacit dislike of classes at what are termed "self-made men"—but this is not only inadequate, it is not even feasible. Even in the profession of the law we have superb instances of men who have, by invading two or three distinct branches of learning, courted an augmented competition and hostility, and have yet fought their way to fortune and to favour—men who were prepared at any moment, if called away, to leave the vindication of their lives to the friends by whom they were encompassed. The reason, as we apprehend it, is, that those who succeed in conciliating the goodwill of men, themselves disclose in profusion the graces, the virtues, and characteristics which form the character they seek to enlist in the rank of friends. Whatever be the correct explanation of the matter, one thing is certain, that in the case of Lord Westbury it has occasioned some very

remarkable misconceptions with respect to both his public and his private life. In offering some personal reminiscences of the earlier life of this very eminent advocate, we may possibly interest our readers, and effectively call attention to the fact that no biography worthy of the name has yet been compiled of one of England's greatest Chancellors.

It was a common remark in his family that Mr. Bethell was as old as the year; it would have been more correct to have said as old as the century, since he was born in the year 1800. Whilst at school at Bristol it was expected that he would have followed the profession of his father—medicine; but he exhibited such rare and precocious qualities that he was entered at Wadham College at the age of fourteen; and at eighteen took a B.A. degree, first in classics and second in mathematics. Of home influences he never had the advantage. From eight till twelve he was at school at the Fort, Bristol, under the Rev. R. Bedford; prior to that, at a small school near his father's. Nor could it be said that he ever enjoyed at college the privileges which the children of wealthy parents find, as a rule, a pleasant stumbling block to learning. From the very first he had no one to rely upon but himself. It is almost certain that at this date were formed those precise and frugal habits which adhered to him through life, and, hardening somewhat with his years, induced people to think that, in small matters at least, he was thrifty to the verge of parsimony. Between 1818 and 1823, when he was called to the bar by the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple, he was a tutor

with a good local reputation for success, but his scholarly proclivities never left him. Although he applied himself with surprising steadiness and self-denial to the equity branch of the profession, yet he never permitted his classic attainments to diminish by neglect. No one dared misquote a classic author in his presence without the certainty of detection; and no man at the bar could quote a pungent passage from Horace or Juvenal or Tacitus with more telling effect and appositeness; indeed, an academic mannerism clung to him inconveniently long. He imported into his forensic efforts the reproving, chiding style of a preceptor, and often amused the more independent members of the bar by a sort of magisterial scolding, as diverting as it was unseasonable. An early opportunity was, however, accorded to Mr. Bethell of establishing his merit as an able dialectician, thus excusing in the eyes of the profession peculiarities which might not have been otherwise tolerated. It is not too much to say that the singularly affected style of address which he cultivated, termed by some namby-pamby pedantry, and which at one time earned him the offensive sobriquet of "Miss Fanny," arose in great part from early habits. From the very first he was a hard reader; he never mixed much or freely amongst men other than the members of a college; robust and boisterous amusements were his abhorrence; of manly exercises he was entirely ignorant, save that of rowing, which he had cultivated much at Oxford. In this he was very expert, and although after he became a peer, he threw himself heartily into the aristocratic recreation of yachting, it would not be wrong to say that he derived more pleasure when rowing on the lake at Oatlands Park, with his young family around him, than from his trips up and down the Mediterranean in comparative solitary greatness. Had he selected the Common Law branch of the profession, or entered the House

of Commons before attaining the age of forty, it is impossible not to believe that he would have discarded the affected drawl, and the emphatic lisp, which hardly ever deserted him except in passing moments of high-wrought feeling, of which few beyond his own family were witnesses.

Mr. Bethell was in no hurry to get married, probably controlled in this event by that unflinching prudence which all along distinguished his conduct. When he did resolve upon the step, his choice fell upon a daughter of Mr. Robert Abraham, an architect of 27, Keppel Street, Russell Square. In these early days her husband could but ill afford the loss, consequent upon his marriage, of the income which he drew from his fellowship, and Mr. Abraham substituted an allowance of 100*l.* a year until Mr. Bethell's income enabled him to dispense with it. Of Mr. Abraham's memory and high character much might be said here if space permitted.

From this time forward Mr. Bethell devoted himself unsparingly to the drudgery of the profession, in comparatively inexpensive chambers at 25, Old Square. A case in which his college was concerned having been entrusted to his advocacy he acquitted himself in such a manner as to gain the credit of his immediate clients, and a large accession of business from solicitors generally; the case became in fact identical with the turning point in his career; his subsequent industry and skill abundantly justified and sustained the promise he had given; he consolidated his reputation daily; but unfortunately the arrogance of manner which rendered him so unpopular at the bar, grew in proportion to his reputation and his income. He had now restricted himself to the Court of Vice-Chancellor Shadwell, where his expanding influence and his personal acceptability to the bench, tended to foster those unpleasant traits of character; his deportment and his language towards professional

brethren who were not prepared to admit his absolute right to ride roughshod over them, or that they were fools, or something worse, was an exact imitation of the "pity blended with contempt," which abounded in the deportment of William Pitt. On one occasion, he was personally chastised by a fellow barrister, or as it was quaintly described, "he evoked a retort which took the unnatural and unprofessional form of physical violence applied to his nose." On another occasion he applied the term "disgraceful" to the professional conduct of a well-remembered member of the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, Mr. Charles Purton Cooper. Before any other judge but Sir L. Shadwell, the Bench itself would have interposed, but Mr. Bethell appeared on this, as on other occasions, to have it pretty well his own way. Mr. Cooper took effectual means of recording the matter by publishing *A Statement of what Occurred in the Court of the Vice-Chancellor in the Case of, &c.* Incidents of this kind naturally became the subject of comment, and of contemptuous ridicule, because no single circumstance in Bethell's career had suggested personal courage to support such language; indeed he had an effeminate horror of every description of danger. For this reason he was seldom on horseback, was never known to drive, nor ever seen to handle a gun.

Still, however disdaining to conciliate, favoured by the Court, every infirmity pampered by the attorneys, his practice grew, his family increased, his residences became more elegant and pretentious, and his devotion to the profession which rewarded him so liberally, was unbounded; he spared himself no labour, he devoted his week days and his Sundays to the interest of his clients; he seemed to exist, whether at home or at chambers, simply to attain professional pre-eminence; "he scorned delights and lived laborious days," apparently from no other reason than love of work. However much men might detest the

contemptuous, overbearing deportment of the successful barrister in public and to his subordinates, there is no disputing the fact that his indulgence and dignified effusiveness of affection towards his family were unparalleled, and above all taint of affectation. No comfort, no luxury, no pleasure, no whim was ever denied by him to his wife and children; for their sakes he tolerated people at home whom he both disliked and despised, and when it came to his turn to dispense patronage instead of gifts, he risked the clamour of political purists by making appointments which raised storms of indignation. People in the earlier days wondered why a man to whom practice and wealth came so readily should lead such a life of self-denial. A rare night at the opera, a trip to the Continent during the long vacation, or a few weeks at the Marine Parade, Brighton, with briefs and books sufficient to fill a cab were the only amusements which he permitted himself. He in no way dabbled in politics; it is true that he had very early in life taken sides with the parties as they then existed; and was known to be a strenuous Tory, and a High Churchman after the heart of his friend, Dr. Pusey; he had joined the Conservative Club, though his attendances were rare; moreover he detested equality, mobs, poor people, and all the exhibitions of rough but heroic life which are found in the ranks of the people; not from principle or conviction, but from a fastidious effeminacy of disposition, which caused him to recoil in horror and anger from all such contact. Hence all the world marvelled how, when, urged by Lord Brougham to stand for Parliamentary honours, he would face an unpropitiated rabble upon the hustings; but the fact was that his adherents, and the party to which he had attached himself, did their best to soften the asperities of his path; and he had the advantage of appearing before an exhausted constituency; the heat which distinguished the



election of the previous member for Aylesbury, in January, having subsided when Sir Richard presented himself before them in April, 1851. He had been urged to solicit the suffrage of a much larger and more boisterous constituency than Aylesbury, but either from want of intrepidity, or from a concession to aristocratic influence, he had avoided the contest. His own explanation was that he had magnanimously foregone the opportunity in favour of others, and it is but fair to add that this explanation (though entirely out of harmony with the usual tenor of his life) was never contradicted. There is no doubt that about the beginning of 1850, the conviction forced itself on Mr. Bethell's mind that the position he held at the bar was, despite his vast abilities, of an unabiding character; it was also irksome; a professional man cannot always maintain the attitude of defence or defiance; having attained the very topmost rung of the ladder, either he passes forward into a new sphere, or begins the inevitable descent. His amassments, his investments, his mortgages, were countless; he could not practically get more out of the profession, but he might at any moment get less. The retirement of Sir L. Shadwell broke the spell which favoured him in that court; he was now constrained to plead before men who had once been his inferiors, or his equals, or his antagonists and worse. The bench was of course the appropriate and symmetrical finish to such a career; but the appointments offered to him he rightly despised, as beneath his importance. In the family circle it was whispered that on first entering the profession he had said, in reply to some one who asked him why he chose the law, that he did so to become Lord Chancellor. This may have been a pleasant piece of family prophecy, but had it been known to the outside public, it is certain his refusal of everything less would have gone very strongly to confirm the impression that it was still

the abiding faith of Mr. Bethell. We shall never forget on one occasion when a vice-chancellorship was offered to him, being the reluctant witness of the unspeakable scorn with which he grasped the letter from the Chancellor's secretary, crumpled it up, held it on high, and dashing it into the fireplace in dramatic style, inveighed against "the consummate impertinence of their thinking that he was going to throw into the gutter, to be scrambled for by a parcel of hungry young barristers, twenty thousand a year! and for what? a paltry vice-chancellorship!" There is no doubt that at this time (1850-51) his professional income was not overrated by these figures. Such sums may have been made for one or two years consecutively by specialists, probably more than one such income might have been pointed to during the ascendancy of the railway mania, when the professional Mint was situated in the Committee rooms of the House of Commons; but for a sustained income extending over many years, it is, we apprehend, simply without precedent in the annals of the bar. Such, however, was the reward bestowed by fortune on ability, learning, industry, and patience.

At that time splendid fortunes were amassed by a few eminent men practising at the bar. The distribution of business was far more unequal than it is now; though the remark applies more to the Chancery bar than any other section of the profession. Fees were, in certain cases, considerably larger than those now paid. Every one knows that they were and are given in a multitude of cases, not so much to secure the active advocacy of a popular man, as to hold him neutral. The practice does not commend itself to one's sense of fairness, but perhaps the solicitors are more to blame than the bar. Counsel also then confined themselves to a chosen court with greater rigidity than do the present practitioners. Men of mark invariably adopted this course, either from personal proclivities, or from their plead-

ing having a more practical influence on the presiding judge than that of their less favoured brethren.

Forty years ago the junior bar stood, as it were, abashed in the presence of the silk gown; honour and emolument were for the seniors, and hard labour and small reward for the juniors. There is now probably as much learning behind the bar as in front; as much in the inner bar as on the bench. The grand distinctions of the judge—his power of dealing with complicated facts, of presenting them in luminous order, of reasoning clearly and powerfully upon them; of detecting error and rebuking fraud; unswerving adhesion to honour and integrity—in a word, the union of ripe experience with fervent devotion to unsullied justice, are not the qualities which the advocate has to guarantee to the public before he can earn its support. The public desires and appreciates a set of qualities which are easily discernible; it does not look for the virtue of a judge in the skill of the advocate. The new system of practice, incomplete as it is, has been a boon to the public, and, like every righteous act, reflected good upon all concerned. Counsel cannot now squabble for *two years over the minutes of a decree*. The interest of the suitor is not now swamped in the paramount interest of the profession. *Then* people preferred injustice to law; *now* they prefer law to injustice, and the profession reaps the benefit. It is doubtful whether any enormous fortunes in comparison with those realised by the past generation will ever be secured by the present or any future race of lawyers. One solid reason for this belief is found in the circumstance that the most successful men of the day, after they have reached the goal of their ambition become, or affect to become, ardent law reformers, and every real reform of the law (there are many counterfeits) tends to diminish the aggregation of practice. Mr. Bethell was no exception.

Early in 1851 the indispensable preliminaries to the Aylesbury campaign were arranged. The active support of the Rothschild family was secured. The Bethell family went down there to reside, were exceedingly liberal and very affable; distributed blankets amongst the poor, and performed many amiable offices to engage the sympathies and support of the inhabitants. Mr. Bethell's agents were no less than *ten* attorneys. When he addressed the electors, on the 10th of April, he declared that he never had but one set of opinions through life; that he was an ardent free-trader, an enemy of church-rates, a supporter of the extension of the suffrage, and finally that "one of the chief reasons why he desired to sit in Parliament was to effect a reform in the law." Eventually he polled 544 votes against Mr. Ferrand's 518. The election cost the successful candidate between five and six thousand pounds—a small investment, considering the prospective benefit of the position. Notwithstanding Mr. Bethell's "one set of opinions through life," the Conservative Club felt so much scandalised that he was forced to retire from it "in consequence of the change in his political views." A statement with regard to Mr. Bethell's antecedent history was at this period disseminated, to the effect that he had been a declared Tory M.P. as far back as 1832. This was never, so far as we are aware, authoritatively contradicted; indeed, the statement was reiterated in some recent sketches of his career. It was said that "he was a candidate for Parliamentary honours at the time that he was acquiring forensic distinction. In 1832 he was returned, without a contest, as Conservative member for East Yorkshire. He was in no haste to make his voice heard in the House of Commons, his first appearance as a speaker taking place in 1834, and then he only said a few words." This statement is entirely groundless. The Mr. Richard Bethell who offered

himself to the electors of East Yorkshire in July, 1832, who was greatly chagrined at its being suspected that he was tainted with the principles of free trade in corn, who was returned unopposed at Beverley, and gave a grand dinner at the Tiger Hotel, was Mr. Richard Bethell,<sup>1</sup> of the Rise, Beverley, and of 7, Richmond Terrace, Whitehall, a brother of Christopher Bethell, D.D., Bishop of Bangor, a family not related to Lord Westbury at all. Such are the materials of which biography is too often compounded!

Mr. R. Bethell, of Lincoln's Inn, *was* "in great haste to make his voice heard," and heard effectively too. Taking his seat in the middle of 1851, he spoke constantly. In 1852 he was made Solicitor-General, and as usual was knighted. He at once made up his mind to become so necessary to the Administration that it should not dispense with him unless by promotion or elevation to the upper chamber. It was perfectly well known in his own circle, as far back as 1850, that his ambition would be satisfied with nothing less; he had no competitors at the Chancery bar who were dangerous rivals for the bench, and he was a man who could practise patience. But, on the other hand, the bar were tired of his supremacy, and were eager to share in the lucrative practice which would be dispersed on his removal—eager for the "scramble," as he termed it, for twenty thousand a year. Some who were superior to such sentiments dwelt with alarm and disappointment on the fact that the equity bar had been somewhat slighted in the matter of legal preferment, several of the preceding chancellors having been drawn from the bar or the bench at Westminster. Sir R. Bethell was fortified by a knowledge of this feeling, and rightly judged that sooner or later the Administration must yield to it, if not to him. His ideas of law reform were not met by the excellent measure for improving the system of registration of

<sup>1</sup> A distinguished old family for several centuries located in East Yorkshire.

deeds (real property), and he succeeded in getting it rejected in the Commons after it had passed the Lords, thus exposing the adhesiveness of the Ministry by defeating a measure which the Chancellor himself had introduced. In 1856 Lord Palmerston made him Attorney-General, and he carried the Divorce Act. It was very generally said that the characteristics of Lord Lyndhurst, which Sir Robert Peel never liked, were precisely those which Lord Palmerston admired in Sir R. Bethell. Sir Richard was offered the judgeship of the Divorce Court on its establishment; he declined it with every evidence of dissatisfaction, but not so scornfully as he had refused the Vice-Chancellorship. There is no concealing the fact that able and useful as he was in the House, the impression existed that he condescended to be there simply because it was the prescribed passage to the Woolsack; he was still the advocate retained for a special fee; personally indifferent to the success or failure of his client, but preferring that he should succeed since his own recompense was contingent on success. But notwithstanding the stern persistency with which he set his eyes upon one eminence, and the fierce resolve to attain it which burned within him, he professed to be utterly indifferent to anything the Ministry could offer. Few indeed knew the resentment he entertained against those who seemed an obstruction in his path, so thoroughly had he learned to control every outward indication of feeling. When Lord Palmerston returned to power in 1859, Lord Campbell, to the surprise of every one, himself included, was offered the Great Seal; the idea gained ground that the new Ministry did not lean favourably towards Bethell; that they could do very well without him, and but for the ethics of the thing would do so. This was, however, an exaggerated idea. Lord Campbell had been a faithful friend and supporter of the Whigs; he had friends in both camps; he was admitted to be a thoroughly

honest man. Everybody espoused his claims, and even before the Ministry had been sketched out, and without consulting his wishes, Lord Palmerston decided that he should be Chancellor. Sir R. Bethell was not sufficiently popular to centre in himself a professional grievance. Lord Campbell was to him never more than an acquaintance, but from this time Sir Richard's repugnance and contempt were frequently and openly declared, most effectively so when he himself became Chancellor in 1861, and had the pleasure of criticising his predecessor's work; and most ludicrously so when he termed a judgment cited as Campbell's "valueless and wholly inapplicable," which turned out to be an early dictum of his own. Innocent as Lord Campbell was of standing in the way of Sir Richard, the resentment of the latter must have been deep and bitter when it permitted him to indulge in offensive remarks on the newly deceased Chancellor. His Christianity had not even reached the pagan standard—*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*"

The first thing that must strike the reader in summarising the character of this eminent lawyer is his industry. No eminence is obtained in the law without industry; but Bethell was industrious amongst an industrious class of men; his chambers in Stone Buildings were open from nine till nine; between nine in the morning and the sitting of the court at ten, he would sometimes have ten conferences and ten consultations; many of the former while walking from his chambers to the court; many of the latter in the court itself, the junior saying a few words across the bar, answering a question or two on the case. From four to five o'clock more consultations, Then came the leading meal of the day, consisting of a mutton chop from the Southampton Hotel, one slice of stale bread, and a glass of water from Lincoln's Inn pump; it was the fare of a hermit. An hour or so succeeded, devoted to

an unusually intricate case, or the perusal of a parliamentary Blue-book, and then a common cab would convey him to the House of Commons; at the date we refer to cab fares consisted of multiples of eightpence, and the saving characteristics of Sir Richard showed themselves by his carrying about a stock of fourpenny pieces with which he could pay the exact legal fare. Cabmen naturally entertained a strong aversion to this exactitude, and latterly, unless a cab were called for him, the drivers in Chancery Lane suddenly became almost as short-sighted as their intending fare. At the House, whilst Solicitor and Attorney-General, he was diligent and punctual. No one could mistake him, seated on the right side of the Speaker, the large bald head and the beaming countenance which from a distance seemed to wear a peculiarly genial smile, drew a full share of attention; but when he rose to speak, the voice seemed too mincing, the head too largely developed for the body, which was ill supported by the legs, and the whole effect unsatisfactory. He generally sat it out, and would return to his house at Sussex Gardens in a cab at two or three in the morning.

Before entering parliament he was not above bestowing exceptional care on special parts of his intended addresses to the bench. We remember once, when visiting at his house at Highgate, being alarmed at hearing indistinct noises at about four on a summer's morning; on opening the chamber door, and glancing into the gallery, we beheld Mr. Bethell, his dressing-room door wide open, standing in front of his cheval glass, partly dressed, reciting some portion of an address. It was a performance entirely extempore or memoriter, since no notes or papers were visible. At one period he did most of his forensic preparations in the morning, but would glance at the more important briefs over night; his habit was, having had tea with the family, at six or seven, to fall off, with a pocket handkerchief thrown over his head, into an easy nap, during which

silence was most religiously preserved ; at about eleven he would retire to his library, or soon after the last bag of briefs, with notes of appointments for the ensuing day, had been delivered by his clerk.

Sir R. Bethell, although at no time favourable to the press in the sense in which Lord Brougham and Lord Campbell were favourable, or indeed approving its general conduct, was not insensible to its influence, or possible influence, as it affected him personally. The comments of the leading journals, and of the *Times* in particular, whether favourable or otherwise, were from day to day cut out under his general directions, and pasted in a book. Under no circumstances, however, did he ever condescend to address a newspaper even for the purpose of rectifying an error. The slips of his speeches in the House of Commons, when furnished by Hansard for correction, were carefully and minutely perused, but, as a rule, received little emendation. His extra-judicial or extra-parliamentary utterances were few indeed. At a later period, as a peer, he was not above general addresses, and on a well-known occasion, before a meeting of a Young Men's Association, he permitted himself to use the language of self-laudation so as to strain the credulity of his most ardent admirers, by averring that his reputation as a lawyer was as nothing compared with that to which he was entitled as an eminent Christian man. His career had certainly illustrated some useful virtues—industry, abstemiousness, patience, and rare sacrifices for those near and dear to him ; but for all that the statement was somewhat startling.

The great merit which marked his forensic displays was a remarkable lucidity of statement, arising from clearness and readiness of conception, coupled with extraordinary power of marshalling any number of facts and collateral details in their best order, and in subordination to his main argument. This excellence was

no doubt the result of active energy of mind, moulded by a discipline unsparingly applied for a continuous period ; and was less difficult than might be imagined, because the mind was uniformly manipulating ideas, and applying principles, that had a general affinity.

His next distinctive peculiarity was a perspicuous and chaste style of diction ; he had laid to heart one of the best maxims of the rhetorician, to speak deliberately and with frequent pauses ; he never spoke rapidly ; never let slip anything so clumsily that he had to hasten the next sentence and the next to cover up the preceding ones, or to get away from them ; never repeated himself except for emphasis, and then designedly—in a word, there were no “frayed ends” about his public speaking. With all this, however, it must be admitted that his speaking contained not a single characteristic that was beyond the reach of a well educated man ; its signal excellence arose from contrast with the slovenly style which was prevalent among too many who bowed to the existing prejudice that a finished speaker must necessarily be a shallow lawyer. His speaking was slow and measured, seldom exceeding a hundred words a minute ; one result of this was that he was invariably well reported ; he was the joy of shorthand writers, his extra-judicial utterances required no patching up at the hands of the reporter. Indeed, David Copperfield, in his novitiate, could readily have managed to “take him.” But, after all, the style, as style, was too inflexible to be pleasing ; it answered its purpose, it is true, but it was noticeable that everything—the sarcasm, cold, cutting, and relentless, with which he hoped to scathe his opponent ; the reading of an affidavit, or a mystical argument on the principles of contingent remainders—all were pitched in the same key, served by the same vocabulary, and accompanied by the same gestures ; there were the gloved hands—the right uplifted, then closed, and the knuckles

brought down just upon the enormous fee figuring on the topmost brief of the pile before him, or else the first two fingers of the right hand were brought down with a little spiteful dart into the palm of the left hand, closing at once a period, an argument, and a sneer.

Although Mr. Bethell appeared to read exclusively in law, and had but little time for less profitable reading, and a great deal of his knowledge outside his profession consisted in knowing where to find what he wanted when he wanted it—it would have been hard to mention any work of merit in controversial theology, metaphysics, or logic, which was not to be found in his home library. He frequently made concise abstracts of books read, compressed into two or three sheets of letter paper. He would fold the sheet lengthwise into three, tabulate the contents, and in the inter-section enter his objections or illustrations. We remember reading with interest his abstract of Sir G. Cornewall Lewis's work on *The Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion*, the whole contained in six pages of letter paper pinned together, and left in the volume. Care, precision, and industry marked every performance great or small, and he desired the same qualities in those about him. Although it may be safely said of his general character and conduct that no man ever set him an example, and no man ever followed him, yet some of his characteristics in their uncombined form might well serve to rebuke the prevailing superficiality of the omnivorous reader.

When in 1861, on the demise of Lord Campbell, it was rumoured that Lord Palmerston intended to make Sir Richard Bethell chancellor, and when the announcement was officially made that he would be raised to the peerage as Baron Westbury, men were not slow to predict that so consummate an advocate would succumb to the rule, implicitly believed in since Lord Erskine's time, and prove but an indifferent judge. It is not too much

to say that they were absolutely mistaken in his career, so far as the administration of the system of equity was concerned. The soundness of his judgments has seldom been impeached, and the splendid abilities which he brought to support his office were never denied even by those who deplored his infirmities of temper and laxity of principle. As Chancellor nothing puzzled him, nothing conquered him, not even those difficulties which, though propounded by a man's own mind, are often more obdurate than those suggested by the keenest counsel. None of these things caused him to pause in the summary and scornful destruction of the tangled web of sophistical ingenuity, or in the reduction to a logical form of the most embarrassing complication of details. That he should be able to do so after his own long employment of these trappings, so serviceable to an advocate, was not very surprising; but the power and facility with which he stripped the case of bewildering accessories, and reduced it to a simple nude proposition, were masterly and brilliant. Although Lord Westbury on the wool-sack was placed beyond personal collision with his equals, he still exhibited that contemptuousness which had formed an unpleasant characteristic in the advocate. He delighted to find his object in those who had preceded him on the judgment seat; not satisfied with putting aside a judgment which he declined to admit as an authority, he must needs couple his rejection with the language of arrogant superiority. The more the authority had been emphasised in the course of the argument, the more he dilated upon it in disparaging terms; it was "wholly inapplicable," "formed on a gross misconception of the principles of the court," or "the expression of a view based on an imperfect apprehension of the doctrines of equity." No doubt he would have done well to remember the words of Lord Verulam, "Use the memory of thy predecessor fairly and tenderly, for if

thou dost not it is a debt which will surely be paid when thou art gone ;"<sup>1</sup> and better still to control the propensity when that predecessor had been numbered with the dead. But Lord Westbury cared for none of these things. It ought, however, to be recorded that no great reluctance existed on the part of the bar to plead before him ; his manner, though at times peculiarly chilling, was not offensive ; he was ready to encourage rising ability from a sincere sympathy with talent, learning, and industry. When he saw these united to profound deference of manner towards the Bench, he was kindness itself. We cannot remember that he was ever charged with making "a set" at an advocate in the manner that Lord Cottenham laid himself out to worry Mr. Knight Bruce, going so far indeed as to get the law altered to justify an improper decision given against the advocate. On the other hand his lordship, in his own court, gave a practical adhesion to the amusing dictum of Lord Lyndhurst "that it was one of the chief duties of a judge to render it disagreeable to counsel to talk nonsense."

From a layman's point of view, Lord Chelmsford as a judge, impressed one by his unfailing courtesy ; Lord Campbell, by his judicial sobriety ; Lord Truro (though the husband of a real princess), by his unpretentiousness ; Lord Selborne by the kindness of his manner, faithfully reflecting the sweetness of his temper ; and Lord Westbury by an arrogant consciousness of intellectual superiority. This was not confined to individuals, it extended to whole classes. Both as a practitioner and as a judge, it was easy to gather that he held the Common Law bar in very slight esteem ; probably he thought with Lord Rosslyn "that great lawyers had always been found attached to the Chancery Bar," an assertion by the by which is not borne out by experience ; indeed he frequently stated that equity was

the only division of the profession worthy the pursuit of a man of ability ; but he never ventured on any tangible slight. A good many *bons mots* attributed to him are purely apocryphal, and we will not even venture to affirm the originality of the following. On one occasion returning triumphant from a cause before the Chief Justice, and speaking of the Courts at Westminster (Common Law) and Lincoln's Inn (Equity), he remarked with a bland smile that he never returned from the West without a clearer and clearer conviction of the truth of the scripture, that the wise men came from the East :—a smart saying, but more probably traceable to the genuine wits of the eighteenth century than to a sedate Attorney-General of the Victorian era.

The satisfaction with which the profession regarded his elevation was not entirely unselfish ; his withdrawal from active practice, released a large amount of litigation and circulated the capital which had been consolidated, so to speak, at No. 3, Stone Buildings. A great monopoly was removed, and the bar felt a grateful relief. Though no one envied him the appointment, there were some who from a party point of view thought that the services of one of the able chancellors in retirement might have been utilised. On the other hand the curiosity of the public was simply to see how a man, whose name had been before the country so long, would deport himself in the exalted position which he had fairly won. The average Englishman has a superstitious veneration for self-made men—men who rise from his own level. If the ascent is not sufficiently rugged to please his taste, the starting point must be put back, the son of a wealthy tradesman must become the son of a poor barber ; any legend will please provided the extremes are wide enough asunder. It was under this delusion that public curiosity was fostered, and that on the morning of his taking his seat the Chancellor's court was crowded by the members of the bar, the general

<sup>1</sup> *Essays*—"On Great Place."

public, and a large number of personal and political admirers. From the first, so far as personal dignity goes, he worthily supported his high office; he betrayed neither nervousness, nor confusion, nor joyousness; he was perfectly self-conscious, but no one could fail to be convinced that not one iota of the dignity, power, or privileges attached to the Great Seal would be curtailed or diminished whilst it was in his keeping. It is, however, a matter of profound regret that during his tenure of office its lustre should have been dimmed by the breath of scandal. It may well be said that the culminating episode in his career is rather a warning than an example.

The perfect self-possession which Lord Westbury manifested in his court, and as Speaker of the House of Lords, might well have favoured the idea that he had reluctantly accepted a position beneath his merits, for which he had no very warm ambition; a dignified indifference however may well be affected by those who have firmly grasped the prize. In presiding over the deliberations of the House of Peers, his reproofing manner, though more subdued, was disagreeable enough, and did not fail on several memorable occasions, to be firmly resented. For his encounters with Bishop Wilberforce we need only refer to the third volume of the *Life of that Prelate*. At state ceremonies, his mien was magnificent and impressive; his very tread that of a man who knew he had wedded himself to the history of his country, and whose slightest action would be chronicled—at least by the contemporary historian. As a chancellor he was not so slow as Eldon, nor had he the fatal precipitancy of Sir John Leach. Judicially he fulfilled the promise of his appointment, but the succour with which he requited his party in the Upper House was not consistently vigorous and thorough; and was disappointing to the more uncompromising members of the party. After his resignation (July 5, 1865) he was regular in his attendance in

the House, and by no means reluctant to enter into the debates. He frequently served as a member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Nothing betokened the slightest decay of his intellectual vigour, although his political dissolution had taken place. The gravity of the matters upon which the House of Commons had censured him was not diminished by time; errors may be forgiven and atoned for, but he had committed a political and judicial blunder for which the political code of his party offered no place of repentance; that party dared not, if they would, have reinstated him in office, and he therefore never enjoyed the opportunities accorded to Lyndhurst, Eldon, and Cottenham of correcting, during a second term of office, the faults or omissions of his first.

Lord Westbury was a warm supporter of the Judicature Bill of Lord Selborne; he had no distinct share in its drafting, but the general principle of the measure was thoroughly in harmony with his opinions on the matter of fusion. He entirely disapproved of the Irish Land Bill of 1870; what would he have said of that of 1881?

The last conspicuous public function which he performed (and it was admitted on all hands admirably performed) was that of arbitrator in the case of the European Assurance Company. The labour was prodigious, the remuneration princely; whilst engaged on this duty his health gave unmistakable signs of breaking up. He died on Sunday the 21st July, 1873, at his residence, 75, Lancaster Gate, at the age of 73. A tardy tribute was paid to his memory in the Peers. In the Law Courts his demise was not even alluded to.

The manners of Lord Westbury had, during the last ten years, considerably hardened, and few but his own family, or those having business relations with him, sought or cared for his society. When the crowning honour had been filched from the hand of fortune, he was 63 years of age;



his domestic life had practically ceased to have any charm for him; his daughters, one after another, had married; his wife, long a confirmed invalid, was just dead. However uninviting the general features of this eminent lawyer's character, let us respect the affectionate complaisance which constrained him, with the coronet full in perspective, never once to thwart the matrimonial engagements of his daughters, so long as he was assured that they were based on mutual affection. His first thought was to supply them with adequate settlements, and if the fortunate husbands were provided with remunerative public posts, he merely followed the practice of his predecessors.

A peculiarity of Lord Westbury was his partiality for mortgage investments; another was for purchasing or renting large and even palatial residences for a very short time; then conceiving an aversion to them, and, at an enormous expense, moving into another mansion, the capricious choice of the moment, and so on continuously. One property which he purchased to gratify a whim required a domestic attendance of forty servants; sometimes he would be in the north, then in the west, then in the south of England; whilst chancellor he for the most part resided at Hackwood, and latterly at Lancaster Gate. After the decease of Lady Westbury, in 1863, his movements were more singular. There were other and less pardonable peculiarities which rumour was busy in disseminating, that from time to time received more or less of confirmation. The extreme imprudence with which indulgence of the grossest type was sought by one whose claims to Christian eminence we have already mentioned, long after the impetuosity of youth could be pleaded in extenuation, was a subject of surprise and disgust to many.

Lord Westbury was often spoken of as a wit, but not by those who knew him intimately, nor indeed would he himself admit the insinua-

tion. Sarcastic, if you like, but not witty, unless you use the word in its obsolete sense as "genius." Wit implies a certain unbending of the mind, which, in Lord Westbury's opinion, would have involved undignified concession; neither his voice nor his features nor his manner would have assisted a joke in its spontaneous efforts to explode. About the only thing of this kind which we can recall was when a counsel, a very prosy and confused speaker, was repeatedly reminding his lordship that his client had gone to a vast expense for *boring*. "So I perceive," at length replied Lord Westbury, "by the number of counsel he has retained in the case." The late Sir W. Erle used to tell a story of him, however, which if not witty is decidedly humorous. "Why," said he to Sir William, "do you not attend the Privy Council?" "Because I am old, and deaf, and stupid." "But that's no reason at all, for I am old, and Williams is deaf, and Colonsay is stupid, and yet we make an excellent Court of Appeal."<sup>1</sup> One of the most characteristic of his sayings was not, as is usually believed, uttered in the House of Lords. It was in delivering a Privy Council judgment in an Ecclesiastical case that he said, "These people have made up what they presume to call their minds."

If Lord Westbury be judged on his merits as a chancellor, he was probably a jurist of the highest order; if he be judged comparatively, he was not so great as Brougham, so profound as Eldon, nor so eloquent as Cockburn. But examine his whole career and you will find it cannot be matched by that of any other chancellor of recent times. All the qualities taken singly, which in their aggregate form, enabled him to climb to conspicuous station in the state, were more or less admirable; sometimes they overshadowed his frailties; sometimes his infirmities, but especially his insufferable arrogance,

<sup>1</sup> This is also given in the *Life of Bishop Wilberforce*, iii., 401.

neutralised the admiration we ought to feel, yet one moral blemish, a fatal laxity of principle, pulled him down from his high estate, exposed him to the derision of meaner men, and consigned him to comparative obscurity. In no spirit of uncharitableness we assert that his career from the moment he entered Parliament was a failure. To be paradoxical, we may say, had he been less clever he would have been more successful. His last utterance from the woolsack was the most graceful and dignified he ever delivered. It was a valedictory address, and could hardly fail to suggest some analogy with the fall of another high chancellor of low origin, Cardinal Wolsey. "With regard to the opinion which the House of Commons has pronounced," he said, "I do not presume to say a word. I am bound to accept the decision. I may, however, express the hope that after an interval of time calmer thoughts will

prevail, and feelings more favourable to myself be entertained. I am thankful for the opportunity which my tenure of office has afforded me to propose and pass measures which have received the approbation of Parliament, and which, I believe, nay, I will venture to predict, will be productive of great benefit to the country. With these measures I hope my name will be associated. I regret deeply that a great measure which I had at heart—I refer to the formation of a digest of the whole law—I have been unable to inaugurate; for it was not until this session that the means were afforded by Parliament for that purpose. That great scheme, my lords, I bequeath to be prepared by my successor."

The following suggested epitaph, which appeared in the *Spectator*, cleverly gathers up some of his personal characteristics, and his claims to recollection:—

Richard Baron Westbury,  
Lord High Chancellor of England.  
He was an eminent Christian,  
An energetic and merciful Statesman,  
And a still more eminent and merciful Judge.  
During his three years' tenure of office  
He abolished the ancient method of conveying land,  
The time-honoured institution of the Insolvents' Court,  
And  
The Eternity of Punishment.  
Towards the close of his earthly career  
In the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council  
He dismissed Hell with costs,  
And took away from orthodox members of the  
Church of England  
Their last hope of everlasting damnation.

## EZA.

PERHAPS the place that most captivates the imagination in the Riviera is Eza. It has a peculiar fascination, a weird interest which causes it to stand out distinctly in all one's memories of that lovely region. There are numerous small towns and villages in the neighbourhood of Nice, built upon the tops of isolated hills and rocks; a mode of architecture adopted for the sake of salubrity, the low grounds being formerly unhealthy, and also for the sake of security in troublous times. Some of them are very remarkable. To the west, at the foot of a huge bluff which stands up like a haughty, feudal castle, forming from every point of view a most striking feature in the landscape, is the picturesque village of St. Jeannet. On one of the shoulders of Mont Chauve, perched on a height that falls precipitously into the wild gorge of St. Andre, is the quaint old village of Falicon. While crowning a bare rugged mountain ridge, on the eastern horizon beyond the Paglione, are the curious ruins of Chateauneuf or Petit Pompeii, a village that has been deserted for several hundred years, owing to the failure of the water supply. These hill-villages, dating most of them from the middle ages, tell of times of lawless violence and oppression when such "horns of salvation" were needed.

But more singular than any of them is the human eyrie of Eza. From the highest part of the Corniche Road looking down upon it—from the road along the sea-shore looking up to it—wherever it is visible, it presents an extraordinary appearance, clinging to the fearful summit of an isolated cliff, 1,300 feet high, and throwing its castle-like outline sharp and clear against the blue sky. Long years of

exposure to sun and rain have browned the buildings into the hue of the rock, so that it is difficult to tell sometimes which is crag and which is human habitation. The sympathy between them is so profound that they have grown into each other's likeness, and art has blended with nature, and nature has associated itself with art. You cannot imagine that arid peak without its village as its appropriate crown; and you cannot think of the village as suitably placed anywhere else. The combination is exceedingly suggestive to the imagination. We see it in its highest perfection in the Parthenon, the most perfect specimen of human workmanship, forming the lovely capital of nature's rude and massive pillar; the rough contour and native hues of the rock giving higher expression to the graceful lines and rich mellow tone of the marble edifice; and the finished work of art reflecting a glory upon the rough work of nature. It is the same kind of idea, in a lower form, that is suggested by the picturesque cluster of houses on the lofty rock of Eza. It conveys the silent lesson of the triumph of human skill and power over material forces; the appropriate culmination of the efforts of nature in the work of that creature who stands at the apex of creation, to whom was given the lordship of the earth, and the task of completing and interpreting its works. It speaks of those qualities which in human nature we admire as the grandest and most enduring. Eza, as a moral study, affords subjects of thought for a whole summer day.

There is not a fairer scene in the Riviera than the bay at the foot of this eagle's nest, to which a variety of names has been given. It has been

called the Bay of the Moors ; for on its quiet, sheltered shore, stealthy pirates from the Algerian coast used to land on their predatory expeditions. But its most appropriate name is the Mare d'Eza, which the country people fondly give it : for it derives much of its charm and interest from the romantic village that hangs over it, perched on its lofty mountain crag, and we love to think more of its peaceful associations than of its memories of storm and strife. It is about eight miles distant on the eastern or Genoa side of Nice. The railway passes along its curve, and there is a small station by its side. But the grandeur of nature around almost obliterates the lines of human art ; and the trains are so infrequent, and the passengers who stop here so few, that the deep immemorial quiet of the place is hardly disturbed. Only a suggestion of the great world beyond is brought now and then into the solitude, enough to enhance it and give it a human interest. The great projecting rocks of Point de Cabéel shut it in on the east ; and the perpendicular wall of soft yellow limestone, called Cape Roux, which rises so abruptly from the sea, that both road and rail have to pass through it in tunnels, shuts out the view in the west, with the exception of the wild headland, and white martello tower of St. Hospice just appearing beyond. Turning the corner of this western ridge of rocks, you pass at once out of a region so exposed to the sun, and so protected from the winds, that it has earned the name of "*La Petite Afrique*," from its almost tropical warmth, into a cool, soft, shady realm, where the leaves are thick on bough and spray, and the mild airs breathe a balmy breath ; an enchanted place haunted for ever by harmonies of winds and waves. The limpid waters of the Mediterranean here gleam on the white sand in bickering hues of emerald and sapphire ; and the little ripples murmur softly as they glide into the embracing arms of the rounded shore. You see in the

crystal depths, pearly shells, tufts of crimson sea-weeds, and curious marine creatures unknown in our country ; while over them, like long-fringed lashes over sparkling eyes, twisted carouba branches, dusky olives, and pale-green lemon trees droop pensively their shadowy foliage, reaching in many places to the water-line.

Along the curve of the bay there is an almost tropical luxuriance of vegetation ; and in and out among the roots of the frequent trees, runs the soft green verdure of grass and lowly herbage, interspersed with blue gleams of borage and hyacinth and yellow and ruddy flames of jonquils and anemones. Far above all signs of cultivation rises a grand bold frontage of rocks, some thousand feet in height, whose arid desolation contrasts strikingly with the rich foliage at their feet. But heaven cares for them, and has clothed them with its own soft hues—pearly grays, and richly varied shades of red, purple and yellow, so that they have a bloom of beauty, which, with their own broken and picturesque outlines, constitutes a picture upon which the eye is never weary of gazing. In two places the rampart of rock is broken down into deep ravines, clothed halfway up with straggling stunted pines, whose stony bottom, sun-bleached and bare, has lost for a time the rejoicing music and sparkle of the torrent recalled to its native skies. Immediately below the cliffs, the aerial village is hid from view by the rocky rim of the horizon ; but at the western end of the bay its isolated rock comes out distinctly from the mass, and the grey clustered roofs at the top, battered and wrinkled with age, are clearly outlined against "the eternal youthfulness of the sky." It is a sight that fascinates the eye. You have the same irresistible desire to ascend the precipice, as you would have from the top to throw yourself down. You must yield to the attraction. You must see for yourself what kind of life—what new experiences there are at that serene altitude, so high above,

and so far removed from the ordinary world. From below it seems impossible to get up there without wings. On all sides the rock falls away so precipitously, that it would be difficult for a goat, or mountain-cat to find footing on its ledges and crevices. Immediately overhead a tremendous cliff, tawny, and streaked with long dark lines, left by trickling rains and mural vegetation temporarily nourished by them, confronts you without a break on its perpendicular face. But at its foot there is a gradual slope extending down to the road, formed by the *débris* of its slow wasting through untold ages, covered with pine-wood. Here a zig-zag path has been made, which takes you up to a nick or hollow that winds between the precipitous rocks for about a quarter of the distance, from whence the rest of the way is easy.

You begin the ascent opposite the railway station, in the faith that your path will be revealed to you as you advance, and with a delightful feeling of being bound upon an adventure, exploring the mysterious and unknown. At first you linger over the easy and gradual track, as it leads you under fig-trees, putting forth from their twisted ghostly boughs, that seem ever to retain the winter rime of their naked state, those tender green leaves which tell that summer is nigh, and locust trees, with their ash-like keys of pods hanging among their thick varnished foliage; past golden broom, and gray cistus bushes covered with pink and yellow blossoms, looking at a distance like the wild dog-roses of our own hedges, but so delicate and filmy that they fall off almost at a touch—until you come to the pines, whose strong aromatic fragrance is like burning cedar in the hot sunshine, and leave behind the softer vegetation of the shore. Numberless objects attract your attention, quickened and enlarged by the sense of enjoyment. Here you see the huge white silky bags of the procession-caterpillar on the highest branches of the pines; and perhaps you

may find the caterpillars themselves moving across the needle-strewn path, one behind the other, forming a long unbroken line, and looking like a thin mottled snake, dragging its slow length along. There myriads of little brown lizards dart about on the warm rocks; and a hole opens in the bank into the curious galleries of an ant's nest. A bird, with a strange robin-like note, thrills the air with its song; and a gorgeous butterfly flits past, with its wide iridescent wings glancing in the sunshine. You pause at the top of the wood to survey the wonderful scene below; the fringe of varied foliage at the foot of the rocks, the bright mirror of the bay, reflecting every object along the shore with a soft clearness perfectly magical, and far out, the calm sea melting in its blueness of sympathy into the blue heavens; with a few touches of the outer world given by the white sail of a distant ship, and the thin smoke of the village of St. Jean, at the end of the promontory, rising faintly up above the olive trees. The path hitherto is much exposed to the sun, which beats full upon it with almost tropical heat. From this circumstance, and its short sharp turns and stony surface, it is somewhat toilsome. But at the top of the wood it passes into a romantic hollow between two cliffs, and loses sight of the sea and the shore. Here it is pleasant to rest, among great masses of rock that have fallen down from the gigantic cliff projecting overhead, and enjoy the shade created by clumps of bushy-headed pine, sombre plumes of tall cypresses, and tangled underwood of myrtle, lentiscus, and yellow euphorbias, matted together by the creeping stems and spotted sagittate leaves of the wild thorny sarsaparilla.

Emerging from this dim haunt, where the cheated hours all day sing vespers, and even the hottest noon preserves a core of coolness, the path rounds the corner, and is formed along the steep slope of the eastern ravine. Here the scenery is exceedingly wild and romantic, the rocks on either side rising

up precipitously to a great height, with pine trees growing in their crevices and along their crests. At the head of the ravine there is a charming nook, where some rich soil has accumulated, which is laid out in uneven little patches like hanging shelves, requiring the most careful keeping in repair of their low walls, lest the soil should be washed away by the rains. The vivid greenness of the early wheat in these patches, and the bean-stalks in full bloom, whose sweet breath had a pleasant suggestiveness of home, formed a refreshing contrast to the naked glare of the white rocks around. The cultivated soil attracted many bright weeds rich in colouring—tufts of sweet-scented violets, gorgeous poppies, crimson gladiolus, pearly white stars of Bethlehem, and other plants of the asphodel tribe. The boughs of the almond and nectarine trees were still covered with the exquisite pink blossoms, acquiring a deeper blush from the background of the sea-green foliage of the olives, among which they were imprisoned like sunset-clouds. A rough picturesque farm-house, round which all this cultivated beauty gathered, imparted a human interest to the oasis in the wilderness.

Dry and barren as the rocks by the wayside appeared, the botanist could gather a rich harvest among them. Their shady recesses were often adorned with cushions of green moss, embroidered with rosettes of beautiful and rare lichens; grey-green *Squammaria crassa* with flesh-coloured shields, and primrose-coloured *Plucodium fulgens* with orange fruit. Ferns grew in profusion in the crevices; our own maiden-hair spleenwort, which is found almost everywhere, the scaly ceterach, the common polypody, the loveliest little tufts of tender wall-rue spleenwort imaginable with much-divided fronds, and the greatest prize of all, Petrarch's spleenwort, which shyly hid itself in the most secret crannies, and strove to pass itself off as the common maiden-hair species—which it

much resembles superficially. The *Asplenium Petrarchae* is now one of the rarest ferns of the Riviera, whereas it used to be one of the most abundant. In the eastern and western ravines of Eza it formerly grew in great abundance; but the walking parties organised by the late Mr. Copland of Nice, about twenty years ago, and the numerous visitors since, have nearly extirpated it. Some tufts may still be found on the grotesque rocks of Mont Vinaigrier, and on the highest cliffs of Mont Boron facing the town of Nice. It is a very pretty fern, with a thicker habit than its near ally the *A. trichomanes*, and a richer mass of brown fructification at the back. It mostly grows in small dense tufts; but the specimens on the rocks of Eza have long and slender fronds, and grow out of deep crevices, from which it is almost impossible to extract the roots. It is very interesting for its own sake, and still more for the sake of the classic name it bears, which is associated with this neighbourhood; for Petrarch must have traversed the Corniche Road on his way to Avignon and the Fountain of Vaucluse. The white drooping star of the *Leucoium Nicaense*, with its rich orange stamens, looking like a snowdrop touched with a live coal from off the altar of summer—a flower found nowhere else in the world, except in the narrow strip of ground between Eza and Nice—gave the interest of its own rarity and beauty to the spots which it haunted. While here and there the round leaves of the pennywort, as fresh and succulent as on our own sea-side walls and rocks, adorned the weather-worn stones, and braved the scorching drought and heat.

Emerging from the slope of the ravine to the neck of land at its highest point, connecting the rock of Eza with the rocks to the east of it, there is here a wide open space, with natural benches shaded by trees and bushes, inviting to repose and enjoyment of the view. From this vantage

ground the outlook is indeed grand. Far below, the blue Mediterranean is seen framed between walls of lofty rock, fringed with picturesque umbrella-pines, their deep green foliage contrasting in a most striking manner with the azure of the sea; while high above, the cliffs of Eza come out on the sky-line, with the ramparts and houses of the village, brown with age, and shaggy with masses of pellitory and the luxuriant African ivy, standing out in relief against the glowing noonday sky. The confused masses of rock on either side of the path here are painted with frescoes of the most brilliant lichens, olive, yellow, brown, and the brightest orange. I never saw before such vivid hues in this class of vegetation. The yellow wall *Parmelia*, which glorifies the poor man's cottage and haloes with its sunset hue the crumbling ruin at home, here becomes almost scarlet in the dazzling sunshine. It was a feast of colour, confused and varied, like a glorified painter's palette. It seemed as if here were prepared the tints with which nature adorned her later productions—the flowers and the trees.

At the foot of the final ascent, where the path from the shore joins the path from the Corniche road, there is a copious fountain; and here there was a picturesque group of peasant women from Eza, filling their vessels or washing their clothes. The bright sparkle of the fountain, the sound of the falling water, and the charmed circle of emerald verdure and foliage around it, were so refreshing amid the white arid rocks of the spot. We know water elsewhere as a source of refreshment and as a motive power, but here it is a creator and mediator. The lands of the sun require even more of the sweat of man's face to make them productive than the cold ungenial realms of the north. The sun scorches and destroys, and becomes the parent of abundant life only when man brings in the soft mediating influence of water. The dry ribs of the earth are then clothed

with beauty and fruitfulness. But still, one has always the feeling that the semi-tropical luxuriance of bloom and fruit that has been created and kept alive on those parched, sun-baked rocks by the incessant and continuous watering of man, that has no spontaneity or self-sustaining power about it, is "like flowers cast upon the stony sarcophagus of the earth." All the water used for domestic purposes has to be carried up to Eza from this fountain, an ascent of about five hundred feet. The labour involved in this is so great, that we do not wonder that the village is being gradually abandoned, and the population diminishing seriously. The conditions of life are too hard at that elevation to be long submitted to; and the necessity for living in such places no longer exists. The towns in the neighbourhood have grown recently to such a size and importance that they powerfully attract the dwellers in the hill villages, who gladly abandon their laborious ways for easier modes of living.

Coming close up to the rocks on which the houses of the village are built, they present a very imposing frontage. Great clusters of campanulas hang from all the ledges, mixed with tufts of common polypody, giving to the rocks a peculiarly home-like appearance. The fern, indeed, is the British species; but the campanula—*C. macrorhiza*—though closely resembling the slender blue-bell, that springs elastic from the airy tread of the Scottish maiden on the Highland bank, is not the same. It has more luxuriant foliage, its colour is of a deeper and more purplish blue, and its corolla is wider in the mouth and flatter in the shape, a peculiarity which belongs to all the Italian campanulas, and distinguishes them from all others; while its roots are larger and thicker. Still, in spite of these differences, it is so like our own familiar flower, that it awoke a thrill of pleasant recognition in my heart, and gathered to itself a host of

tender associations and memories of far-off days and scenes. It seemed strange to see a flower which one is accustomed to connect with the beginning of autumn, blooming in fresh beauty at the beginning of March. At home it brings up thoughts of the decay into which all the summer loveliness is soon to pass; but here it is connected with the rejuvenescence of nature, and the unfolding of vernal life to higher perfection. As even in this southern clime it blooms later at this height than down on the shore, so latitude corresponds to altitude, and as we go north and so climb the great mountain of the globe itself, we find the spring flower becoming an autumn one, and what was lost months before in the sunny south, blooming anew on the upland pastures and by the waysides of the chill north. On the rocks beside the blue-bell clusters, was another fair sight, of a far humbler character, which struck me greatly. Amid the wealth of rich and varied colouring caused by the growth of lichens, one species spreads in large patches of a bright pink hue. Indeed, the whole surface of the rock is incarnadined with this lichen, whose colour is almost unique in this class of plants. It is called *Ferrucaria calceolata*, variety *purpurascens*, and is found, though exceedingly rare, on calcareous rocks in one or two localities in England. In the neighbourhood of Nice it is frequent and characteristic, giving a pink hue to the limestone bluff of St. Jeannet, the rocks of the Deserted Village, the promontory of St. Hospice, and the cliffs of Mont Boron. There is one very remarkable peculiarity about it. The fructification, which consists of little round black dots smaller than the smallest pin-head, lies in minute nests or cavities, which these dots have worked out in the hard rock. Many of the sockets were empty, the fructification having ripened and scattered its microscopic seeds; and the surface of the rock under a magnifying-glass had the appearance of a skin pitted

by the small-pox. It was a most suggestive problem how long the little black dots had taken to honeycomb the hard Jurassic limestone upon which my chisel could only with the utmost difficulty make an impression. What could be weaker and more impassive than these microscopic dots of tender cellular tissue? And yet by the sheer force and infinite patience of life, when reduced to its humblest form, the flinty rock is bored at last. Perhaps the little bits of vegetable jelly had worked on uninterruptedly for four or five hundred years to produce the result we see to-day. We know not their age, for they are the tireless workers of Him to whom a thousand years are but as one day. It was a small illustration, but it could not have been more convincing if it had been on the largest scale, of the power of life, even the lowest and minutest, over the dead matter and lifeless forces of the earth.

Passing under an old archway in the wall—whose moulding is made more beautiful and picturesque by the largest unbroken mass of polypody fronds I ever saw, wreathing it completely round with nature's own carvings—you enter the village. The street is rough but well paved, with an ornamental band of red bricks running up the centre. It is very steep, and the houses on either side have all the quaint picturesqueness of a mediæval town. Some of them must be very old; their foundations, if not indeed most of their superstructures, dating from Saracenic times. They are solidly built, and all the floors and doorways are arched with stone. Curious were the glimpses into shady corners and queer old staircases which one obtained in passing by. Centuries have passed over these houses without any change. Here and there the ancient and the modern times were incongruously brought together, by seeing on a grotesque old gable of the age of the Crusades, the gaudy tin ticket of some French fire insurance company—a work of super-



erogation one would think, for nothing in these solid stone houses could burn. Here an old woman sits on a doorstep, so very old and torpid that she does not notice you, her poor faded dress in keeping with her own venerable appearance and the aged, grimy stones around; there you come suddenly upon that commonest of all pictures of human life, yet always fresh to eye and heart, the sweet Madonna face, wearing the loveliest of all expressions, gazing down at the babe in her lap. A few steps farther on a child looks at you for a moment from an archway, and, like a startled fawn, disappears into the shadows within; while a dog persistently follows you, and resents your intrusion with his loud barking. But beyond these there are no other signs of life in the place. The inhabitants are enjoying their noon-day *siesta*, or are absent at the fountain at the foot of the rock, or in the fields around it. An *eerie* sensation comes over you. You feel so lonely, so isolated, so far above the world, so remote from the scenes of your ordinary life. Any kind of adventure in such a place might seem possible. Dark tales of Moorish times haunt the imagination; and you feel that the people of the place are the descendants of those who used to descend from their eyrie, and, like birds of prey, ravage the surrounding coasts and commit all kinds of cruelty. At last you get above the houses, and lose the stifling feeling of being confined between their narrow walls, upon the naked platform that crowns the highest point of the rock. Here there are some fragments of an ancient castle, said to have been founded by the Saracens in 814. These consist of a portion of a vaulted roof and a high wall, with a huge hole in the masonry, giving it the appearance of an arch. The floor is formed of the naked rock, which here has been artificially levelled. Altogether the relics are remarkably picturesque, and are associated with a very stirring period in the history of the Riviera.

After the downfall of the Roman Empire, the Lombards held possession of Eza for more than two hundred years. At the close of this period the Saracens assailed the towns of the Ligurian littoral; and in order to oppose successfully this terrible enemy, these towns banded together and placed themselves under the protectorate of Genoa in 729. Charlemagne also afforded them substantial help; and during his time the Saracens were unable to effect a landing upon any part of these shores. But no sooner was the great emperor dead than the pirates mustered their forces, and seized and held, one after the other, the best positions in Provence. They soon became masters of the whole region, strengthened themselves on the mountains around Monaco, at St. Agnes and Turbia, and built the castle of Eza, and the fortress of Fraxinet on the highest point of the peninsula of St. Hospice, upon the site of a Roman village called *Fraxinetum*, from the forest of ash-trees by which it was surrounded. From these strongholds they issued forth from time to time, pillaging the whole country, harassing the inhabitants, and burning the towns. From Nice to Albengo was one scene of ruin and desolation. This Saracenic invasion powerfully affected the imagination of the inhabitants of Provence, and furnished them with subjects for romantic ballads, slight traces of which still remain. It was the golden age of Haroun Al Raschid and his successors, when Moorish art and literature had reached their highest point of excellence; but so great was the hatred of the Provençals to their Moslem invaders, that beyond a few words of Arabic origin introduced into their language, they derived no benefit from the enforced association. So turbulent were the times, the only breathing space being an armed truce between the Christian and the Moor, that only hasty and broken reflections of the national mind could be thrown upon the agitated surface of life. These reflections were

mirrored in the romances which were the special product of the period. When these storms passed away, and men had some security of their lives and possessions, and had some leisure to cultivate the arts of peace, the drama, which is the legitimate offspring of calm and settled conditions of life, reflected on its serene bosom the pictures of peace.

It was not till 980 that the Saracens were driven from Provence by the first Viscount of Marseilles and Count of Arles. He took the fortress of the Great Fraxinet and Eza and razed them to the ground, and drove the Moors from stronghold to stronghold, until at last they were finally expelled from the country. In these exploits one Giballin Grimaldi, a noble of Genoese origin, took a prominent part; his brilliant services being rewarded by the possession of the territory of Monaco, which his descendants have continued to hold as an independent principality ever since. A long period of obscurity followed the expulsion of the Saracens. The Counts of Provence left almost no record of their rule behind. We do not hear of Eza again till the year 1303, when Charles of Anjou acquired it along with Monaco and Turbia by purchase, and converted it into a fief in favour of Nicholas Spinola, a member of one of the great Genoese houses, who paid him a small rent for it. These were the days of bitter strife between the Guelphs and Ghibellines. During a lull in the civil war, the Guelphs who had been driven out of Genoa were allowed to return, and take back their confiscated possessions; while those of them who did not wish to settle under the direct eye of a Ghibelline ruler were left free to establish themselves at Nice, Turbia, and Eza, without being subject to any tax, or the payment of any tribute. But this truce did not long continue. The proud, tyrannical conduct of the Spinolas aroused once more the slumbering hatred between the Guelphs and Ghibellines, and all the horrors of a civil war began anew. The cause of

the Guelphs triumphed, and the Spinolas were driven from the Riviera; and Nice, Turbia, and Eza reverted once more to the Counts of Provence, and after them to the Angevin sovereigns of Naples. At the end of the fourteenth century Eza was sold along with the other territories around Nice, by Ladislaus to Amadeus VII. of Savoy, in whose family it remained, with the exception of a short period of twenty-two years during the French Revolution, down to its cession to France in 1860, as one of the results of the Italian war. Isolated as is the position of Eza, it has thus passed through many vicissitudes. Ligurians, Romans, Lombards, Saracens, Genoese, Italians, French have successively owned it. And the creeds which its people have professed have been as varied as their civil history. The nature-worship of the primitive Ligurians gave place to the paganism of Rome and Egypt; this was supplanted by the Christian faith, which in its turn was uprooted by the Moslem; and finally the crescent was superseded by the cross.

The fragment of the vaulted roof belonging to the ancient Moorish castle, still retaining its smooth plastered surface and crimson fresco from Saracenic times, affords a grateful shade from the noonday sun, which on this exposed plateau beats down with unmitigated heat. It must be somewhat trying to live upon this barren rock, exposed to the alternations of heat and cold, without any tree or bush to modify the temperature. The people have perceptibly a more swarthy complexion than those of the surrounding district; though how much of this is due to the effect of exposure to the weather, or to the admixture of Saracenic blood, it would be difficult to say. There is hardly any vegetation on the top, with the exception of some tufts of gray rosemary, and tall stems of lilac mallows springing from the crevices of the rock. The view is not so extensive as might be expected from such an elevated position. It

embraces but a small part of the coast in front, and at the back is shut in by the lofty ridge of Mont Roux. Nevertheless it presents a charming marine landscape, on which the effects of light and shade are continually changing. Eza, though such a remarkable object when it is in the focus of your vision, is usually hid among the surrounding rocks which are higher than itself; and hence is disadvantageously situated for a full view of the coast. The grand view of the Riviera, which excels all others, is that which is obtained from the Tête de Chien, the bold projecting precipice overhanging Monaco, a short distance beyond Eza. This magnificent coign of vantage commands the whole coast-line from San Remo to the Maure Mountains above St. Tropez. From the top of Eza the inland view is especially confined. It is simply that of a long slope between two walls of rock, richly cultivated in terraces, and clothed with olive and almond trees, climbing up to the highest part of the Corniche Road, and finally ending in bare gray stony peaks. A stream runs down this slope in a series of small pools and waterfalls, nourishing an unusual amount of verdure along its course; but it is often almost dry, and the sound of its trickling waters is hardly heard. A capital road, fit for carriages, leads up beneath the deep shadow of aged olives to the Corniche Road.

This hollow behind Eza, which must have taken long ages to scoop out by the incessant wearing of the drop upon the stone, is a beautiful oasis amid the white, burning rocks around. It contains the fields which the inhabitants laboriously cultivate, and upon the produce of which they subsist. The pastoral life of ancient Greece might be reproduced among these olive groves; for hardly anything has been changed by the intervening centuries, and the objects of nature and the modes of life belong to the old classical world and not to the mechanical civilisation of the west. Pan might still be worshipped here; and the white shape of

fawn or dryad, glancing among the trees, would be no unexpected sight. But such dreams of the world's youth are put to flight by the stern faith of the world's older and wiser years. A church with a fine campanile occupies a level plateau below the castle, from which the rock descends in a steep escarpment, and not only completes the picturesque appearance of the place, but dominates the whole character of the scene. Under its shadow, the heart turns away from the outward beauty of nature, to the higher inner beauty of self-sacrifice; and the simple natural earth becomes at once the vestibule of heaven. All the objects around have suggestive lessons, appealing to the deeper things of the human soul; the fig-tree preaching its parable of the withering that awaits all barrenness; the lilies reading their lesson of a kind and watchful Providence, and illuminating the Sermon on the Mount; the olives flourishing, not for the sake of their own oil of gladness, but as the solemn memorials of the Garden of the Agony; and the sheep coming down the rocky path, following their human guide, pointing the thoughts in an infinite tenderness to the Good Shepherd who laid down His life for the sheep. The site of the church has been held sacred from a remote antiquity. We know not what altar of a primitive faith smoked here, in the dim ages when the Ligurians built their huts upon the rock, long before the Phœceans came and introduced their arts and their religion among a conquered people. But after the Greeks came the Romans; and when they domesticated all the idols of the earth at the Capitol, they brought to this remote spot the worship of the Egyptian goddess Isis, and erected in her honour the temple, which is supposed with much probability to have given its name of Eza to the village.

No more appropriate situation for such a worship could anywhere be found. On such a lofty vantage ground, with such a grand out-look,

with nothing but the primitive elements of sea and rock and sky around, the veil of Isis might well have been lifted off her countenance, and a clearer revelation given of the mystery of the world. It might seem as if the living spirit of the universe manifested itself, in the glorious scenic apocalypse for ever visible on that height, to the eye and the soul. In the vast Egyptian plains, the passivity and sameness of nature might form an impenetrable veil to hide her face; but here in this upper western air, the quick play of light and shade, the incessant motion of the winds and the waves, the ever-changing hues and forms of the landscape, might seem like so many smiles and thoughts of her inner nature—so many glimpses of her heart. But whether the Isis worship satisfied the spiritual craving of the people or not, it was ere long abandoned, and the ruins of its temple cumbered the spot, until converts from Phrygia and other parts of Asia Minor—the region from which the Isis worship had been introduced by the Romans—began to propagate the Christian faith in the Jewish settlements that had been formed along the shores of Provence. In the time of Nero, St. Barnabas and afterwards St. Nazaire, and later still St. Bassus and his successor St. Pons, whose monastery stands upon the scene of his martyrdom in the valley of the Paglione, proclaimed the Gospel at Nice; while St. Devote, the patron saint of Monaco, suffered for Christ during the persecution of Diocletian. We may well suppose that the truths so nobly witnessed to by these martyrs would, ere many years had passed away, be established among the towns and villages of Liguria, and be expressed in sacred institutions. A Christian church has been in Eza

from a very early period. The present building is only the renovation of a much older one. On either side of the principal door are stones, with carvings and inscriptions that belonged to the original pagan temple.

The architectural palimpsest suggests many reflections. As the Jordan, the river of the stern Jewish land and faith, rises among the fair scenes of Baniyas dedicated to the sunny worship of the god Pan, and the rill of pagan faith flows into the river that maketh glad the city of God; so here, too, the Christian church is built upon the ruins of the pagan temple, and the mystery of Isis lies at the base of the mystery of the kingdom of God, which Jesus explained to His disciples in His nature parables. The Gospel of Jesus Christ is the revelation of the mystery which was kept secret since the world began. But even it too is the wisdom of God in a mystery. The pagan saw the mystic fire in the bush of nature; the Christian heard out of it the articulate voice. But to both, the "I am that I am!" was verily a God that hideth Himself. Both nature and Revelation uplift their Isis veil to us in vain. When we have penetrated one enigma, another and a deeper one is created by our knowledge. The veil is a mystery till it is lifted; and when it is lifted, the face itself becomes a more inscrutable mystery. The "open secret" of the universe is more inconceivable and unexplainable than the veiled secret. And Eza, too, like the name which it bears, when we have penetrated into the heart of the village, and stood on its arx, remains a mystery to us; but one that, when we look back upon it, like a sunset cloud, becomes golden with the light of memory.

HUGH MACMILLAN.

## A CANADIAN STUDY OF "THE PRINCESS."

THERE is naturally a peculiar interest belonging to the impressions made on members of a young community by works of art produced among the conditions of an old and complex civilisation. Such interest is by no means absent in the treatment of questions of form and execution, but it belongs more especially to the discussion of the meaning and spirit of an artist's work, and its relation to human life and thought; and it often happens that the existence of a community of language between an author and his critic only seems to emphasise the difference of the conditions of mental life in the societies to which they respectively belong. Not long ago the American poet, or what might rather be called the sinewy *torso* of a poet, Walt Whitman, spoke of Mr. Tennyson's poetry as "the last honey of decaying feudalism," and placed him with Scott in the evening of an intellectual day in which Chaucer and Shakespeare had been glories of the noon and afternoon. It is not uninteresting to observe the different point of view from which the English poet's work is regarded by another critic, who has not indeed much in common with Mr. Whitman beyond the attribute of being "transatlantic," but shows independence of judgment as well as appreciative insight in a little book lately published in Montreal, and entitled, *A Study, with Critical and Explanatory Notes, of Alfred Tennyson's poem, "The Princess,"* by S. E. Dawson. If for no other reason, it might be worth pausing to notice, because *The Princess* seems to have received somewhat less than its due share of attention as well as of praise. Mr. Dawson has taken the trouble to study

the history of its reception by reviewers, and has collected disparaging criticisms of it, chiefly from periodical publications, ranging from its first appearance to the last year or two, and pronounces the "critics with a keener sense of appreciation" to have been always few. To the latter, however, he unmistakably belongs himself.

Before considering his view of the aim and meaning of the poem, we may note some of his remarks on its artistic qualities. With reference to its artistic unity—"medley" though it avowedly be—and to the skill with which its motive and significance are never forgotten, although never obtruded, he has a passage (somewhat redundantly expressed) of much truth and insight, the most valuable, I think, in his little book (pp. 35—37).

"We must look" (he says) "for the hero or heroine of the story; that is, for the one person who comes triumphant out of the turmoil. It is not either of the kings, for they are utterly brought to nought. Nor the battered Cyril, kissing the hem of the princess's garment for a boon; nor Arac, who has interest in nothing but the tournament. It cannot be the prince, for he has been ignominiously thrust out of Ida's gates in draggled female clothes. Nor is it even the grand princess, for she is vanquished at the moment of triumph. The poem is a medley in this respect, for the leading characters are all vanquished. All, save one—Psyche's baby—she is the conquering heroine of the epic. Ridiculous in the lecture-room, the babe, in the poem, as in the songs, is made the central point upon which the plot turns; for the unconscious child is the concrete embodiment of Nature herself, clearing away all merely intellectual theories by her silent influence. Ida feels the power of the child. The postscript of the despatch sent to her brother in the height of her indignation, contains, as is fitting, the kernel of the matter. She says:

"I took it for an hour in mine own bed  
This morning; there the tender orphan  
hands

Felt at my heart, and seemed to charm  
from thence  
The wrath I nursed against the world—  
Rash princess! that fatal hour dashed  
"the hopes of half the world."

Alas for these hopes! The cause, the great  
cause, totters to the fall when the head con-  
fesses—

"I felt  
Thy helpless warmth about my barren  
breast  
In the dead prime."

"Whenever the plot thickens the babe  
appears. It is with Ida on her judgment-seat.  
In the topmost height of the storm the wail  
of the 'lost lamb at her feet' reduces her  
eloquent anger into incoherence. She carries  
it when she sings her song of triumph. When  
she goes to tend her wounded brothers on the  
battle-field she carries it. Through it, and for  
it, Cyril pleads his successful suit, and wins it  
for the mother. For its sake the mother is  
pardoned. O fatal babe! more fatal to the  
hopes of woman than the doleful horse to  
the proud towers of Ilion—for through thee  
the walls of pride are breached, and all the  
conquering affections flock in.

"We can see now that the unity which  
runs through the songs is continuous also  
throughout the poem; and that the songs are  
not snatches of melody thrown in to diversify  
the interest, but are integral parts of the  
main motive of the piece. The true sphere of  
woman is in the family. The grand mission  
of woman is the conservation and elevation of  
the human race through the family. For the  
family is the molecule of society. It is the  
one and only stable and divinely appointed  
institution."

He has before remarked the more  
obvious feature of the poem, that the  
same reference to the child as the type  
and bond of family life runs through  
four of the six interposed songs,  
which might be said to supply a kind  
of chorus in the intervals between the  
divisions of the narrative. The pro-  
fundity and delicacy as well as the  
simplicity of this motive remind us  
of the "open secrets," the penetrating  
but unobtrusive meanings in the  
masterpieces of Greek poetry or sculp-  
ture. This quality, combined with the  
perfection of execution, makes the im-  
mortality of the rhymed songs no less  
assured than that of "Tears, idle  
tears," or "O swallow, swallow," in  
which it may be said that a new and  
exquisite capacity of English blank

verse has been revealed, rivalling in  
honeyed sweetness the more fortuitous  
vehicle of rhyme, of which Milton was  
constrained to speak contemptuously,  
though on occasion he could use it also  
with a master hand.

Mr. Dawson, like most commenta-  
tors on Mr. Tennyson, has noted sever-  
al parallelisms between lines or pas-  
sages of this poet and lines or passages  
to be found in his predecessors; but  
more wisely than some critics he re-  
frains from hastily reckoning these  
resemblances as defects, even when  
they are more than accidental. There  
is one plain test of whether a poet de-  
serves admiration or disparagement for  
having borrowed a thought or phrase,  
and that is, whether it is or is not  
beautiful and harmonious in its new  
form and place. If it be woven into a  
texture of marked inferiority, it will  
itself rather lose than gain by its too  
marked superiority to its environment.  
This, for instance, is the effect which  
the thick-strewn adaptations of Virgil's  
lines by Tasso produce at least on some  
readers—perhaps only on those who  
are imperfectly familiar with the nice-  
ties of the Italian tongue. But it is  
by no means the effect of the adapta-  
tions in Virgil himself, or of those in  
Dante or in Milton. We may say that  
(at any rate where the elder and  
younger poet write in different tongues)  
when the thought and vision of the  
elder have been thoroughly grasped  
by the younger, recognised by him as  
applicable to some new occasion created  
by his own art, and finally embodied in  
his own language and style, it will be  
only an added refinement of pleasure  
to be able to say, when stirred by the  
half old, half new delight,

"Conosco i segni dell' antica fiamma."

Some of Mr. Tennyson's critics, had  
they been contemporaries of Dante,  
would doubtless have blamed the pla-  
giarism of that line. But Landor's is  
the true motto for a poet:

"Nature I loved, and next to Nature Art;"  
such art, that is, as is genuine, sane,

and enduring, being itself a part of nature.

"For Nature is made better [or is idealised]  
by no mean  
But Nature makes that mean."

Of the innumerable proofs Mr. Tennyson has given of fresh and independent study of natural phenomena, and of a magic power of embodying his observations in words, *The Princess* furnishes not a few, some of them, perhaps, familiar to many who might yet be at a loss to assign them at once to their proper context. Mr. Dawson has noted most of the more striking instances, but the omission may be remarked of one second to none in felicity, the lines with which the first part of the poem ends:

"I seemed  
To float about a glimmering night, and watch  
A full sea glazed with muffled moonlight,  
swell  
On some dark shore just seen that it was  
rich."<sup>1</sup>

It is only in the last two parts that high poetry remains uninterrupted by burlesque, but fragments of beauty such as that just quoted abound all through the poem. To our enjoyment of these and of the exquisite lyrics, there is perhaps this drawback, that they somewhat discontent us with the burlesque portions, at any rate where the latter are less skilfully managed.

<sup>1</sup> Attentively as Mr. Dawson seems to have studied most of the poem, he makes three or four curious minor errors. He quotes (p. 117) the lines describing a sunset at the end of the third part as though they formed a continuous passage with others which occur near the beginning of the seventh part, and among these last, in the line,

"And suck the blinding splendour from the sand"

he changes *blinding* to *blending*. Again (p. 25), he speaks of the girl-students at the lectures as "leaning deep in brodered down," whereas that phrase occurs in the description of the rest and meal in the tent during the excursion of the princess among the hills. And commenting on line 65 of the sixth part he takes "the tremulous isles of light" to mean clouds, whereas they must obviously mean the spaces of sunlight between the moving leaves.

Thus it is rather difficult to reconcile our interest in the *Ida* of the last two parts with the somewhat exaggerated pomposity of the lady principal of the earlier portion of the poem, and especially with the unamiable rudeness of her criticism of the disguised prince's exquisite "swallow-song," sung, as she then supposes, by a stranger girl just placed under her protection. And the entire absence in her of a sense of humour is somewhat too much emphasised for those who are not prepared to go quite as far as Mr. Dawson in denying that sense altogether to women. Moreover, female critics at any rate will be dissatisfied by the want of joyfulness in her final surrender to love. But the poet has amply guarded against the supposition of his not being fully aware that he "moves as in a strange diagonal," or, as he otherwise presents the idea, in a world of shadows melting into and out of realities, by no means to be criticised as a drama more closely related to real life might be.

Leaving the discussion of the execution of the poem, we may next consider how its subject and spirit and relation to life and ideas are regarded by its new-world critic. Among the few of his predecessors in whom he finds a "keener sense of appreciation," he mentions the late Rev. Frederick Robertson as one of the earliest and most discriminating in his estimate of the poem, and cites the following passage from a lecture delivered by Mr. Robertson in 1852:—

"Thus in Tennyson's *Princess*, which he calls a 'medley,' the former half of which is sportive, and the plot almost too fantastic and impossible for criticism, while the latter portion seems too serious for a story so light and flimsy, he has with exquisite taste disposed of the question which has its burlesque and comic, as well as its tragic side, of woman's present place and future destinies. And if any one wishes to see this subject treated with a masterly and delicate hand, in protest alike against the theories which would make her as the man, which she could only be by becoming masculine, not manly, and those which would

have her to remain the toy or the slave or the slight thing of sentimental and frivolous accomplishment which education has hitherto aimed at making her, I would recommend him to study the few last pages of the *Princess*, where the poet brings the question back, as a poet should, to nature; develops the ideal out of the actual woman, and reads out of what she is, on the one hand, what her Creator intended her to be, and on the other, what she never can or ought to be."

Mr. Dawson himself remarks (p. 9) in the same spirit, but somewhat more unguardedly: "*The Princess* contains Tennyson's solution of the problem of the true position of women in society—a profound and vital question, upon the solution of which the future of civilisation depends." It can hardly be thought that the poet himself would claim so wide-reaching a social aim and achievement for his poem. His work has been rather this: while holding a point of view which he shares with all men and women of good sense and sound feeling, he throws hence, by his poetic imagination and execution, an attractive charm over fanciful incidents, redeemed from mere fancifulness by a relation to aspirations and efforts sufficiently real and human (though in many ways exceptional) to concur with the more general human interests on which works of the imagination have to base the permanence of their power. That woman has her best and fittest place in family life, and that what each generation of the human race is to be, depends in great part on its mothers; that

"Woman is not undeveloped man,  
But diverse; could we make her as the man  
Sweet Love were slain—"

all the reflections, in short, so exquisitely expressed in the last scene of the poem—these can hardly fail to find general acceptance and comprehension, more general probably than could be accorded to any "solution of a problem" hitherto unsolved. It is, in fact, neither a statement nor a solution of a social problem that is to be found here, but a presentment of

diverse aspects of human life and aspiration, which interest the beholder, first because of their intrinsic and separate value and beauty; and, secondly, because of the difficulties in the way of an endeavour to embrace and harmonise them in a general scheme of life, while the need of such harmonising is yet felt and (in the individual case at least which forms the central story of the poem) ultimately satisfied. Of these aspects of life and aspiration, one is that ever-recurrent aspect of the union of the sexes in conjugal and family life, which has been an abiding and potent motive in imaginative writing from the earliest times, though even this has somewhat changed its form in successive phases of civilisation. The other is the more exclusive and less familiar aspect of feminine aspiration toward an intellectual and moral ideal, and consequent revolt or detachment from the ordinary life of women, which they may feel to be always too absorbing and sometimes too degraded to allow the fullest development of their capacities for this ideal. There has always been a dim consciousness in man, that his relations to the divine, that is, to the ideal, side of life, were most fitly represented by the purity and single-heartedness of woman, and that she is in a manner a mediator and interpreter between him and heaven, reversing the Puritan and, so to speak, political idea expressed in Milton's line, "He for God only, she for God in him." Of this dim consciousness the Pythia at Delphi and the Vestal Virgins at Rome were testimony. But woman as a representative of the ideal can hardly be said to have been consciously recognised until Christianity had consecrated the adoration of the Virgin Mother. Since then, although the influence of women as wives and mothers must always be immeasurably the most important and precious, it is impossible to deny that their influence has existed in other forms which have affected the history



of mankind. It is enough to name Jeanne d'Arc and St. Catherine of Siena as types of a class that has proved *furens quid femina possit* when her frenzy is of that rare celestial kind which can work itself out in ordered action, and leave its mark in the record of the weighty affairs of men, as the lightning on the riven rock. Nor yet is it as wife or mother that Beatrice is the mystic guide of Dante's spiritual life. The middle ages, with their sense of the nearness of the supernatural, were of course a period far more apt for such manifestations. The Puritan and reforming religious enthusiasms of the seventeenth century were associated with mysticisms of a different kind; and as to the eighteenth, a Jeanne or a St. Catherine could hardly, under any modification, have co-existed with Frederick II. and Voltaire. Yet the paths of perfection in which good women have walked unsupported by man's arm, have not been less thronged since then because they have been more hidden from the light. Not from deserts and hermitages or mystic oak-forests have they gone forth to sway battles on the field or councils in the palace, but from inconspicuous homes into hospitals and prisons and haunts of squalid misery and vice.

It is true that the aspirations which have led women to these heights have been mainly moral, not intellectual; but then they have included moral qualities not commonly assigned to women, such as Jeanne d'Arc's heroism in war, and in the ages of faith the development of the intellectual part of man himself was by no means looked on as so important as it appeared to both earlier and later civilisations. A weightier difference between the acts of historic heroines and the fanciful story of Mr. Tennyson's poem is, that their achievements were to be accomplished through the agency of men, whose guidance they undertook, not as belonging to an equal or superior sex of humanity, but as messengers of God.

It is the remembrance of that august name, and the solemnity with which it has been habitually invoked by the women who have most impressed the world—it is this that chiefly makes the enthusiasm of the Princess Ida pale by comparison, and keeps her aspirations, even while they are toward moral as well as intellectual freedom, in the region of comedy. Nevertheless, enough of seriousness and nobility remains to allow us to feel, as has been said above, the interest of a conflict between a traditional, though exceptional, view of woman's capacities and aspirations as standing above and apart from man, and that other view in which family life is all in all to her. Such social problems as may be suggested by the conditions of woman's life generally, are by no means solved by the conclusion of this story, beautiful and necessary to the poem as that is. The poem is not needed to prove that for a woman to make a happy marriage of mutual love with a man who has a pure faith in womankind and in her, and is ready to foster and recognise all her qualities of mind as well as heart, is a better and happier lot than to preside over a women's college founded under the influence of a Lady Blanche, and conducted in a reactionary spirit of jealous antagonism between the sexes. The "problem of the position of woman in society" is concerned rather with those to whom no such alternatives are open, and generally with matters of an altogether homelier, more prosaic, though often more pathetic kind. The value of Ida's theories to the poem is not that of a thesis to be disproved, but of a suggestion of a side of feminine nature to be recognised and enjoyed in the spectacle of its action and interaction as any other healthy part of human nature is to be. The question for the student of the poem is simply what amount and what kind of beauty is by this or any other means infused into the work.

In view of some criticism which

would seem to consider the subject and ideas of a poem as insignificant, it may be needful for those who think otherwise to pronounce decidedly for the co-ordinate importance of the poet's subject with his diction, imagery, and metre, for the differences of beauty may be as great in the one department as in the other. Among the most indispensable requisites of a true and complete poet are the instinct for beauty and the love of it, an instinct and a love which will make him avoid any prolonged touch of base subjects, as much as harsh metre or diction. Few poets can stand this test better than Mr. Tennyson, and it is an additional honour to his genius that, by force of this instinct for beauty as well as of that rare sort of imagination which can transfigure and illumine the habitual, not less than it can evoke the strange, he has so often succeeded in creating a deep poetic interest without either very exceptional incident or the adoption of any peculiar and artificial mannerism of thought or feeling which might have afforded more easily a picturesque view of life. Some emphatic admirers of his other poems derive no pleasure from his treatment of the Arthurian legends, because the tone and spirit of the original romances are obviously in many characteristic points entirely abandoned. Yet it may surely be maintained that he has done no more than Sophocles did in handling the characters of Homer, and that it is possible to find a distinct interest and enjoyment in the new treatment, without any disloyal detachment from the old. In the case of *The Princess*, however, where the fanciful framework is altogether the poet's own, it is obvious that the leading ideas and motives, if there are to be any at all, must be introduced by the poet himself, and that he must be responsible for their naturalness, for their beauty, and for the depth of their interest. That the aspiration of noble women toward a broader and

higher spiritual and intellectual life is beautiful and natural, that love of husband and children is beautiful and natural, that the blending of the former in the latter is most beautiful and natural of all—these truths are not far to seek or difficult to maintain. But beneath the individual tale which touches and delights us may be found a deeper symbolism, whereby every heroine of such a tale is seen as the type of womanhood in its attributes of weakness and power so mysteriously and mystically blended and transfused. The momentous revolution whereby the radiant presence of the virgin daughter of Zeus was eclipsed before men's eyes by the mournful mother of Nazareth and Calvary, might seem in some sense an idealised symbol including, in its wider significance, what "has been and may be again," in the history of any woman's life. Her maiden youth may seem a thing so fair and free that we must almost think of its loss and change as of the capture and captivity of some ethereal creature made to be an end in itself, an existence too complete and choice to mar by merging in another. Then comes the surrender, the acknowledgment of woman's primal dependence, with all its momentous alternatives of joy or pain; and it is only after a pause of doubtful expectancy that we see her emerge in a new radiance, as though the Pleiad lost from among her sisters should rise in the east a twin-star, with softer but undiminished splendour, bathed in the all-encompassing ocean-stream. The dependence on man of a creature in some ways higher than himself is one of the most pathetic and momentous facts in life, as well as one of the most inexhaustible and beautiful motives in poetry; nor can any alteration in statutes made by man (which virtually he can repeal when he will) shift from his shoulders the responsibilities imposed on him by the unalterable laws of nature. And to preserve in man that spirit of

chivalry which is a better security than any laws (however needful these may be) for woman's happiness, it is necessary that he remember that she may need heavenward soarings, as well as the shelter of the nest.

These are some of the thoughts which such a poem as *The Princess* may readily suggest, and by its power to suggest which it partly produces its poetic effect. It may be well to note such suggestions after a manner now and then. But on the whole, however interesting it may be to give account of the total impression made by a poet's best and most characteristic works on some sympathetic and discriminating mind, any prolonged analysis of a single work is rarely satisfactory, and the many failures in

this kind, from Goethe's criticism of *Hamlet* downward, should be a warning that the poet has been in heaven and the critic is on earth; therefore should his words be few. Prolonged comment can seldom avoid being either misconceived or superfluous. Any work of art, and a poem not the least, were best left, as a general rule, to speak for itself; if it be over-handled and over-analysed, it will seem as though we witnessed the rainbow-colours of life fade from the plumage of some bright creature of the element, and the ingenious remarks of the critic will sound hollow and dull above it, almost as though they were in mockery of its song.

ERNEST MYERS.

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#### A WINTRY SONNET.

A Robin said: The Spring will never come,  
 And I shall never care to build again.  
 A Rosebush said: These frosts are wearisome,  
 My sap will never stir for sun or rain.  
 The round Moon said: These nights are fogged and slow,  
 I neither care to wax nor care to wane.  
 The Ocean said: I thirst from long ago,  
 Because earth's rivers cannot fill the main—  
 When Springtime came, red Robin built a nest,  
 And trilled a lover's song in sheer delight.  
 Grey hoarfrost vanished, and the Rose with might  
 Clothed her in leaves and buds of crimson core.  
 The dim Moon brightened. Ocean sunned his crest,  
 Dimpled his blue, yet thirsted evermore.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

## PATENT MEDICINES.

THERE are few persons, perhaps, in this metropolis who do not know of the existence of "patent medicines," but it may be safely said that only a very small number are fully aware of their exact nature and characteristics.

Medicines are, of course, any substances used in the treatment of disease. The word "patent," in one sense, signifies unconcealed; but that is very far from its meaning as applied to the medicines in question. In this connexion it means that the medicine is the subject of an official document conferring an exclusive right or privilege.

Patent medicines, then, are drugs for internal or external use, intended for the relief or cure of various bodily ills and sufferings, prepared and sold under certain conditions and privileges granted by the State for the ~~purposes~~ of revenue. They present several peculiarities, and differ from all other preparations or mixtures of drugs in the fact that the bottles or packages containing them have an extra fastening in the shape of a small slip of paper, showing the exact interest which the State has in them—in other words, the duty levied upon them—affixed in a prescribed manner, over the ordinary stopper, lid, or cork. When offered for sale, they are usually enveloped in numerous folds of printed matter, some proclaiming their virtues, others giving testimonials from persons who have used them, and who are willing to reciprocate any benefits they have received from the particular medicine in question.

Patent medicines are to be obtained of various tradesmen, other than chemists and druggists—chiefly grocers, oilmen, and general co-operative store-keepers.

The prices of them vary from one shilling and three halfpence to several

shillings and some odd pence, the odd pence having a great significance, to be explained later. These charges may be said to be moderate in consideration of the benefits which they announce to poor suffering humanity.

Their chief characteristic, however, is the *secrecy* of their composition; the technical names of the ingredients being in most instances suppressed, and fanciful ones substituted. Nevertheless, little as their designations or labels indicate their real nature or properties, they are, beyond all question, highly appreciated and very extensively used by a large section of the community. They are, with few exceptions, prepared and recommended by persons outside of that profession whose special knowledge and proper function is the treatment of disease—chiefly by those devoted to pharmacy and drug-selling.

In further elucidation of the subject, it will be well to arrange patent medicines into two classes, according to their effects upon the human frame; viz., Simple and Useful: Potent and Dangerous.

"The relation of pharmacy to the State" has of late been ably and conspicuously set forth by a high authority. But the relation of pharmacy to physic also much needs elucidation and better appreciation. These two distinct branches of the healing art—the former but a handmaid to the latter—are by a large section of the community considered as but varying grades of one and the same art and science.

It must appear to some needless and trite to say that physic, as a science, has about the same necessary association with pharmacy that the science of astronomy has with navigation; and that to assume that the knowledge of pharmacy and drugs alone fits one to practise the healing art with safety

and advantage to suffering humanity is about as reasonable, and as likely to be attended with satisfactory results as if an astronomer were to take the helm of a ship in the trackless ocean bound for a distant port.

The purpose of this article, however, is not to go into the relation which pharmacy and drugs bear to the science of physic and treatment of disease, nor to point out the peculiarities of our legislation respecting drug- or poison-selling in all its phases—the ambiguous character of some of which may be readily seen by reference to the Law Reports, vol. 3, app. cases, House of Lords, 857. But our object is to direct attention to the law and the practice in this country for originating and supporting patent medicines—i.e. secret mixtures of drugs—protected by Government stamps, particularly those of the *potent and dangerous class*; and further, to show how the State and the welfare of the community are affected by such law and practice.

The writer's attention was first specially attracted to this matter on being hastily summoned early one morning, some months since, to the death-bed of a gentleman, who, as it appeared at the inquest, had retired to rest in fair bodily health.

Not far from his bed lay an empty vial, which had contained several large doses of a very potent drug, and was labelled "*Solution of Chloral*." The immediate cause of death was undoubted. Attached to the lip of the bottle was a mutilated Government revenue stamp. In its main features, viz. the suddenness and inadvertency of the event—the unfortunate victim having retired to rest in fair bodily health, merely suffering from sleeplessness—and the close proximity of the empty vial with the remnant of the Government stamp attached to it, the case may be taken as a type of the violent deaths—"misadventures," as they are now delicately termed—which are yearly increasing, and so very frequently occurring to the unwary, who, upon their own judgment,

have recourse to drugs and secret mixtures of drugs, of powerful lethal effects, for sleeplessness or other slight ailments, not prescribed after knowledge of the case by any competent authority, but taken simply on the supposition of the patient that they will benefit his case.

In the Registrar-General's annual reports, under the heading "*Violent Deaths by Chemicals*," a list of drugs and mixtures of drugs will be seen, several of which, owing to the way they are compounded, puffed, and vended, require Government stamps to be affixed, and hence acquire the name of patent medicines. Such are Chlorodyne, Hydrate of Chloral, Godfrey's Cordial, Vermin Killer, Nerve Drops, and many more.

The figures opposite to these items doubtless agree with coroners' returns, but they are far from showing the whole mischief they are accountable for. In many instances of such sudden and violent deaths the actual agents causing them are intentionally altogether concealed. Others are probably included under the item of "*Kinds not Stated*" on the same list; and short of these fatal results, numerous other ill consequences, of varying degrees of severity, arise from the effects of these secret mixtures.

A few extracts selected from a large number reported in the daily and weekly papers will serve to illustrate the evil and to verify the statements already made:—

*Fatal Overdose of Chloral.*—Dr. Diplock held an inquiry at 16, Elgin Road, Notting Hill, relative to the death of Henry Albert Jessop. —Ernest Jessop, a brother, said on Thursday morning he went into his brother's room, and he then discovered him to be dead. An empty chloral bottle was on the dressing-table. Deceased had suffered from sleeplessness, and had said he was able to get plenty of things to cure it. Deceased had a happy home, and a large business in the City, and witness was of opinion there was no intention to commit suicide.—Dr. Hubbard, of Elgin Road, Notting Hill, gave it as his opinion that death was due to an overdose of chloral, which was a most potent drug. The jury returned a verdict of death from taking an overdose of chloral.

*Death from an Overdose of Chloral.*—An inquest was recently held at Saxonbury Lodge, Ryde, Isle of Wight, on the body of Lady Petre, the widow of the late Hon. A. Petre, who was found dead in her bed. It appeared that the deceased lady retired to rest at her usual hour apparently in very good health. The next morning she was found dead in bed. By her side was a bottle of chloral, which had been got for her by the governess on Boxing Day, and from which sixteen teaspoonfuls had been taken, one teaspoonful making a dose. It was shown that deceased had been in the habit of taking chloral for sleeplessness during the past twelve months, and that the practice caused increased doses to be necessary to take effect. The jury returned a verdict that deceased died from incautiously and inadvertently taking an overdose of chloral.

*Chloral Poisoning.*—Dr. George Danford Thomas held an inquiry at 39, Portdown Road, Maida Vale, as to the death of Vincent Amcott Craycroft Amcott, aged thirty-six, a Justice of the Peace for the county of Lincoln, who had resided at the above address for seven years.—The jury agreed to a verdict that "Death was from an overdose of hydrate of chloral, contained in a bottle of 'Hunter's Solution of Chloral,' sold as a patent medicine; that it was taken to promote sleep and by misadventure."

*Poisoning by Chloral Hydrate.*—A melancholy death—the result of an overdose of chloral—has just occurred at Scole, in Norfolk. The victim, Miss Jane Emily Ashfield, was an elderly lady, who had been an invalid for several years. An inquiry recently held, disclosed some rather startling revelations respecting the facilities for sale of poisons afforded by co-operative stores. The inquest was held at the White Hart Inn, Scole, before H. E. Garrod, Esq., coroner, and the jury returned as their verdict: "That the deceased, Jane Emily Ashfield, met with her death from the effects of an overdose of Hunter's Solution of Chloral, taken inadvertently."

*Death from an Overdose of Chloral.*—Dr. George Danford Thomas held an inquest at Paddington on the body of Alma Boecknecke, aged forty-two, a spinster, also a teacher of music, who was found dead at her residence, No. 26, Westbourne Park Terrace, Paddington.—Deceased, a Belgian by birth, at times suffered from sleeplessness.—The jury came to the conclusion that the deceased had taken the hydrate of chloral to procure sleep; also, that the bottle, being unmarked, she had taken an overdose; and returned a verdict of "Death through misadventure."

*Chlorodyne Poisoning.*—*The Sale of Patent Medicines.*—Dr. Diplock recently held an inquest concerning the death of Mr. Edward James Richard Harris, aged thirty-two, a stockbroker, lately residing at 48, Blenheim Crescent. Considering the history of the case, and the symptoms exhibited by the deceased,

the doctor had no doubt that death was due to poison from chlorodyne.—The jury returned a verdict that the deceased committed suicide while in a state of unsound mind, to which they attached the following rider:—"That the sale of patent medicines should be restricted."

*Chlorodyne Poisoning.*—Mr. William Carter, coroner, held an inquiry at the Star Tavern, Abbey Street, Bermondsey, into the circumstances attending the death of Mr. Thomas Pash, aged sixty-four years, lately residing at 5, Oxley Place, Parker's Road, Bermondsey, who died from the effects of an overdose of chlorodyne.—The jury returned the following verdict:—"Death from misadventure by an overdose of chlorodyne, administered inadvertently, and not with the intention of destroying life."

The two statutes—*The Medicine Stamp Act* and *The Medicine Licence Act*—which originate and regulate this system of the healing art and drug-selling may be said to be of two characters, some of the eighteenth century and others of the nineteenth.

1. In the year 1783, the ministers of George the Third passed "An Act—Geo. III. cap. 1—for granting to his Majesty a stamp duty on all licences to be taken by certain persons uttering and vending medicines, and certain stamp duties on all medicines sold under such licences, or under authority of his Majesty's letters patent (except such as had served a regular apprenticeship to any surgeon or apothecary, or chemist and druggist). These duties to be levied, collected, and paid, unto and for the use of his Majesty, his heirs, and successors." Two years later, by Act 25 George III., cap. 62, sec. 16, other conditions and privileges as to drug-selling were imposed and granted, viz.:—

"Any person whatsoever, who has, or claims to have, any secret art or sole right of compounding preparations of drugs, and advertising and recommending the same as specifics for the cure or relief of any complaint or malady, shall affix a Government stamp to the vials, vessels, or inclosures containing them."

These enactments have many times been on the anvil for the purpose of

